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LIFE IN A MAN-OF-WAR

OR

Scenes in "Old Ironsides"

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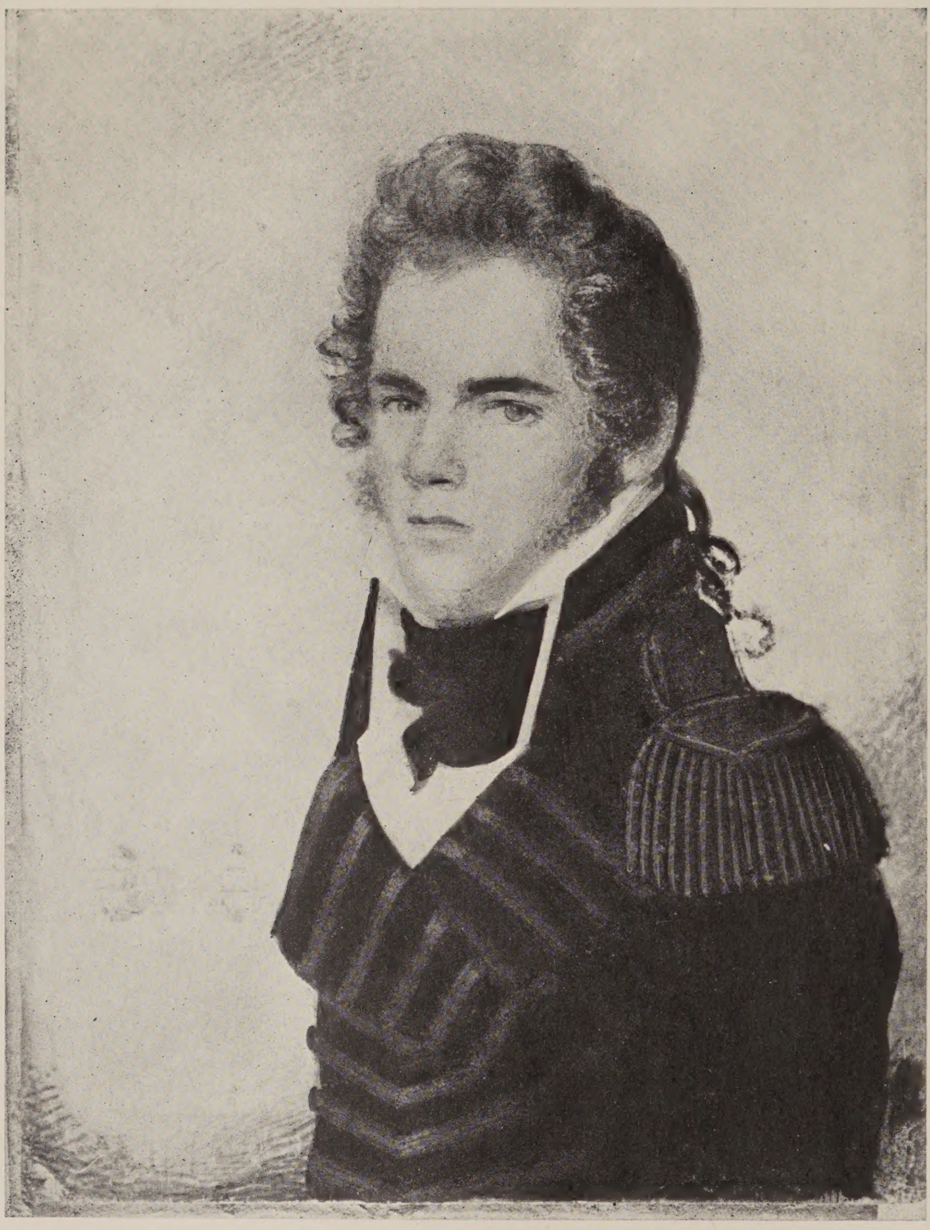

A. Claxton

COMMODORE ALEXANDER CLAXTON

LIFE IN A MAN-OF-WAR

OR

Scenes in "Old Ironsides"
During Her Cruise in the Pacific

BY

A FORE-TOP-MAN

WITH PREFACE BY

ELLIOT SNOW, REAR ADMIRAL, C.C., U.S.N.

AND WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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"*Nothing is lost on him that sees*
With an eye that feeling gave —
For him there's a story in every breeze,
A picture in every wave."

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The author of these "Scenes in Old Ironsides," or "Life in a Man-of-War," was evidently a foretop-man on "Old Ironsides" during the cruise she made to the Pacific in the forties. His rating as such, however, has not been verified, but it is definitely known that the original copyrighters, of which he was one, were members of the crew of the U.S.S. Constitution during the entire period of this cruise. A better record, nor one in greater detail and as faithfully portrayed, may never be found.

The Constitution sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, on April 10, 1839, and, after cruising over forty-five thousand miles, returned to Hampton Roads, Virginia, on October 31, 1841. During that time — a total absence of five hundred and thirty-five days — she was at sea three hundred and ninety-two days; thus her average speed is shown to have been close to four and eight tenths knots.

Of the two original copyrighters of these very graphically depicted scenes of life on board the frigate "Old Ironsides," Henry James Mercier must have been the writer, because William Gallop did not join the crew until April 30, 1839, at the time the U.S.S. Constitution was lying in New York. An entry in the official log of this cruise, a copy of which is to-day one of the records of the Bureau of Navigation, contains the following short entry:

> April 30th — 4 to 8 a.m. — William Gallop came aboard.

This does not mean that Gallop had previously left the ship and was only "returning from liberty," for had that been the case, the words "returned from liberty" would have been used.

Little did the officer who made this entry (his initials are W. S.) realize that some day the log would be searched from end to end to clear up a bit of history connected with a book written about this memorable cruise.

Henry J. Mercier is mentioned but once in this log and that was shortly after the burial, at Valparaiso, of the commander-in-chief, Commodore Alexander Claxton, who died at Talcahuana on March 6, 1840. The log entry on this occasion reads:

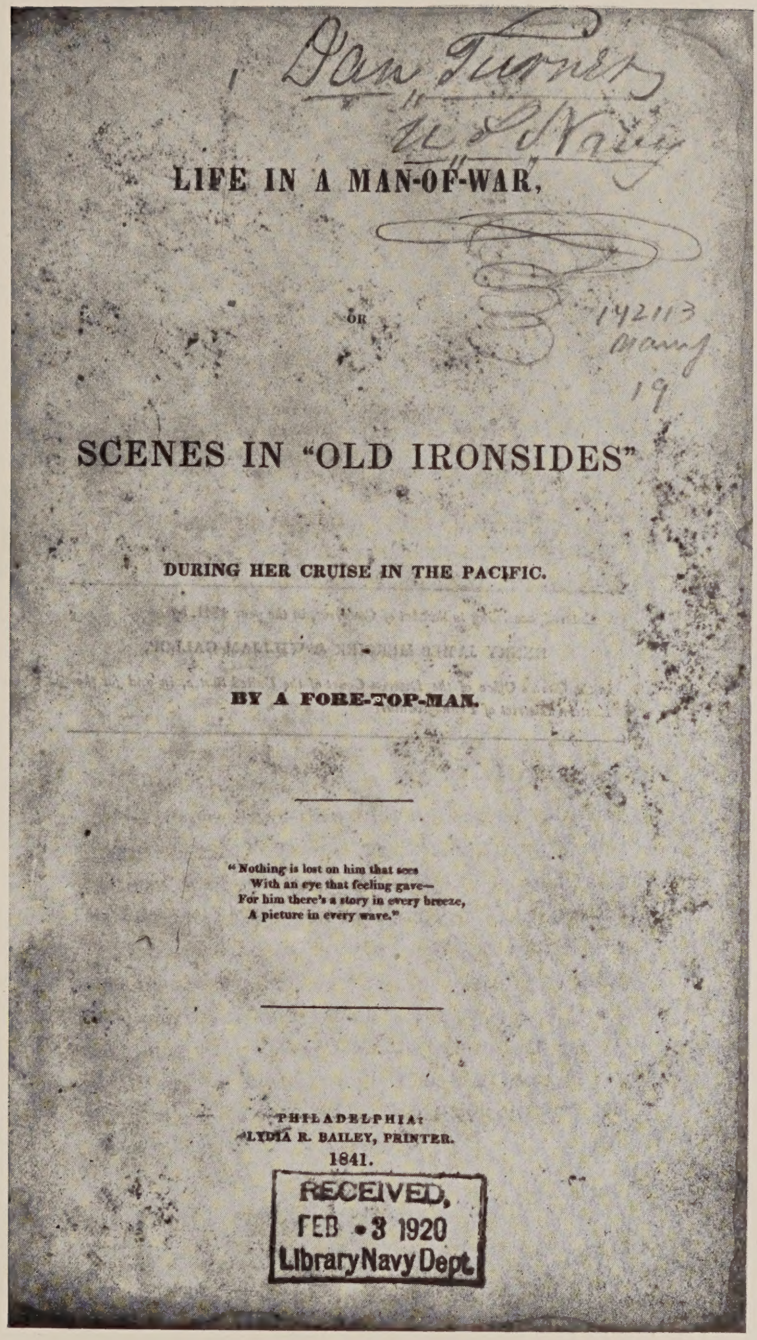
> March 14th — 8 a.m. to noon. James DeCouse, John Savage, Peter Keller, *Henry J. Mercier* and Austin Ellison *returned from Liberty.*

The inference that Mercier did most, if not all, of the writing is based upon the following statement which appears in the second chapter entitled "Joining my Ship":

> The Fates decreed in my favor [he was then on the receiving ship or, as termed in those days, "The Old Guardo-Java"] I had my wish for *on the first of March one hundred and fifty of us, bag and baggage,* "nothing loath" and with unfeigned light hearts and smiling countenances stepped upon the decks of Old Ironsides.

The officially recorded account of this event reads as follows:

Norfolk, Va. March 1st, 1839.
At 2 p.m. the following officers reported themselves for duty
Lieutenants — Edward W. Carpender
R. R. Pinkham
Thomas D. Shaw
Peter D. Turner
Purser — McKean Buchanan
Actg. Surgeon — Charles S. Maxwell
" " — Samuel Jackson
Passed Midshipmen — L. C. Sartori
— Montgomery Hunt
— Maxwell Woodhull
— Francis S. Haggerty
Midshipmen — W. C. B. S. Porter
Silas Bent
George Cooper



Henry H. Harrison
John H. M. Madison
Instructors — P. McFarland
— Wm. H. McCrohan
— Richard T. Renshaw
— Charles W. Hayes
Boatswain — Nicholas Steerbogh
Gunner — Thomas Kelly
Carpenter — John Cahill
Sailmaker — Nathaniel B. Reed

And two hundred and forty of the crew consisting of seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys came on board for duty.

The commanding officer was Captain Dan Turner, U.S. Navy; it was he who gave a copy of the original printing of this book to the Navy Department Library.

Mercier must have been one of the first draft, as the foregoing quotation shows, and Gallop, as has already been shown, did not join the vessel until later. On March 12th a second draft of twenty-four seamen reported, and again twenty more seamen came from the Java on March 16th. The credit for this remarkably accurate and interesting book probably rests principally, if not wholly, with Mercier.

Three days after the log entry of "William Gallop came aboard" follows one reading:

> At 3 p.m. the U.S. Steamer Fulton gave three cheers which were answered by the Constitution.

The reader may here, metaphorically now, give three cheers for Mercier and Gallop. What a splendid thing did Fate decree in placing these men aboard "Old Ironsides" during that cruise!

Whether or not the initials "W. S." are those of Midshipman Sperry is of little moment. However, the day he reported, May 11th, saw another record made under his initials which shows how the "Old Man" in command of the Constitution insured safety of our merchantmen on the high seas:

> May 11th — 4 to 8 p.m. — Captain Cole of the American Merchant Ship Niagara sent to request assistance, as a part of his crew were in a state of mutiny.

A boat was sent to the Niagara, and Samuel Sartine, Thomas Jones, and William Wiley were taken from the Niagara to the Constitution "for safe keeping until the civil authorities would take them away." Incidentally it should here be added that these three men were landed the next day, as Captain Cole sailed without sending the police officer for his men.

The author's description of "A Burial at Sea" was written about Lieutenant R. R. Pinkham, U.S. Navy. The official entry in the ship's log reads thus:

> October 29th, 8 a.m. to Meridian All hands were called "to bury the dead." The church service was read over the body of the late Lieut. R. R. Pinkham and "the corpse was committed to the deep" with customary military honors due to his rank.

When the reader comes to "Bill Garnet's Yarn" telling of "the wretched Godfrey struggling in the fiend-like grasp of Krantz" and being thrown from the fore-topsail yard, let him turn and gaze at the picture of that old sea dog spinning a yarn "on the deck of the Richmond" and imagine the man speaking to be "Bill Garnet." Garnet's yarn, however, has nothing to do with the following sad entry in the log concerning the loss of William Johnson:

> September 11th at 11:15 a.m. William Johnson fell from aloft. The ship was hove to and the lee quarter boat lowered. The boat returned to the ship at 11:45; the man was lost.

The disappointment of the tars when nearing Cape Horn when they found the grog expended, and the ingenuity they displayed in finding a substitute in the form of a novel beverage prepared from *eau de cologne*, are not at all overdrawn. Any one who has followed the sea, even for a short while, soon learns of the wily ways adopted by sailors surreptitiously to introduce spirituous liquors aboard ship. It was not until September 1, 1862, that the "grog ration" was discontinued under the following statute:

> On Sept. 1st 1862 the spirit ration shall forever cease and thereafter no distilled spirituous liquor shall be admitted on board vessels of war, except as medicines and upon the order and under the control of the medical officer of such vessel and to be used only for medical purposes. (U.S. Stat., Vol. 12, p. 565.)

That some difficulty was had with "five barrels of whiskey" is shown by a reproduction in this book of two original documents.

The vivid descriptions flowing from Mercier's pen can be grasped better by comparing his account of the death and burial of Commodore Claxton given in the chapter "The Afflicting Bereavement" with the following brief entries in the ship's log under dates of March 6th and 12th:

> March 6, Talcahuana — at 7:15 a.m. Alexander Claxton departed this life. At 8 hoisted the colors at half mast. *The ship's draft aft 22 feet 9 inches, forward 21 feet.* The ship's plumber made a lead coffin for Commodore Claxton.
>
> March 12 — Valparaiso — The funeral of the late Commander-in-Chief was held and 61 minute guns were fired. The Commodore's broad pennant was hauled down and the long one hoisted.

The log on the cruise shows more than once the use of "the cats." The use of this word in its plural form is noted thus:

> May 10 (1839) At 6:30 p.m. punished at the gangway with one dozen of *the cats*, Thomas Frazier and Thomas Webb, also Peter Hudson six, with *the cats*.

One of the crew of U.S. Schooner Shark suffered a similar punishment with one dozen "cats" in Callao, in the execution of a court-martial sentence.

This cruel and inhuman form of punishment might well have been earlier challenged under the specific clause of the Constitution of the United States which forbids the inflicting of cruel and unusual punishment. By act of Congress September 28, 1850, "flogging in the Navy and on board vessels of commerce was abolished."

At Callao, Peru, we hear of "Old Ironsides" paying loud-mouthed tribute to royalty. The following is found in the log:

> "Callao, Friday, May 1st, 1840.—From 8 to meridian, Light breezes from NW by W and pleasant. Sent the launch for a load of water. At meridian fired a salute of 21 guns in honor of the birth of Louis Philippe, King of France.[1]
>
> "J. Graham."

Any one who knows anything at all of the affection bestowed by seamen on pets aboard ship will lament, along with the crew of "Old Ironsides," the sudden disappearance and premature loss of the dog Dick, who it is supposed fell overboard on the passage of "Old Ironsides" from Payta to Callao. Dick seems to be a favorite name for a seagoing dog. We had one on the U.S.S. Adams in Samoa, at the time when Germany and the United States came so near to a clash over these islands.

The celebrated artist L. G. Sellstedt records in his autobiography "From Forecastle to Academy" the arrival of the Constitution in Callao in 1840 to relieve the North Carolina. The man-of-war life told by Mr. Sellstedt is very much like that set forth in such minute detail in these pages.

In the ancient times the two great factors which determined the length of voyages were fatigue of the personnel and lack of space to carry food and water; even the inability to cook food while under way meant frequent overnight stops. When sailing vessels came generally into use, water alone under normal conditions became the limiting factor. To-day fuel controls the radius of action of our vessels. It is interesting to observe that when "Old Ironsides" sailed from Norfolk at the commencement of this cruise she started out with 46,014 gallons of water. The first day out, 567 gallons were "expended" and the next but 486. During the cruise the water expenditures usually ran between these limits, though greater and lesser expenditures were often recorded.

---

[1] As Louis Philippe was at this time sixty-six years old, and as his birthday came on October 6th, it is probable that the birth celebrated was that of his grandson the Comte de Paris, who was born August 24, 1838, or perhaps of a granddaughter. His grandson the Duc de Chartres was not born till some months later.

At noon on Wednesday, October 27, 1841, the U.S.S. Constitution was in lat. 33° 43′ 05″ North and long. 69° 53′ 00 West. At the close of that day the log shows:

> Upon examining the water tanks and casks there was found 10,252 gallons of good water and about 5000 gallons of damaged supposed to have been by salt water getting into the tanks. There was also found 10960 gallons short of what should have been on board. The masters note has accounted for a part of this by the holder serving out more than the allowance without his knowledge. The remainder he cannot say whether it leaked out or in what manner it became deficient. In consequence of this deficiency Captain Turner has directed that the officers and crew be put on an allowance of 5 pints each.
>
> Note. The above is in accordance with the report of the Master's Mate — My sickness for some time past has prevented my attention to the Hold.
>
> L. C. Sartori
> *Master*

By reason of this restriction the daily expenditure of water dropped from about 500 gallons a day to 322, which shows there were about 515 in the ship's complement of officers and men. Although then but three days' run from a home port, the *captain took no chances;* had anything gone wrong, it would have been a very serious matter to be found at sea without drinking-water, when by taking a reasonable measure the risk would be minimized if not entirely avoided.

The millions of school children who have generously given their pennies that "Old Ironsides" may once again plough the seas and have scenes enacted on her decks — but scarcely like these — and the officers of the Navy who are searching high and low for accurate data to use in that restoration, will find in the tales in this book some recompense for their gifts and labor.

"Living tales of the sea, told by real sailors sailing real ships, make wholesome food for the imagination." These stories of real "Life in a Man-of-War" of the forties cannot help but stimulate youth and old age alike *in the right direction.*

Every page of this splendid account of "Life in a Man-of-War, or Scenes in 'Old Ironsides'" contains accounts that rival in interest any fiction that could be imagined by those who love reading of this kind.

ELLIOT SNOW

WASHINGTON, D.C.
January, 1927

Note: — This edition has been reprinted *verbatim* from the original edition of 1841 without correction or modernization of spelling or style.

PREFACE

> Critics avaunt! curl not your lips with scorn,
> Do let my humble Sketches pass scot-free —
> For you will find them but the uncouth "YARNS"
> Of an unlettered wanderer on the sea.

I HAD made up my mind whilst on our homeward-bound passage to slip the moorings of the present little *Craft* and let her glide before the public without anything in the shape of prefatory remark; but as soon as I mentioned the circumstance to some of the *literati of the galley*, they condemned loudly and emphatically my determination. "What," cried one old weatherworn customer, "print your book without a preface, that ain't ship-shape no how; I thought you had more *savey* than all that; damme, man, now-a-days a book without a preface is like a topmast without a *fid*, its whole dependence gone, small as it is." — "Aye," chimed in a second, "or like a purser's jacket, without naval buttons; nothing to set off the quality of the article." — "Or like," remarked a third, "a sailor's jack-knife without a *laniard*, a most essential thing wanting." — "Or like a gun without a *touch-hole*," cried a fourth, "well enough to look at, but *that* little thing required to give it force and effect."

They would have assailed me with fifty other nautical similies, to prove that my work wouldn't be worth a single cent without the appendage they were so anxious for; and to save myself from their incessant solicitations, I promised I would try my hand at something of the kind; and so, readers, I have made a beginning. The present little work consists but of a few of the "sayings and doings" on board of "Old Ironsides" during our cruise — for the numerous incidents, both of a serious and laughable nature, that transpire daily, aye hourly, on board an armed ship upon a foreign station, would furnish materials sufficient to *fit out a craft* in the literary line, to which this in size would be but a mere *cock-boat;* and I assure you the cruise of "Old Ironsides" in the Pacific was of this nature; but from the many disadvantages one in my capacity had necessarily to labour under whilst endeavouring to note the passing events as they occurred, as well as the difficulties I had to struggle against — the interruptions I was subject to, and the noise and outcry that assailed me on every side, whilst indulging in my "scribbling vein" — I was constrained to let many a scene pass unnoticed, and to touch on others slightly and superficially.

It is at the urgent request of Shipmates, many of whom have been with me last cruise, that I have brought forth these humble "twisters" to the public gaze, for, to use their own trite expression, "they wanted the *shore folks* to see a few of the *moves* on board a Yankee Frigate"; — and whether it will ever fall into other hands than theirs, or whether the falcon eye of criticism will deign to cast a glance upon the pages, I know not, and as little I care; inasmuch as that pecuniary advantages are not my aim, but to yield to the importunities of those hardy fellows who have braved with me in sunshine and storm the perils of the wide, unfathomable Ocean. If on the other hand, the sojourners on *terra firma* should chance to overhaul sharply this my humble attempt at bookmaking, let them call to mind how *delightfully* situated a topman is on board a smart ship, with regard to bringing his ideas to a *focus;* and how much the vociferous turmoil and noisy outcry, that assail him at all turns, from the "high and giddy mast" to the confines of the hold below, help to bring his mind to anything like a contemplative mood. Wonder not then, gentle reader, if my descriptions occasionally flag — if my "yarns" occasionally appear tiresome; — and though your eyes will not be greeted with any delightful, set forms of speech, nor any mellifluous rhetorical flowers, scattered along the several pages — yet you will perceive a "round unvarnished tale" of the disquietudes, delights, sorrows, joys, troubles, and perplexities, that assail the hardy tar when bronzing his rugged features under the influence of foreign suns — unfolded in the rude, unpretending, and unpolished style of

"A FORE-TOP-MAN"

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Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Society. This model is believed by experts to have been made about 1808–1812 as it shows the "monkey forecastle" forward and the poop platform aft, both of which were fitted about 1807 or 1808. The bow scroll is similar to the one carried in 1812

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INTRODUCTION

> "The face that would smile when my purse was well lined,
> Showed a different aspect to me;
> And when I could nought but indifference find,
> I hied once again to the sea."

THERE is an old saying amongst Yankee sailors, that when a person makes *one* cruise under the "stars and stripes," he does not appear satisfied — a certain something urges him to try his luck a *second* time; this happens almost nine cases out of ten, and although some, soured and chafing with the injuries they consider to have received on board the ship that first fluttered the *coach-whip* over their heads, may make one, or perhaps two merchant voyages after being discharged; yet should they chance to fall in with any of their old topmates or *chummies*, decked out in *lined frock* and all the other *et ceteras* of a man-of-war's-man's rig — last cruise becomes the topic of conversation, and after a few social glasses swallowed between them, all antipathy towards the service melts like snow before the midday sun, — promises are made — the Rendezvous is soon in sight — and in a week from that, our worthy tar installed on board the Receiving-ship, damns the hard work in every craft that carries a windlass. Such was the case with me; for when I was paid off from the "Old States" in Boston, I had little thought of again "seeking my fortune on the angry wave;" but the Fates decreed otherwise. I sported the small amount of my cheque with as lavish a hand, as if I'd never see the end of it; and whilst going my round of pleasure with some gay companions who like myself always looked on the *fair* side of everything, I was one morning thrown *quite aback*, when my landlord informed me that my money was all gone! — showing me at the same time a small bill of twenty or twenty-five dollars, which he said I was indebted to him: I did not dare dispute it; and you must needs think this news was a damper to me, particularly when "mine host" asked me in a no very agreeable tone what I calculated to do. "Why ship in the service to be sure," responded an old hanger-on in the establishment; one of those fellows that may be met with in almost every sailor boarding-house; a kind of *locum tenens* of all work, who whilst your money lasts is ready to run of your errands, and is willing to accompany you at any time to procure whatever articles you may wish to purchase, with a strict injunction from the landlord "to be sure and not pay too much for them;" and who whilst prosecuting his commission takes care that his throat, and your own, do not grow parched for want of moistening with liquor at the expense of your pocket; — but when you are outward-bound he is an altered man — he coincides with "mine host" in all his exactions, prompting him if necessary when enumerating the articles in your bill. "Why ship in the service, what else would he do?" continued this shabby sycophant; "he's been there before and knows what it is better than I can tell him; besides there are plenty of his shipmates on board the Columbus already, for I saw no less than seven go over to the navy-yard yesterday; another thing, look at the three months' advance, I guess you can't touch anything like that in a merchantman; you'll be able with that to pay your bill nicely, and have something to spare for a spree before you go on board." The landlord here chimed in and informed me that my *friend* was perfectly right, the wages being very low at present; "and remember," he continued emphatically, "I don't want to hurry any man out of my house — God forbid — but I assure you, if I were in your place, I'd try Uncle Sam." These gentle hints touched me so closely that I thought it was in vain to parley; so finding it was either "neck or nothing," I eagerly swallowed a glass of stimulus — flew to the Rendezvous — and in less than half an hour returned, the United States' servant to command for three years.

"Now then," said I to my landlord upon my return to the boarding-house, "I suppose you are satisfied, let us regulate affairs a little, and let me see how much I'll have to spare out of my advance." "Satisfied," replied he; "I was that before you shipped, I hope you don't imagine I *forced* you to it? no, no — you *would* try the service again, and of course I could not prevent you; talking of your advance, you won't require to lay much out to fit yourself, for no doubt but you have got clothes enough from last cruise." I soon overhauled my wardrobe, and found according to his prediction, that I had a sufficiency of every article requisite for my introduction on board the Guardo, and the next day, feeling almost tired of lounging about with light pockets, I placed my bag and hammock on a cart, bid good-bye to all my cronies of the boarding-house, took another dose or two of blue-ruin to put bashfulness to flight, and with a light heart, a *lighter* head, and a mind perfectly satisfied, I footed it to the navy-yard, and in a few minutes was ushered on board the Columbus.

As soon as I gained the gun-deck, I perceived plenty of my old shipmates on board, who eagerly crowded around me, giving me a frank and hearty welcome, and each one (sailor like) endeavouring to pay me more attention than another. One took my bag to the bag-room, another slung a clean hammock and stowed it in the netting, a third took me on the berth-deck and introduced me to my new messmates; in fact, though I was looked upon when on shore somewhat slightingly as my pockets became light, I now found amongst those warm-hearted tars the most disinterested friendship, and their kind reception was so flattering to my feelings, I was now doubly pleased at the step I had taken.

I had scarcely been forty-eight hours on board before I found myself quite at home; and completely recovered from the effects of my late debauches on shore, I contrasted my situation *now* with the time I was so unceremoniously shoved on board the "Hudson," prior to my cruise in the frigate United States, and what an apparent difference! — *then* I might be compared to some wanderer in a foreign land, ignorant alike of the language or manners of the inhabitants, bashful of obtruding my notice upon any one, fearing a rebuke, and becoming inadvertently the butt of every shallow-pated, self-sufficient ignoramus, who chose to level his insult at me; — *now* the case was materially altered; the turmoil and confusion of a man-of-war at the present time was to me a scene I was acquainted with, and which had long lost its novelty, for three years in the active service of a sea-going ship does wonders towards rubbing the rust off of the veriest green-horn that ever drove a clam-cart; and as I daily beheld the entrance of young *saplings*, aspirants for naval enterprise, I felt pity for their inexperience and loneliness, and bearing in mind how I was myself situated on a former similar occasion, I cultivated the acquaintance of each, putting them on their guard against deception of every sort, and rendering them those little favours which I myself, at the time above adverted to, stood so much in need of.

LIFE IN A MAN-OF-WAR

OR

Scenes in "Old Ironsides"

LIFE IN A MAN-OF-WAR

⁂

THE OLD GUARDO

"Well, then — my course is chosen — spread the sail."

I DID not remain long on board the Columbus, and indeed I was not sorry for it, for the drudgery of a navy-yard, during the inclemency of the winter season, is anything but agreeable; but let it not be inferred that the Columbus is any worse than the generality of receiving ships; on the contrary, to do her justice and give praise where it is due, I must say she is, without exception, the *best* and most *comfortable* ship of them all. She is large and commodious, and on the lower deck, during the cold weather, you can perceive at all hours a couple of red-hot stoves, from around which none are excluded, imparting their warmth throughout the whole ship. The sick-bay is also similarly supplied; and with regard to the rations, instead of miserably-cooked fresh beef, and its equally ill-cooked *accompaniment*, fresh soup, you here perceive the mess-tables spread with delicious *beans*, tempting *plumb duff*, *butter*, *cheese*, and all the other little luxuries you obtain on board a sea-going ship, and *last*, not *least* in a sailor's estimation, you get your three *tots* of whiskey *pure*, not as in other guardos, adulterated with water to such an extent that it becomes insipid to the taste, and causes many a poor fellow labouring under *delirium tremens*, who swallows this wishy-washy potation, to have recourse to the doctor, when his regular allowance of whiskey, taken three times a day in its *original state*, would soon rank him amongst the working men. 'Tis true she is not so scrupulously exact as to *snow-white decks* and glittering *bright-work* as the Hudson, nor is she so much in the back ground with regard to either as the Java, but holds a medium station between both; and I would advise all those who are inclined to join the naval service, to ship in Boston, and they will then have an opportunity of judging whether my assertions are well founded or not.

On the fifteenth of January, one hundred and seventy-five of us were drafted on to Norfolk, and on the same evening went on board the Barque Dromo; when, after giving the Old Columbus three hearty cheers, we spread our canvass to a stiff and favouring breeze, and bid adieu to Boston. We experienced uncommonly rough weather on the passage round, and the captain of the barque found that his freight of *live lumber* was any thing but dis-agreeable when the wind began to freshen; she was poorly manned by her own crew, and if not for our half crazy harum-scarum States'-men, would have been in an ugly predicament when the gale sprung up. I believe it was the second evening after our departure that the wind began to increase, and in a short time approximated to a regular gale. We had a couple of old boatswain's mates in the draft, who of course were not without their *calls* in their pockets, and whether they had orders or not I cannot tell, but in the height of the confusion occasioned by the dreadful appearance of the weather, when the captain and mates hardly knew which order to give first, those two old "sea dogs" blew their shrill pipes, and in a voice as sonorous and commanding as if bellowed forth on the gun-deck of a United States frigate, called, "all hands shorten sail." The announcement was electric; every one now tumbled up from below, some ascended to the foretop, some to the main, some on the jib-booms, fore and main yards, &c., and in as short a time as can possibly be imagined, the old Dromo was lagging lazily along under snug sail.

The captain of the barque gave them great praise for their expedition and alacrity, and our commanding officer, Lieutenant J———, (who, by the way, is an officer without *arrogant pomposity;* a gentleman without *puerile ostentation;* and a sailor in every sense of the word,) he ordered the main-brace to be spliced, and knowing the deficiency of the barque's crew, divided about thirty men belonging to the draft into three watches, who did their duty fearlessly and sailor-like the remainder of the passage, without a murmur of disapprobation on either side. I cannot omit mentioning a little incident that occurred when about four days out; it is too good to be lost, and shows a sailor's characteristic for enjoying a *lark* upon any occasion whatever, in glowing colours.— The Dromo had a long tapering main-skysail-pole aloft when we started, which, in the winter season, might certainly be dispensed with on the coast of America; but I suppose the captain, like a great many other little-minded, feather-brained personages in the same capacity, who, as long as they can cut a flash (as they term it) in port, do not take into consideration the risk a poor tar runs *shinning* aloft in a gale of wind to *strike* those superfluous and nonsensical appendages; he no doubt was anxious to make his *old craft* appear as a lofty *liner* whilst lying at the wharf: — Lieutenant J——— told him he had better send it down more than once, but he postponed doing so for several days, until the *buckling* of the article in question, and the apparent increase of the wind urged him to it: He perceived one of our draft lounging about the deck, pretty well stimulated, I assure you, and perhaps thinking he would *pall him*, (to use a sea phrase,) he ordered him in quite an authoritative tone, which was any thing but pleasing to our States'-man, to "jump aloft and send that skysail-pole down." — "How will you have it sent down sir?" asked Jack, with a knowing leer of his eye and a suppressed chuckle; "why in the quickest manner possible," replied the captain, "you men-of-war's-men have the repute of being so damn'd smart at those sort of things, let me see what you can do towards it, though if I were to give you my candid opinion, I think you look more like a fellow that could work "Tom Cox's Traverse," than any thing else; but go ahead, I'll give you a glass of grog when it is down." This last observation, viz. the glass of grog, was incentive sufficient to urge one who loved the stimulating beverage as well as Jack did, to move with alacrity towards the completion of the duty that was to gain him this *desideratum* amongst sailors: the ship rolled heavily, but Jack scampered aloft with all the agility peculiar to an adept in his profession. The captain was watching him with an eager and impatient eye, and remarked to his mate, who was standing at his elbow, that "he thought that the man-of-war's-man knew but little about sending a spar on deck, for he hadn't taken the end of any thing aloft to send it down by; but never mind," continued he, "we'll have a good laugh at the fellow when he comes below, for his damn'd pretensions." "Stand from under," now sonorously resounded from the man aloft; all eyes were turned upward in astonishment, and as the barque gave a heavy roll to leeward a plunge was heard in the water, and in another moment the *skysail-pole* was floating far astern.

The captain was outrageous when he perceived his *darling spar* fast disappearing from his anxious gaze, and as soon as Jack arrived on deck, (which he did immediately after this mischievous frolic,) he levelled at him a volley of imprecations, vowing dire vengeance for this unprincipled outrage.— "Why did you not tell me," continued the captain, almost choked with rage, "that you did not know *how* in the first place, and I would not have sent you at all; but believe me, my fine fellow, you shall pay for it if there's any law to be had in Norfolk; what induced you to make such a damn'd *faux paux* I can't imagine." — "Why sir," responded Jack, with the greatest effrontery imaginable, which did not at all decrease when he perceived Lieutenant J——— standing by, "you told me to send it down the quickest manner possible, and I'm sure it could not be done *slicker*, nor in less time, on board the smartest craft that flies a pennant." This remark caused a giggle throughout the crowd that had now assembled to hear the result of this ludicrous affair; but it made the captain, if possible, more outrageous than before, and turning round to Lieutenant J———, made a full complaint of Jack's misconduct, of course multiplying it four-fold; but the only satisfaction he received was an admonition from this excellent officer "to send, on future occasions, his own men when he required any duty done aloft, and perhaps it would be completed more to his satisfaction;" so our hero got off "scot free" for his mischievous though ludicrous prank.

In eight days we arrived at Norfolk, experiencing on the whole, a very rough passage, and dropped anchor alongside the Guardo. We furled sails on board the barque, man-of-war fashion, and acquitted ourselves to the satisfaction of the "old salts" who from the Java's forecastle were viewing us with keen and criticising glances. The receiving ship's launch now came alongside and took our bags and hammocks, and after splicing the main-brace and giving Lieutenant J——— three *fervent* and *heartwarm* cheers, we vacated the old Dromo and were ushered in due form on board the Java. The first person I perceived when I gained the gangway, was my old friend and shipmate, Bill Garnet, who greeted me in true sailor style, and eagerly enquired if there were many of the *State's* in the draft. I told him there were plenty; "but Bill," continued I, "how is this, I thought you were never coming in the service again; I expected you would be located down east long before this time." — "Why," replied my talkative friend, "you see I was determined to go down home, but I thought of course I'd have a little bit of a spree in Boston with some of my topmates before I started; well, about fifty or sixty of us went to the theatre to see that little girl dance, and a precious *shindy* we had of it I assure you; there was regular knocking down and dragging out amongst the constables and sailors, and in the fray I got two or three ugly pokes myself, being pretty well *corned;* how it finished I can't tell, but I waked up about daylight next morning and found myself in one of the damndest rattle-traps of a cellar in all Ann Street, and flanked on every side by ten or twelve more, who lay on the floor *pin fashion, heads* and *points.* As soon as I collected my scattered senses a little, I felt my pockets, (for I was fool enough to take all my money with me the night before,) and you must think I was struck aback when I could find only two dollars and a half: I rousea up the owner of this *rookery* and made enquiry respecting my cash, but he could tell me nothing about it; well, here was my ramble home knocked in the head, for I wouldn't face there after so long an absence, without some *rhino* in my pocket; well, I roused up all the sleepers, sent out for a couple of bottles of *steam,* and swallowed two or three glasses to drown sorrow; I had no boarding-house, so I was determined not to take any, for I knew how my advance would fare if I chanced to ship; so, to cut the yarn short, I strolled down towards the wharves and found a little schooner bound to Norfolk, that was in want of a hand; I flew to the store where I had left my bag and hammock, brought it on board the schooner, touched half a month's advance, and in six days from that, landed in this place." — "But how came you to join Uncle Sam again?" I enquired, "*you* who were so inveterate against a man-of-war." — "Why, to tell you the truth," replied Garnet, "I found I could not do better, situated as I was; so I shipped, but I took good care the *crimps* got nothing out of me, for I went on my own *hook* and took no advance; so by being saving these three years, I'll have a nice little sum to go home with after all." The draft was now ordered to lay aft to muster, and by this means I got clear of my friend Bill's loquacity. As our lads passed in review before the scrutinizing and quick-detecting eyes of the first lieutenant of the Java, you could perceive by the contortions of his unprepossessing visage, that we were any thing but welcome; and although Lieutenant J——— came on aboard himself, and represented us to him in the most favourable light, yet, for no other reason but to gratify his malicious and overbearing disposition, he would not allow us our regular grog that evening; and because, forsooth! one or two of the draft respectfully presented themselves in his *august* presence to know the reason of this *veto*, he confined them in double irons, and the next day gave them a *tight dozen* for *daring* even to *request* that which by *law* they were entitled to: not satisfied with this, he ordered the marines to be drawn up under arms, with directions to permit none of the "piratical Boston draft" (as he was pleased to term us) to approach, on any consideration, the *sanctum* of the quarter deck. It was a scene ludicrous in the extreme, to see this warlike martinet bustling about from deck to deck, big with the importance of the occasion, giving his orders respecting the *safety* of the ship, as if an enemy were about to board us; and all because a few poor sailors, after encountering a rough and tempestuous passage, perhaps too, a little elated from the effects of their last *extra* glass of whiskey, were somewhat anxious to *freshen the nip;* but enough of this. I had seen sufficient of the ship to disgust me, and when I drew a comparison between the quiet, orderly, and comfortable deportment of things on board the Columbus, and the disgraceful, though laughable scene I had just seen enacted, I was not the only one that wished myself clear of this "Old Guardo."

JOINING MY SHIP

"I soon unto my sorrow found
A difference very far
Between the dull receiving ship
And the flashy man-of-war."

Upon my arrival at the Gosport Navy Yard, I perceived every appearance of soon exchanging the dull, uninteresting life on board the Guardo, for the more bustling and active one of a ship outward-bound; three men-of-war lying here "all atanto," two of which had not as yet received their crews on board; so of course I had every hope of becoming an inmate of one or other of them. The first picking out was for the sloop-of-war Warren, bound on the West India station, in which draft I was not included, and I candidly confess I was glad of the omission; for, in the first place, the *station* itself is the most harassing and disagreeable imaginable; you stand a chance of trying the merits of every ship and the disposition of every commander and first lieutenant in the whole squadron; for it is not an unfrequent occurrence for a poor fellow to be passed along from craft to craft, like a superfluous coil of cordage, until he at last finishes his three years' career amidst the unpleasant and never-ending drudgery of a navy-yard. I had also another reason for wishing to remain: I perceived the old Constitution lying in the river, with her neat and faultless hull, and elegant tapering spars; she certainly was an object which the criticising eye of a sailor would wish to gaze ardently upon; she is at any time a superb looking frigate, and well may the American people be proud of her; but at this particular time, she looked to me *all* I could require for a three years' habitation; and her destination being the Pacific Ocean, I anxiously wished that no unforeseen accident would occur to prevent me from being enrolled amongst her crew. The Fates decreed in my favour, I had my wish, for on the first of March one hundred and fifty of us, bag and baggage, vacated the Java, "nothing loath," and with unfeigned light hearts and smiling countenances, stepped upon the decks of "Old Ironsides."

I had not much time to moralize upon the by-gone deeds of this fortunate and justly famed frigate that I had now taken up my abode in; for a man-of-war preparing for a foreign cruise, is any thing but a place of idleness, and we, with scarcely one-third of our crew on board, (for men were uncommonly scarce at the time our ship was put in commission,) found so much harassing employment from "morning's light till set of sun," that I assure you every one of us, as soon as our evening meal was concluded, eagerly took possession of our several hammocks, and "nature's soft nurse," with little wooing, soon "weighed our eye-lids down." On the twelfth of March we hoisted the broad pennant of Commodore Alexander Claxton, and many a time since we have blessed the day and hailed the circumstance with supreme delight, that gave us such a humane, gentlemanly, and unpretending individual for a commander-in-chief: yes, take a lesson from him in meekness, suavity of manner, as well as practical knowledge with regard to the government of a ship of war, you domineering individuals who pride yourselves on wearing two epaulets,— ask of him whether humane and tender treatment, or cruel blood-thirsty castigation, makes a crew of American seamen more expert in their tactics or attentive to their duty, or more determined and zealous, should the fortune of war bring them in contact with a foe; ask him this I say, and hear the response; and would every individual who may have the honor of commanding the squadrons of the United States on foreign stations, but follow his exemplary footsteps, our light hearted, unsophisticated tars, instead of enrolling themselves under the banners of other nations, would rally in a multitudinous phalanx around Columbia's "stars and stripes," until death would summon them to their last muster.

During our stay at Norfolk we had little breathing time, for our frigate was fitted out so hurriedly, or so carelessly (I know not which but perhaps both) that it kept us on the constant jog — redoing work about her rigging, which had it been accomplished in the navy-yard anything near the mark, would have saved us many a cold finger in this bitter month. We received a draft from New York of sixty seamen, which I assure you was a great *desideratum*, and in a few days, every body working with a will, our decks were somewhat cleared of the lumber, that had lain ever since we first joined her, strewed in glorious confusion in every corner.

On the tenth of April we weighed anchor, and with a prosperous breeze, bid farewell to Cape Henry and shaped our course for New York, for the purpose of obtaining the residue of our ship's company. We carried the fair wind but a short distance, for ere twenty-four hours out the fitful appearance of the firmament augured but too plainly the rough and tempestuous weather we were about to encounter, and we were not deceived: it came on as our tars express it, "hot and heavy," though *cold* and heavy would at this particular time have been a more appropriate expression, for bitter cold it was in all conscience, and those of our crew (and they were many) that had but now made their *debut* upon Neptune's boundless territories, had more opportunities than perhaps they at all coveted, of going through the nautical evolution of reefing in all its forms; and I have no doubt but that this passage destroyed the hopes and cooled the ardour of many of our aspirants, who had enrolled themselves but a short time before under the "stars and stripes," with light hearts and buoyant spirits. Our sick-list was considerably augmented when our lads felt the chilly breath of Boreas; and many of our wide-awake old cruisers, expert at "Tom Cox's Traverse," hauled into dock with some imaginary complaint that would puzzle the experience of the famed Doctor Sangrado himself to come at the source of, and underwent cupping, bleeding and blistering with stoical indifference and a martyr's patience, rather than give up their snug billet in one corner of the sick-bay, leaving those of more ambitious inclinations and warmer temperament, to encounter the "peltings of the pitiless storm" on the upper deck.

After a boisterous passage of thirteen days we made Sandy Hook light-house, and with the assistance of a couple of steamboats entered the harbour, and came to anchor almost abreast of the Battery; and now our old Craft was in confusion with a vengeance.

Carpenters, caulkers, joiners, plumbers, painters, armourers, all rattling away *pell-mell* at their several jobs to expedite our departure — in fact she was in as glorious an uproar as one can well imagine, and to "cap the climax" hundreds of the *beau monde* were visiting the ship every hour in the day, and our unprepossessing appearance together with the turmoil naturally attending the various and multiplied duties that now devolved upon all on board, caused many a fashionable gad-fly to turn his nose up with scorn and disappointment, and some of the "corps editorial" thought proper to show us up in the columns of their journals, because forsooth we had not in the midst of our accumulating employment, *snow-white decks*, *glittering bright-work*, and *neatly flemished rigging*, to please their fastidious and overweening tastes. In consequence of the scarcity of men we were necessarily obliged to make up our crew by receiving from the Hudson sixty or seventy *boys;* they were stationed in the several tops, *where seamen ought to be*, and although possessing our full compliment in *number*, yet, believe me, there was a greater defalcation than ought to be sanctioned, in the nautical experience of at least one-third of our ship's company. And this too when about to brave the icy perils and tempestuous violence of dreaded Cape Horn. But it behooves me to *clap a stopper* on my moralizing; the efficient individuals connected with the Navy Department know "what's what" better than an unlettered, unpretending *fore-top-man;* but I would whisper a word in their ears — there were to my knowledge twenty or thirty able bodied seamen, who came home in the frigate United States, in New York at the time our ship wanted men, some of whom I conversed with; you will perhaps ask why they would not try the service again — the reason is obvious — the wages were too low compared with what was then giving in merchantmen; and as one of them expressed it, "he could'nt no how think of going for *twelve* dollars a month where he had to find his own small stores and come out in *white* perhaps every day in the year; when he could get *eighteen,* his tea and coffee, and wear what sort of clothes he pleased." There's nautical, philosophic reasoning for you. This expression of our tar, spoken in his own peculiar style, was more to the point than all the columns that have been written for years back, on the subject of seamen's wages.

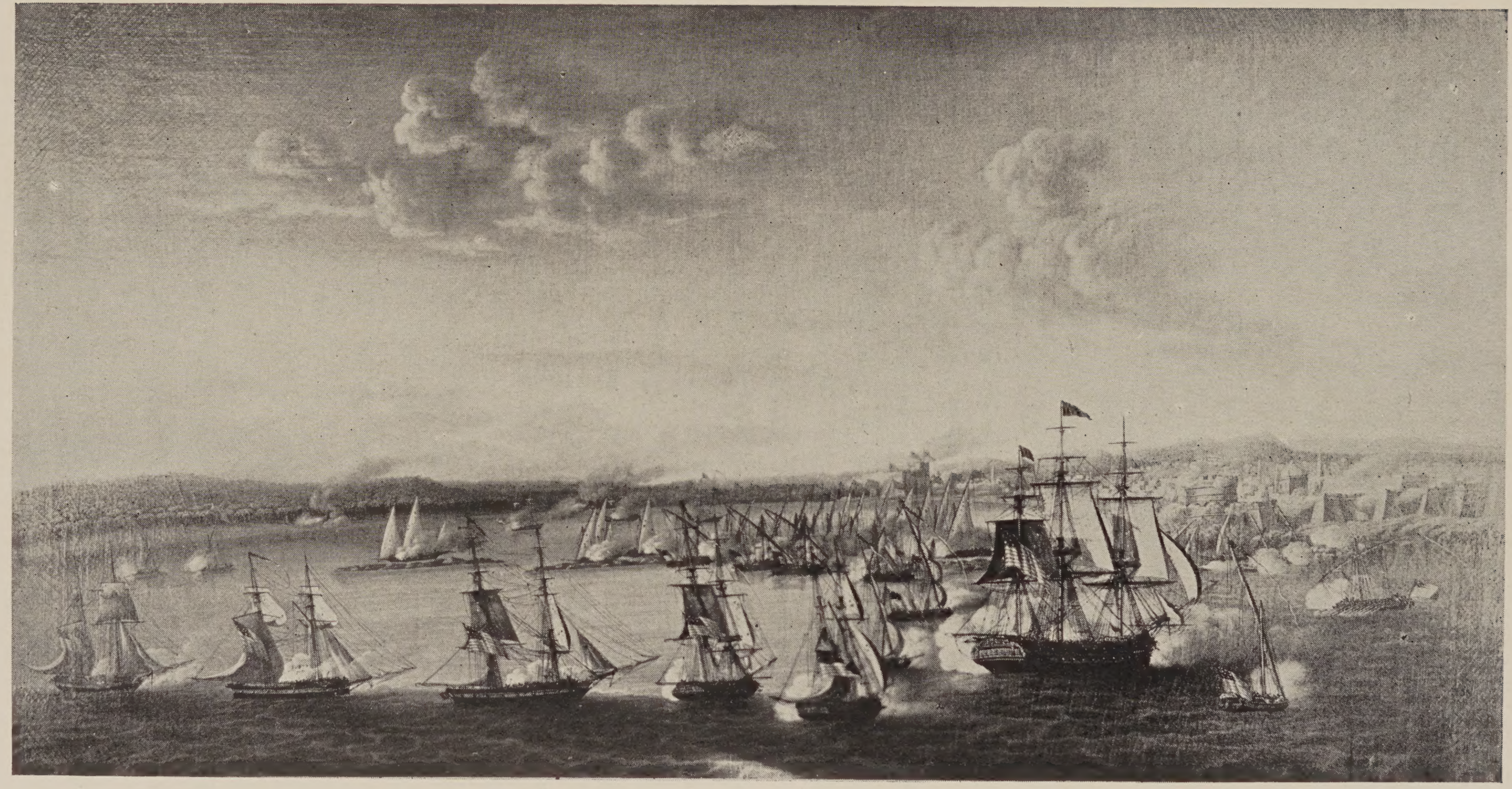
In a week or two we got things pretty well to rights, and our old frigate began to look herself again. On the nineteenth of May we received on board the Hon. Powhattan Ellis, Minister to Mexico, and dropped down below Fort Diamond, awaiting an auspicious breeze to shape our course upon the broad blue expanse of the mighty ocean.

OUTWARD-BOUND

"Majestically slow before the breeze
In silent pomp she marches on the seas."

On the twentieth of May the cry of "All hands up anchor," was vociferated in a stentorian voice by our boatswain, and the same reverberated along the different decks from the hoarse throats of his several mates. This is an announcement that causes a more than ordinary bustle on board a man-of-war: every one from the first lieutenant down to the most diminutive side-boy, is immediately on the alert — all business and pastime are forthwith thrown aside — and even the disciples of the lower regions, viz. holders, wardroom and steerage boys, galley cooks, and sick-bay assistants, who seldom save in cases of sheer necessity see the bright canopy of heaven, have at this summons to show their smoke-dried physiognomies in the open air. Our departure was a "consummation devoutly to be wished" by all on board; for when the tar once enters the gangway of the ship that is to be his habitation for a three years' cruise, he is all anxiety to leave behind the shores of his native land, the sight of which in his then confined state, but brings to his mind's eye in vivid colours the joyous scenes he had but some few weeks before participated in, and which he knows are completely beyond his reach. He therefore hails with delight the movement that is about to place him on the "deep blue sea," and calls imagination to his aid by conjuring up the fairy visions that await him in the far foreign clime to which he is bound, but which with all its numerous attractions cannot estrange one particle of his affections from the land of his childhood — the country that gave him birth.

Our naval *saplings*, too, the greater part of whom had never been out of sight of land, were in a complete ferment to make a commencement of their cruise, that they might behold some of those wonders of the ocean, which had been described to them in the most glowing colours by some "old salt," who between the guns of an



THE CONSTITUTION IN THE BATTLE OF TRIPOLI, AUGUST, 1804
From the painting at the United States Naval Academy

evening surrounded by an all-attentive group of those youngsters, dealt out so many *twisters* of the wild and the wonderful as to completely absorb their enthusiastic imaginations. All was now a scene of life and bustle. Carpenters shipping their capstan bars — tierers and holders getting their hook-ropes and chain-hooks in readiness — the indefatigable topmen passing the nippers around the chain — quarter gunners and idlers stretching the messenger along — the marines too with buoyant spirits rendering all the assistance in their power towards weighing our ponderous anchor — in fact every one throughout the ship, young and old, officers as well as men, might be perceived hurrying to and fro on every deck, their countenances plainly intimating that it was the general wish to see "Old Ironsides" once more "cleaving her foamy track."

"Man the bars," now sonorously resounded from the speaking trumpet of our first lieutenant. The word was electric. Each one was at his station in a moment; the fifer thrilled off two or three notes to show that his instrument was in complete order for the occasion — the after-guard stationed at the capstan bars, took up their positions with distended arms, to give the greater force to their first movement — the mizen-topmen seated themselves comfortably upon deck close to the messenger, blessing their stars for having such a sinecure, and every one was awaiting as impatiently for a commencement of the busy scene, as an audience at the Bowery or Park before the rising of the curtain ever waited for the appearance of the inimitable Forrest, when anticipating his *entré* in one of his favourite characters. The order to "heave round" was now given; the fifer made the gun deck re-echo with the lively and applicable tune of "off she goes," the men at the bars kept unerring time with their feet, as they made the capstan obey the impulse of their vigorous nerves, the incessant clink of the chain was heard, as it flew through the hawsehole with a quickness scarcely to be equalled, and in as short a time as can well be imagined our ponderous anchor was short apeak.

"All hands make sail," was now thrillingly proclaimed by the boatswain and his mates, and a scene rife with bustle and liveliness immediately took place; the several sail-loosers were already in the rigging, panting with eagerness for a display of their agility; the topmen watching each other with jealous eyes, to see that no advantage was taken on either side: at the next order all were in motion, scrambling aloft with the dexterity and nimbleness of monkeys, and spreading themselves along the several yards at the word "lay out," with exact regularity, forming altogether a pleasing and imposing picture. The topsail-sheets and halliards were stretched along and manned, and the first lieutenant enquired if they were all ready aloft? "all ready, sir," was the response from half-a-dozen eager voices: "stand by; let fall." The heavy sails, as if by magic, now burst from the *gaskets* that had held them in such secure and graceful folds, and as the merry notes of the shrill fife re-echoed amongst the adjacent hills, sail after sail was made, the anchor was calted and fished, the yards were trimmed to the wind; our old frigate began to feel its influence — and she was soon "walking the waters like a thing of life," leaving the happy shores of Columbia in the distance.

The lofty studding-sails were now set to the inspiring breeze, and many of our youthful adventurers, as they perceived from their exalted stations aloft, the land that contained, perhaps, some fond doating mother or loving affectionate sister, disappear from before their "longing, lingering gaze," hove a desponding and heavy sigh at this *first* (and for aught any of them knew,) perhaps *last* departure from the home of their infancy, the country they held most dear.

"Well," remarked my loquacious friend Bill Garnet, whilst engaged coiling down nippers, preparatory to stowing them in the hold, addressing a green Vermonter, who had but a few weeks before sold his milk wagon and donned the sailor rig, "I guess, Nathan, our cruise has commenced at last, we'll have pleasant weather enough as far as the *line*, and then look out for a scorching." "What," enquired our green horn, "is it tarnation hot there?" — "Hot?" continued Garnet, who knowing the simplicity of his auditor, was now determined to *fling the hatchet*, as sailors call it; "why I've seen the buttons melt on the marines' jackets, and run on the deck like hot lead, and a messmate of mine at the maintopsail-halliards one day, happened to fall asleep with his hat off, the sun shone on his *cocoa-nut* with such a powerful focus as to set his hair in a complete blaze, and if not for the captain of the after-guard passing along with a bucket of water, which he immediately threw over him, ten to one if he would'nt have been burned up; so keep a sharp look out Nathan, when we're on the line, how you lay down to *caulk* in the sun with your hat off." — "I will that, I warrant you; but 'taint as hot as that about this here Cape Horn, is it?" enquired the Vermonter.— "No, no," replied Bill with a grin, "I reckon you'll find it aint by a long chalk, for by a bit of calculation I've made, we'll double the cape in October or November I'm thinking, and if you don't smell h—ll, then my name aint Garnet." — "Why how do you mean," eagerly interrogated our green-mountain-boy, "does it storm almighty hard there?" — "I reckon you'll find it does," continued Garnet, "if the old cape is in the same place it was when I doubled it last; if we did'nt have some screamers off there then, I don't know what a gale of wind is: why one night, clapping a close reef in the foretopsail, it blew so infernal hard as to whip the large brass buttons with one shot, slap off the starboard side of my pea-jacket; one of them hit old Crout, the Dutchman, who was at the lee dog's-ear *bim* in the eye, and knocked it out as slick as if he was *gouged* by a Kentuckian, for which he gets a pension to this day; Jack Billings, the captain of the top at the earing, enquiring what the matter was, received another one slap down his throat, which makes him speak thick ever since; that's what I call blowing."

Garnet would have dished up our Vermonter half-a-dozen other yarns equally wonderful, did not the unceremonious voice of the boatswain's-mate, calling his name, coupled with an epithet or two quite common in sailor phraseology, summon him hastily to the spar-deck, so that our ex-wagoner was left to his own cogitations, weighing perhaps in his mind the perils of sunshine and storm he had to encounter ere long, and which the pragmatical Garnet, in his own peculiar style, had so elegantly embellished. Our old frigate was now walking off under a crowd of sail, and we all had an opportunity of observing, from the velocity with which she moved through the water, that "Old Ironsides" was as quick on the heel as ever.

THE REGRETTED LEAP

"Lord, Lord methought, how hard it was to drown."

Reader have you ever been at sea in a man-of-war on a delightful sunny day, with the yard braced sharp up; if you have, you are certainly aware of the different scenes of idleness and industry, seriousness and foolery, that present themselves to the observation, fore and aft on every deck; and if you have not, perhaps the following *simple sketch* may give you some little idea of the same.

Since the fruitful and happy shores of Columbia disappeared in the horizon, nothing of import occurred on board our "trim sea boat," save now and again the job of taking in and making sail, as occasion might require, or the exercising our great guns and small arms, to initiate our novices in the use of those war-like engines:— As a matter of course, some of our landsmen and boys felt the sickly effect of Neptune's highway, and many a prime piece of pork and tempting plum-duff remained untasted in consequence; but three or four days' experience, together with the incessant "orders to start" of the boatswain's-mates and master-at-arms, (for those worthies, despite sea sickness, or the decomposition of the stomach, *must* have their commands obeyed,) worked a more radical cure than all the medicines in the dispensary could; and they can now masticate a piece of salt junk, or dispossess a tin pan of its contents of savoury beans, as quick as any "son of the ocean" that ever chewed a *quid.*

It was on the first of June, we were about four or five days sail from the Islands of Grand Caymans, and with our yards braced up sharp, our ship was moving along with as much speed as any other craft on the wind possibly could: it was one of those delightful afternoons peculiar to the latitude we were now in, scarcely a cloud floated in the horizon, but the firmament was one uninterrupted tint of beautiful azure; all on board took advantage of this lovely weather, and almost the whole of the ship's company were scattered about on the spar-deck, enjoying in various ways the beauteous serenity of the scene. When a vessel-of-war is sailing "on the wind," her crew have the finest times imaginable, almost verifying the old woman's remark of "sitting down and letting the wind blow them along;" they have no studding-sails to set, no bracing to do, (for the yards are expected to be as sharp as they can well get them) and save once in awhile "a slight pull of this bowline," or "a small haul aft of that sheet," they scarcely touch a rope for days or perhaps weeks together.

The hands had just been turned to after dinner, and the sweepers had but laid by their brooms after skimming them slightly over the different parts of the deck allotted to them. In the gangways you might perceive groups of industrious ones with their clothes-bags lying near them, calculating with serious face what quantity of frocks and trowsers would be sufficient to serve them the three years' cruise. That long cadaverous looking customer, with such a roguish twinkle in his eye, who you may observe with a half-worn jacket in his hand, that is a thorough-bred "down easter" up to every move in a man-of-war, he is trying to shove that same jacket off to the young fellow near him for three dollars when grog money is paid.

Perceive that old quartermaster, whose florid cheeks and rotund paunch plainly demonstrate that "Uncle Sam's" beef and pork, which he has eat for the last eighteen years, are capable of raising as respectable a corporation as your dainty viands ashore; he is surrounded by five or six of our green-horns, and with a small piece of *nine thread* is endeavouring to knock the principle of *stopper-knots* and *Matthew Walker's* into the thick heads of his all-attentive pupils. Under the refreshing shade of the boats a crowd of worthies are stretched out, who despite the noise and outcry on every side, are transporting on the balmy breeze the mellifluous music of their nasal organs, they appear like many of Adam's sons on *terra firma*, to take the course of time just as it comes, never torturing themselves concerning what the future may bring forth, but in the words of the old rhyme

"They eat, and drink, and sleep — what then,
They sleep, and drink, and eat again!"

Groups of light-hearted apprentice boys, with the roseate tint of health o'erspreading their youthful countenances, their eyes sparkling with jocund delight, and their buoyant hearts unoppressed with care, are pursuing their antic gambols throughout every part of the deck, without one solitary thought of the disquietudes and perplexities that may possibly intervene to mar their pleasures and cloud their brows, ere their term of servitude is expired. Some sons of poetry and romance are imbibing the balmy influence of the weather on the *booms*, taking perhaps a painful glance at the past, or their souls wrapped up in some delightful revery of the future, thinking of bygone scenes with heartfelt regret, and contrasting them in their imagination with those that await them in the rich and luxurious lands of Chili or Peru.

The lieutenant of the watch, with his well polished speaking trumpet in hand, is walking with measured stride the weather side of the quarter-deck, paying scarcely any attention to the scene around him, appearing to be completely absorbed in his own meditations. Old Bunting, the quartermaster in the boat, is scanning with half-closed eyes the weather leech of the main top-gallant sail, letting the officer of the deck know he is *awake* by occasionally singing out to the man at the wheel "no higher," when the ship is two or three points off the wind, and "luff you may," when the sails are lifting. Whilst this numerous and motley crowd were thus variously engaged the cry of "a man overboard," thrilled through every part of the ship, and in a moment all was bustle and confusion: — On board a vessel containing four or five hundred souls, this sound creates an uncommon sensation, every one is on the *qui vive* in the first place to ascertain who the luckless individual may be, and as there are generally a dozen different reports of the occurrence, and a dozen different persons named as the one missing, even before a boat is lowered, doubts and fears take possession of every breast for the safety of those endeared to them by the ties of friendship and love; "clear away the bowlines, man the after braces, be lively my lads, jump some of you and clear away the life-boat." These orders were given in rapid succession by the officer of the deck, and needed not repeating, for an eager crowd flew to execute them *instanter*, with that promptitude which invariably characterizes the tar in the hour of trouble or danger.

Our main-topsail was quickly laid to the mast, the life-buoys cut away, and the life-boat, with a bold and determined crew, under the direction of our flag lieutenant, Mr. B——, (who in this as well as similar instances during our cruise has always been one of the first individuals to jump into a boat when a shipmate was about to meet a watery grave, and by his prompt and energetic action, setting an example to the crew) were now pulling vigorously towards the person in the water, who could be perceived some short distance from the life-buoys striking out for the ship with "might and main." The poop, hammock-nettings, rigging, and booms, were literally crowded with human beings, watching the boat with breathless anxiety, and endeavouring to accelerate her speed by eager gestures and encouraging expressions. "Who can it possibly be?" was now the question asked by every one; — no person could answer it satisfactorily. "I heard the captain of the hold say," remarked a Johnny Raw belonging to the afterguard, "that the wardroom cook said as how Patterson the barber told him that Flukes the steady cook on the berth-deck when he was washing his kettle out in the head, saw Pat Bradley the main-topman sitting on the bumpkin, so it must be him as is overboard." "Avast heaving there, my honey," interrupted Bradley himself, who at this moment elbowed his way amongst the group, "just go and give my compliments to Mr. Flukes, and desire him to acquaint that fashionable barber of ours, that its my wish he should step down to the galley and inform the "colored gemman" *wot* cooks for the wardroom, that I would thank him to tell the captain of the hold that I'm worth three drowned men yet — so because a fellow happened to be sunning himself a little on the bumpkin you must have him diving overboard whether or not."

"They've got him! they've got him!" cried out twenty voices at the same time. "Yes, and who do you think it is?" cried Bill Garnet, who now made his appearance — "as I live, a marine; he jumped out of the lee gangway after a dolphin that was playing alongside. Poor foolish fellow, I reckon he found the fish was too quick on the heel for him." "He's a little *luny* ain't he, Garnet?" enquired one of the crowd. "Well, I believe he is somewhat touched that way, for I heard him say yesterday when old Bowser the forecastle man was telling about a fellow that went across the harbour of Malta at the tail of a kite, that all those things were *sufficacious* or *efficacious*, or some such big dictionary word, and that in a little time a person might even walk dry-footed on water." "Aye," chimed in a waggish mizen-topman, "and I suppose he was reducing that *theory* to *practice* when he started to chase the dolphin, but I think he's found the error of his doctrine by this time."

The crowd now rushed to the gangway as the boat neared the ship, elbowing their way along with as much eagerness as if some rare curiosity was about to greet their sight. It was a marine, as Garnet had said, but whether he came to taste of the watery element accidentally or purposely is not generally known, but the latter appears to be the prevailing opinion, having been observed for two or three days previous to labour under some severe fit of despondency. Perhaps, "crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love," he took this short method of ridding himself of trouble, but when he felt the nauseous effects of the briny waters he found drowning was not so pleasant as he at first imagined.

The life-boat was once more hoisted up and secured at the davits — the yards trimmed again to the wind — our ship began to gather headway, and in a few minutes she was dancing merrily over the waste of waters.

THE DISCONTENTED MARINE, OR SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST

It happened on the first of June,
One fine and glorious afternoon,
Old Ironsides in all her pride
Along the ocean swift did glide;
And 'tis well known in prose and song,
That *few* can *swifter* sail along
Than this same frigate trim and tight,
Beauteous to view yet dread in fight;
At least *last war* she proved it so,
Acknowledged even by her *foe*.
Although the wind it was ahead,
The yards braced up she onward sped:
With proper dignity and grace,
She moved along with rapid pace; —
Whilst thus our ship pursued her way,
A poor *marine*, half crazed they say,
In the Ice-gangway walked alone
And thus his fate did sore bemoan: —
"Cursed be the day that I first joined
The marine corps, and left behind
The dear remembered joys of home
Upon the Ocean thus to roam —
To be obliged to wear these clothes,
Which do not suit me Heaven knows;
I, who broad-cloth coats have dash'd in,
With pantaloons of every fashion,
Amongst the beaux in former days,
And now to put up with these coarse grays,
It will not do; it is too bad;
It is enough to drive one mad;
And then that ever-cursed *drill*,
Of *that* I've had more than my fill;
And then the *musket*, my abhorrence,
I'll shower my curses down in torrents
Upon the wretch who brought to light
Keeping those dreadful engines *bright:* —
White belts too — there's another evil;
I wish they were all to the devil,

For I've been always in a fluster
To make those things pass off at muster;
They've kept me moving every day,
Either with *brick-dust* or *pipe-clay;*
And then this keeping watch at night,
Sailors may call this *their* delight,
So let them like it; for with me
This *exercise* does not agree —
Rousing about, now pulling, hauling,
The boatswains-mates' incessant bawling;
And ungenteely shoved along
By the *meanest* fellows 'mongst the throng;
And if in this case one but complains,
He may get a *drubbing* for his pains.
Can I stand *this?* forbid it Heaven;
The power to mortal man was given
To free himself from persecution,
Could he but pluck up resolution.
So *I* by a leap determined, bold,
Will free myself from trouble's hold;
And thus do I snap the tender tie
That binds me to my misery:
So farewell shipmates every one,
My die is cast, my race is run:"
And saying this, he gave one leap
And plunged into the mighty deep.
"Man overboard," was now the sound
Throughout the ship that echoed round,
And all was bustle, haste and noise,
'Mongst officers, and men, and boys —
"Quick, quick, the bowlines clear away,
The braces man without delay,
Haul up the mainsail, lads d'ye hear,
And some stand by the boat to clear."
These orders promptly were obeyed,
For every one now lent his aid,
Mariner-like, to try and save
A shipmate from a watery grave:
The life-buoys were quickly cut away,
And on the Ocean's surface lay
Some distance from the poor marine,
Who in the water might be seen
Struggling, with all his might and main,
To try once more the ship to gain —
For he, like *Shakspeare's Clarence*, found

How mighty "hard it was to drown:"
Though but some minutes in the water,
His courage soon began to totter,
And he prayed loudly, o'er and o'er,
To be on board the ship once more:
"My God, what came into my brain,
To leap thus in the angry main,
And leave yon frigate, which I see
Is fast receding now from me;
What a damn'd ass I must have been,
My error not before to've seen;
I remember reading once, some stuff,
That drowning was a pleasant death enough;
But he who wrote those lines I fear
Was never placed as I am here,
With *sharks* perhaps at my very shoulder,
(Good God, that thought makes me grow colder,)
And the only hope of my existence
The frigate, at a good long distance:
I say if he were in my place,
He'd that assertion quick retrace;
But Lord! my strength begins to leave me —
What's that? or do my eyes deceive me;
No, no, it is the boat I see
Moving with rapid haste towards me;
Pull out my lads, and give way stronger,
For I cannot hold out much longer."
The boat now moved with rapid pace,
And very quickly reached the place
Where our poor soldier lay hard struggling,
And from his mouth the water gurgling:
The hardy crew soon grappled fast,
He quickly in the boat was pass'd,
And ere ten minutes had flew o'er
He was on board the ship once more.
The sails were trimmed, our bark again
Moved swiftly o'er the azure main,
And the *half-drowned* soldier, 'mongst the rest,
Agreed that SECOND THOUGHTS WERE BEST.

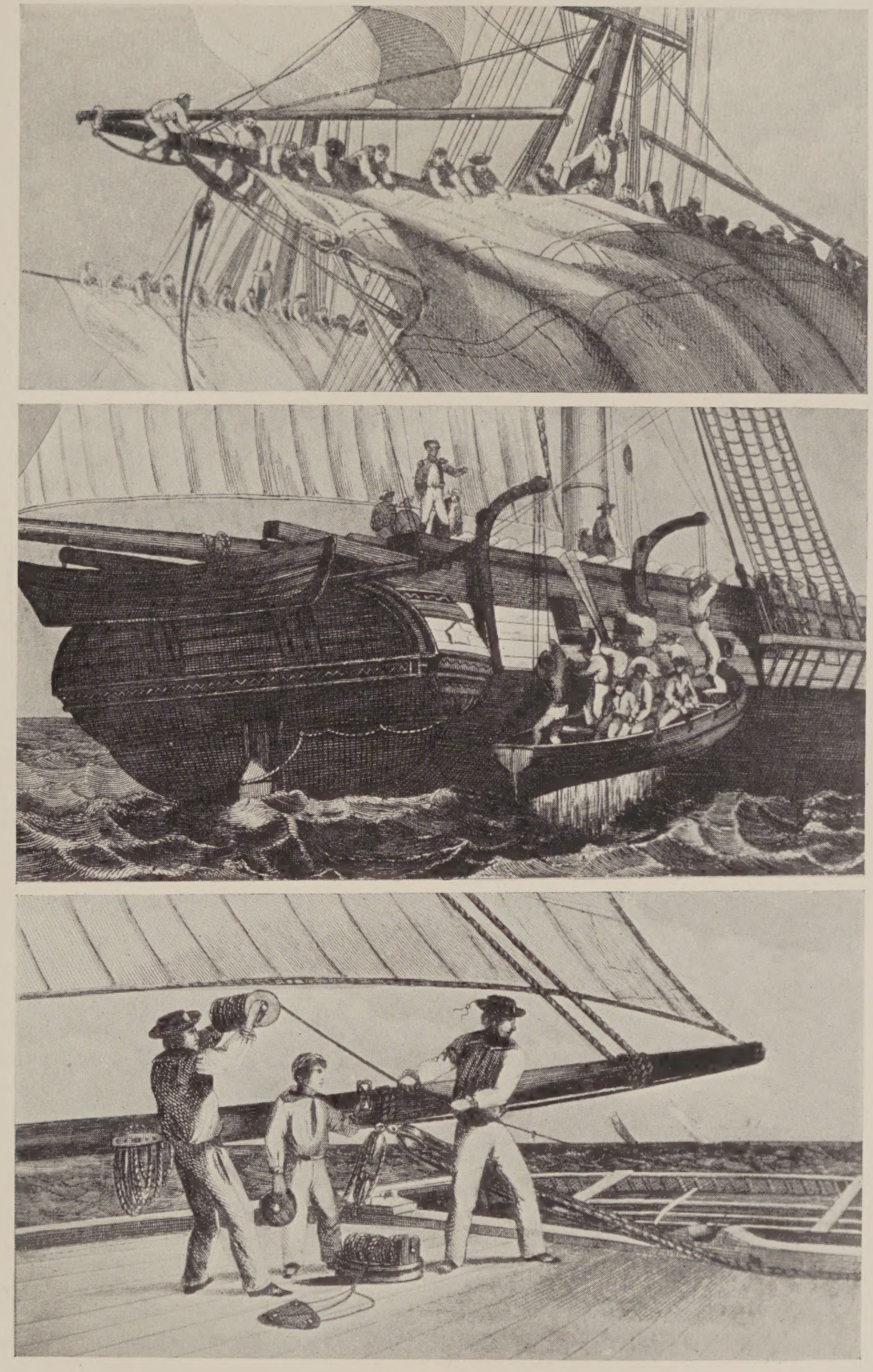
REEFING TOPSAILS

"When bending o'er the rocking yard,
While seas in mountains rise,
He takes a spell, however hard,
And danger e'er defies."

On the tenth of June land was reported from the mast-head; it proved to be the "Caymans," three small islands, the largest of which we soon neared and hove our main-topsail to the mast, to procure some refreshments. In a few minutes five or six canoes came alongside with various kinds of fruit and some enormous turtle; three or four of the largest of these creeping delicacies were purchased for the ship's company, and a glorious *tuck out* of rich turtle soup was eagerly anticipated the coming day by every epicure on board. The creatures were quickly consigned to the "murderous knife," and twenty willing tars were soon busily engaged in cutting the quivering flesh into pieces of a suitable size for the approaching mess. Old Jack Ford, the boatswain's-mate, (a hoary disciple of Neptune, and one who has braved the "battle and the breeze" under our spangled banner for thirty or forty years without intermission,) here took upon himself the all-important situation of "inspector-general" of this savoury affair, and when I inform you that six or seven gallons of as pure and unadulterated whiskey as the spirit-room could possibly produce, was presented by our considerate captain to season this cheer with, you must needs think that Jack's *billet* was one considerably enviable: you might perceive this veteran tar with sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, his weather-beaten furrowed cheeks o'erspread with a smile of happy delight, his joyous countenance considerably flushed, perhaps from the effects of the more than ordinary *pressure* of *steam* that was now under the capacious coppers, or perhaps from the effects of the pressure of more *invigorating steam*, taken inwardly, or perhaps from frequent *tastings* of this delicious soup so well seasoned with whiskey — or perhaps, but never mind the reason; — there stood our old Triton, sole lord and master of the galley and its environs, ordering his several *locum tenens* about with an authority not to be called in question; giving the woolly headed gemmen at the *range* to understand that their remarks must be like angel visits, "few and far between," and keeping at an awful distance, with sundry flourishes of a ponderous ladle, all who dared to approach the precincts of his present location.

We filled away again and soon run the Island out of sight: — The next day old Ford's impatiently-expected turtle soup made its appearance in the several messes, and indeed it was excellent, and for which he got his meed of praise from every person on board. "Why Jack," remarked one of his messmates to him, smacking his lips with delight as he shoved the tin pan that he had just seen the bottom of, to be re-filled with the savoury liquid, "damme, if I were in your place, salt water should never wet my feet again; why man, you might get head cook in the Astor House or Holt's Hotel, I've tasted worse soup than this in those places. — "Why," continued Jack, flattered not a little by the encomiums bestowed on him, "this aint a circumstance to what I can knock up; had I but a few gallons more of whiskey, and two or three little '*gredients*, I'd make a mess that ne'er a cook in Paris, London, or New York, could come within a cable's length of."

We had an elegant run and delightful weather until the sixteenth, and that evening the fierce and fiery appearance of the sun, when about to sink into the western horizon, augured plainly that an increase of wind might reasonably be expected: — The old tars on the forecastle were scanning the firmament with eager eyes, and watching closely the large black masses that now might be perceived congregating to windward; and by a few intelligible shakes of the head, they led all those near them, novices at the prognostics they were studying so intently, to believe that every thing was'nt as right as it should be. "I would'nt be afraid to wager my breakfast-grog to-morrow morning," remarked old Flyblock, the captain of the forecastle, but that we'll have to tie a point or two before the midwatch; I've cruised about in these latitudes considerable, and



ACTIVITIES ABOARD A MAN-OF-WAR
Reefing topsails. Lowering a life-boat. Heaving the log.
(From Heck's *Iconographic Encyclopedia.*)

whenever I see the sun setting with such a face on as he has now, I say see your topsail-halliards and reef-tackles clear, that's all. "Aye Ben," chimed in another hard-weather son of the Ocean, "and do you see that bit of a three-corned dark cloud off here about a point and a half on the weather-bow, I don't mean that big black looking customer yonder, he's like one of those overgrown *bully-ragging* chaps you meet with once in a while ashore, he looks fierce, but he'll finish in smoke; now if there aint a *scorcher* brewing in that same little fellow I am speaking about, I don't know where north-east is on the compass card."

This conversation was cut short by the thrilling sound of the boatswain and his several mates, calling, "all hands reef topsails;" and in a moment the spar-deck was crowded with a complete mass of human beings, elbowing their way unceremoniously along to reach that part of the ship they chanced to be stationed in: — Save the general muster on Sundays around the capstan, there is no one time that the lower decks are so clear, or the upper deck so thronged with individuals, as when a "reefing-match" takes place, for God help the poor unfortunate wight not on the sick list, whom the hawkish glance of the master-at-arms or ship's corporal should chance to perceive below on one of these occasions; he would immediately become a marked man in the eyes of the officers, and an object amongst the men for scorn to point its finger at. "Man the topgallant clew-lines, and jib down-haul," vehemently vociferated our first lieutenant, who had now the speaking-trumpet; "stand by to furl topgallant-sails; keep down, keep down there forwards; not a man of you lay aloft 'till I give the order," he continued, addressing his discourse to the fore-topmen, who, despite every thing, were scrambling up the lee fore-rigging, as they thought, unperceived.

"Man the topsail clew-lines and buntlines, and weather-braces — settle away the topsail halliard;" the topsail-braces were manned instantly by an eager crowd, and after a few vigorous and simultaneous efforts, the yards were laid in proper form, and the halliards being now let go, they came down on the caps with a rattling din which made every thing tremble. "Aloft topmen;" the order was scarcely necessary, they were already on the yards. "Stand by to take two reefs in the topsails." Now then commenced a scene of rivalry and opposition amongst our tars. Mizen-topmen vieing with the main — main-topmen straining every nerve to outdo the fore in dexterity and nimbleness; every one in this instance strives his utmost for the honour of the top he belongs to, and exerts every fibre and muscle to gain the pre-eminence. "Hurry there, fore-topmen," cried the second lieutenant, stationed on the forecastle, the components of that part of the ship being his favourites, and of course it being his wish to see them excel — "hurry and lay in, don't let the main or mizen beat you;" at this gentle reminder the persons addressed worked with redoubled efforts and soon passed the word on deck that they were "all ready for hoisting." "Very well, very well, mizen-topmen," commenced the first lieutenant from the quarter-deck, casting a withering glance upward as he spoke; — "what are you all about on that mizen topsail-yard? You're making a fine *fist* of it there to be sure. Why don't you haul out to leeward? — the main-topmen are all laid in and you have scarcely three points knotted yet, keep a bright look out out for yourselves; if you don't work smarter I'll exercise you a little to keep the scurvy out of your bones."

These gentle hints of the first lieutenant had the desired effect, viz. that of making those alluded to move with greater expedition, particularly the mention of a little *exercise*, (a sailor's detestation) for they well knew when he *promised* anything he punctually *performed* it, though I believe in this instance he overlooked it, for he was pleased at the expedition with which this double reef was taken in — it being completed in something like three minutes and a half — and this too with a crew one-third youngsters. Well done, "Old Ironsides," I'm sure this cruise will put no dishonoured spot on the wreath that already encircles your time-honoured name. The men now laid hastily down from aloft, the topsail-halliards were manned, the fifer struck up a merry tune, the order was given to "walk away" — the topsails were once more aloft and trimmed to the breeze, though somewhat curtailed of their former dimensions, and as the boatswain was heard to *pipe down*, many of our lads belonging to the watch that had the first four hours below, chuckled with delight to think that sail was shortened; and they imagined they might now *turn in* without a foreboding of being aroused from their pleasant slumbers to reef topsails.

THE UNWELCOME VETO

"These things which now seem frivolous and slight
Will prove of serious consequence."

We dropped anchor the eighteenth of June abreast of the Island of Sacrificios, about six miles from Vera Cruz, and the next morning landed the Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico, under a salute of seventeen guns, with the yards manned. This nautical evolution is one of as grand and imposing a nature as any that occurs on board a vessel of war in a three years' cruise, and at this particular time doubly so, with such exactitude and regularity was it conducted, under the directions of our systematic first lieutenant. It was a beautiful morning; our tars were dressed in their mustering suits of snowy white; they laid aloft with orderly and graceful motion, remaining in the slings of the several yards, until the signal for laying out. As soon as the boat containing the Minister shoved off from the ship's side, the thunder of our ponderous twenty-four pounders on the main deck boomed along the silent waters and reverberated amongst the distant hills. At the sound our watchful tars spread themselves along the several yards, with extended arms, a regular distance from each other, and as the smoke cleared away, and each parallel line of living beings, neatly and uniformly dressed, stationary as chiseled statues, broke upon the sight, they formed a *tout ensemble* scarcely to be equalled.

Early the next morning we weighed anchor and bid farewell to Vera Cruz, and with a delightful and enchanting breeze shaped our course for Havana. In the evening our tars were gathered together in their accustomed little groups along the spar-deck, feasting their eyes upon the gorgeous splendour of the setting sun, who with a halo of brilliancy appeared to be sinking into a sea of molten gold;—many perhaps casting retrospective glances to the endearing scenes they had left behind in Columbia's fertile, happy land. It had been intimated, and was expected without a matter of doubt, that the *watch* would scrub hammocks the ensuing morning, and many of those belonging thereto were scrutinously o'erhauling their *ditty-bags*, to ascertain what quantity of soap they were in possession of, or getting their *coir-brushes* in readiness for this expected occasion. Men-of-war's-men, when outward-bound, endeavour to procure a quantity of the much esteemed article *coir* at whatever ports they may chance to touch; the business of brush making soon commences, and every one on board who can possibly "raise the wind," becomes the owner of one of those invaluable articles in a sailor's estimation.

On board of a *tight* ship where they are fastidiously nice in regard to snow-white hammocks, the *coir* is the thing itself to accomplish this object, and God help the poor unlucky wretch that is not in possession of one; he may work till his joints ache with a brush of hair, he will find it almost a moral impossibility to eradicate those stains which a few applications of the *coir* would make disappear like snow before the genial sun of spring. Some first lieutenants, studying the interest of the Navy Department, may imagine this article too *severe* to come in collision with hammocks, inasmuch as it will commit ravages thereon, and help to shorten their duration; — this is bad policy. Which, I would ask, makes the greatest havoc on canvas, a smooth, well-made, nicely-trimmed coir-brush, or the *stump* of an old *hickory broom* or hand *holystone*? the sailor's resource when the article to be scrubbed is sufficiently dirt-stained as to baffle and set at defiance anything of as soft a texture as hair. Answer this, some of you nautical philosophers, who are daily withering your brains (if possessed of such an article) contemplating projects upon projects for the salutary benefit of our Navy, many of which, when acted upon, verify the old adage of "penny wise and pound foolish."

A boatswain's-mate now thundered forth at the highest pitch of his voice, the following: "D'ye hear there, fore and aft? remember you are not to use any *coir-brushes* on your hammocks to-morrow morning." Here was petrifying news; the culprit when he first receives intimation that he is to be incarcerated within the dreary confines of Sing-Sing for a term of three years, never looked with more astonishment and dejection than did our tars at this unprecedented and unlooked-for intelligence — countenances that before were all smiles, now looked blank and discomfited. "I wonder what will come next on the carpet?" broke forth a rough-spun fore-topman, holding one of the articles just vetoed in his right hand, which he was getting in readiness for severe execution on the morrow; "this beats cock-fighting; I laid in a stock of coir to make into brushes to speculate on, so as to raise a little cash for liberty time, but I'm afraid that calculation is knocked completely in the head — here's a poor old brush I've used all last cruise: aye, and many a good right and left dozen it has saved me from; and damme, it's hard to think I must *chuck* an old friend like this away, before he's half wore out — no, no, I'll keep him for the good he has done — this scrape will soon blow over depend upon it — he'll then come in play again." "Do you know the reason of this here?" remarked a talkative sheet-anchor man, a regular *quidnunc*, who appeared to know the ins and outs of every incident that chanced to transpire on board, — "you see the purser has a lot of *whalebone* brushes which he wants to get clear of, I saw him showing one to the captain on the poop yesterday, and produced at the same time a rough-looking *coir*, which he said was enough to tear a hammock to pieces in short order; this is the cause of the *veto*, take my word for it." "He's got *whalebone* brushes to serve out, eh!" spoke up Pat Bradley, a true-born son of the land of potatoes, "faith, then, they may whale every *bone* in my carcass till they *fag* the *colt* out, before I'll draw any of them, no, no, indeed, not while we have any *holystones* or *hickory-brooms* in the main-topman's gangway, and maybe those little fellows can't work roots on the stiffest hammock that ever came from the hands of a sail-maker."

"How is it possible for me to get my hammock white without a *coir?*" exclaimed a member of the after-guard with a rueful countenance, "you know what a delightful *billet* I've got of it on the berth-deck, just in the wake of the galley — "I'm sure a soft brush will never do it." "But a good stiff scrub-broom will," responded Bradley; there's plenty of sand in the sand-locker, and use them with a little *elbow-grease*, and I warrant you'll bring it to a colour." "I'll fix them any how," cried the quarter-gunner. "I've got a noble brush made out of stumps of grass, stiffer than ever a *coir* durst be, and 'twill give a hammock clear hell; even if they catch me with it they can't do me beans, for there's no order against grass-brushes you know." Simple as this little affair may appear, it caused many to look dejected and cast down, and if they did'nt express themselves aloud, they *thought* unutterable things. The next morning when the scrubbing commenced, two or three *young gentlemen* were, as some of our wags expressed it, working "Tom Cox's Traverse" up one ladder, and down the other, prowling round, all eye and ear (for the peculiar harsh sound of those brushes when operating on a hammock, was tell-tale sufficient) to endeavour to detect some stubborn inveterate tar who dared to set at defiance this veto. Our lads worked legerdemain on the occasion. You might perceive some case-hardened "old salt" driving away with a *coir*-brush as if for a wager, and the moment the signal was given of an officer being in sight (for, be it known, telegraphic information passed and repassed instantaneously between them,) the prohibited article was quickly put out of sight, and he drove ahead with a *hair-brush* as if nothing had occurred, and as the midshipman turned his back, resumed his *darling coir* once more. Some, in spite of their watchfulness, were "catched foul," and received a wholesome chastisement for their temerity; but 'twas no use, they could not stop the evil; our lads would use those prohibited articles despite corporal punishment and everything else, and I don't see that the hammocks were a jot the worse for it; but, on the contrary, they appeared in my eyes (but perhaps it was vanity) of a more dazzling whiteness than those of any other ship that ever lay in port with us.

They began to relax gradually in their search after *oppositionists* on scrub mornings, and in a few months it died a natural death, and *coir* became once more the order of the day.

ADDRESS TO AN OLD COIR-BRUSH

Old friend, I'm loath to put you by,
But through the ship it is the cry,
That all must now give o'er
Using *coir* in any way.
This veto comes in force to-day;
It grieves me to the core.

And why would it not? you've proved to me
A friend, the like we seldom see,
(And *true* friends now are rare,)
And spite the *rubs* I oft gave you,
Unshrinking, you have still proved true;
Old brush, you still were there.

Yes, my old comrade, 'tis full clear,
You've stood my friend the last three year;
Aye, that I know full well;
And if I could but now produce
The *hammock* that I owned last cruise,
The same, 'twould plainly tell.

Can I forget the many times
When sailing in Italian climes,
On board the "States" last cruise,
How your assistance saved my back
From many a boatswain's-mate's hard crack,
And heaps of sore abuse!

The first day, well I recollect,
When they our hammocks did inspect —
It was a glorious muster;
Some sixty or seventy might be seen
With terror in their very mien,
Around the mainmast cluster.

And how the *colt* did fly! good lack,
There was many a sore and aching back
Amongst our jolly crew;

And many a wish was then expressed,
That they might *next time* be possessed
Of such a brush as you.

And when my shipmates thus did stand
With *dirt stained* hammocks in their hand,
Each face with fear quite flush —
I laughed and chuckled with delight
To see *mine* look so clean and white,
And all through you, *old brush.*

When I think of this, can I
This *veto* hear without a sigh!
Oh no, indeed, I can't.
Some weeks when we will scrub again,
Your absence then will cause me pain —
Your service then I'll want.

For when on scrubbing I am bent,
I would not give one single cent
For brushes made of hair,
For let one rub with all his might,
He cannot make the hammock white,
The *stains* will still be there.

Then fare you well, once more, my friend,
This parting doth my heart-strings rend,
I almost drop a tear;
But the order's from the *fountain head,*
And who on board so rashly led
With *this* would interfere.

But while the *veto* does hold out,
I will not let you knock about,
Although I cannot use you;
For perhaps at some distant day,
This *hubbub* will all pass away,
And who would then refuse you.

So, until that time comes around,
Lie in my bag quite safe and sound,
However it may grieve me;
And when again I bring you forth,
Old *coir-brush*, I know your worth,
I'm sure you won't deceive me.

THE SAILOR'S DRILL

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Our "skimmer of the seas" is now with easy pace dividing the waste of waters between Vera Cruz and Havana. The weather is beautiful in the extreme, and we take advantage of its serenity to exercise our small-arms men in the use of the musket, together with the military evolutions of marching and counter-marching, which to an *old salt* is anything but agreeable. Our master-at-arms is master of the ceremonies on these occasions, (being an ex-military character himself, of which he is not at all vain, for the epithet of *soldier* which is often lavished on him, is anything but palatable,) and when he gets a batch of old weather-beaten sea-dogs on the quarter-deck to drill, he is the more precise and particular with every movement, knowing that such is their abhorrence; but in some instances he is obliged to knock-under, for our wags take this opportunity when an officer is not within ear-shot, of striking some similies, and making some *home* remarks that shave but two closely our *pro tem* drill sergeant, all of which he appears to take in good part, for he cannot well do otherwise, and

"Joins in the laugh that almost makes him sick."

"Lay in the starboard gangway all the sixth division with your muskets," bellowed forth a boatswain's mate, on a delightful forenoon, as we were moving along almost imperceptibly through the water, so still and placid was everything around. "Well, I'm blowed if this ain't too bad, broke forth old Bowser, the forecastle man, with a countenance anything but beaming with smiles. "Here, I've just got my *donnage* all out to mend up a bit, and now I must go and handle that cursed musket for an hour or so." "Oh, I don't mind the shouldering arms, and prime and load, and the like of that, a cent," remarked another of the division just called. "It's all right enough, a fellow should understand these sort of things in action, you know; but that right shoulders forward, and mark time, and right about face, and all that stuff that the master-at-arms is so fond of; what's the use of it, I'd like to find out; I'm stationed in the *top* at quarters, and that's not exactly the place to wheel about, and dress back, and march two paces forward, and such like; no, no, I reckon *load* and *fire* is as much as a fellow would have time to attend to in a bit of a brush; but there's no use talking about it, I must off and get my musket;" so saying, he stowed a handsome bag *laniard* he was working some fancy knots on, securely away in his *ditty-bag*, with an injunction on one of his topmates to have an eye to it till his return, and dove below to the fore-passage, where a crowd was already assembled, receiving their instruments of warfare from the hands of the person who had charge of them.

A long line of this *awkward squad* was now drawn up the whole length of the starboard gangway, and amongst them many of our *ship's growls*, old customers who had spent their life-times on board a man-of-war, and who of course consider the privilege is allowed them of venting their peevish spleen on all around, and which they put in force on every occasion, however trifling: — You could perceive by the angry contortions of their grum countenances, that they did not at all stomach the military tactics they were about to be drilled into: the master-at-arms knew this full well, and his eye twinkled with delight to think that he had it now in his power to tantalize our tars after his own fashion. "Attention," peremptorily cried out the drill-sergeant; they looked at him 'tis true, but the greater part of them were paying more *attention* to their white frocks, to endeavour to keep them from coming in contact with the well-oiled barrel of the musket, and thereby leave a stain behind, than they were to the all-important personage that was strutting in front of them with all the grimace of one of the monkey species. — "Shoulder arms; Flukes you've got your musket on the *wrong* shoulder," addressing himself to a maintop wag; "do you hear me?" — "I'll bet you a dollar I've got it on the *right* shoulder," responded the wag. — "But don't you know the *right* shoulder is the *wrong* one?" cried Pat Bradley, our Hibernian being one of the *squad* now drawn up for review. These little attempts at wit caused a giggle throughout the rank, and the master-at-arms again went on with the exercise. "Load by twelve words of command: load; handle cartridge: what are you about Dobbs, why don't you go ahead the same as the rest?" — "I was waiting for the *twelve* words of command; you've only given *two* of them yet," remarked this soft-headed tar. — "Now remember," cried Drill, after they had come to a shoulder, "remember, at the word *aim* you bring the *left* heel in the hollow of the *right* foot, and keep the piece firm against your shoulder; now then, — ready, aim; — why Flukes you're not in the right posture; what did I remark just now?" — "Why damme, ain't my *starboard* heel chock in the *bight* of my *larboard* foot, and what more do you want; but if 'twill suit you better, here's '*bout ship* and stand on the *other tack;*" so saying, he shifted his position accordingly, with a knowing leer at the master-at-arms. — "At the word load, remember to bring the piece *level with the eye.*" — "I say, Swipes, if that's the case," remarked Bradley, addressing himself to an almost broken-down piece of *live lumber*, whose *peepers* were somewhat obliquely set in his head, "you'll have to keep your piece *perpendicular*, for I'm sure you'll never be able to bring it *level* with that *weather* eye of yours in God's creation, otherwise." This little sally caused another titter, and induced Drill to try them on a different scale. — "Come now, form two deep, and when I give the word march, step out together; Dobbs, you *cover* that man behind you." — "Why I reckon he's got *covering* enough this warm day; he's got two pea-jackets over him," responded this soft simpleton, pointing to a fellow in his *rear*, who was stretched out under the boat, *snoozing* it away in great style, and whom he thought the master-at-arms alluded to; another laugh was the result of this funny misconstruction. "The meaning of *covering* is, that you are to keep *exactly* in front of the man in the rear rank; do you understand?" continued the drill-sergeant, addressing Dobbs; "now then, right face, — march."

He had them situated now just as he wished it, and with a grin of triumph kept them pacing round and round the main and mizen-masts, to the no little chagrin and mortification of some of our old stagers. — "Bowser, why don't you keep your head erect? you'll never make a soldier." — "Nor do I want to; but I'm almost as good a *soldier* now as you are a *sailor*, and that's not much to brag on," answered the sheet-anchor-man drily; "damme, do you think I was brought up with a *dog-collar* around my neck, as you were?" — "If you want to make old Bowser stand straight," chimed in Flukes, "you'll have to *fish* him a couple of *squilgee*-handles; dont you see, he's got *Saint Lorenzo* on his back. "Mark time," now sung out this man of tactics; "Bradley why dont you *mark time?*" — "Faith, master-at-arms," cried our Hibernian, "I am marking it off, *damn'd sharp* too, and mighty slow it appears to fly, for 'taint seven bells yet." — "Dont you see," continued Drill, a little put out, "what I mean? keep your proper step, without advancing till I give you the order, forward." — "Oh, now I understand you," responded Bradley, "this step puts me in mind of beating up Chesapeake Bay, with both *wind* and *tide* in your teeth, you make just about as much headway." "Halt; front, — now go through the loading again: load; handle cartridge; tear cartridge; where's your cartridge, Flukes?" — "Damme if I know," cries the maintop-wag, "I suppose it's in the magazine amongst the rest, where would you have it?" — "I mean what do you do with your fingers," testily remarked the master-at-arms, endeavouring to illustrate the last motion. — "What do I do with them? why I help myself to a *tot* at the grog-tub three times a day *with* them for one thing; I assure you I can't do very well *without* them," answered our wag. — "I don't want any of your witticisms, Mr. Flukes, attend to your exercise."

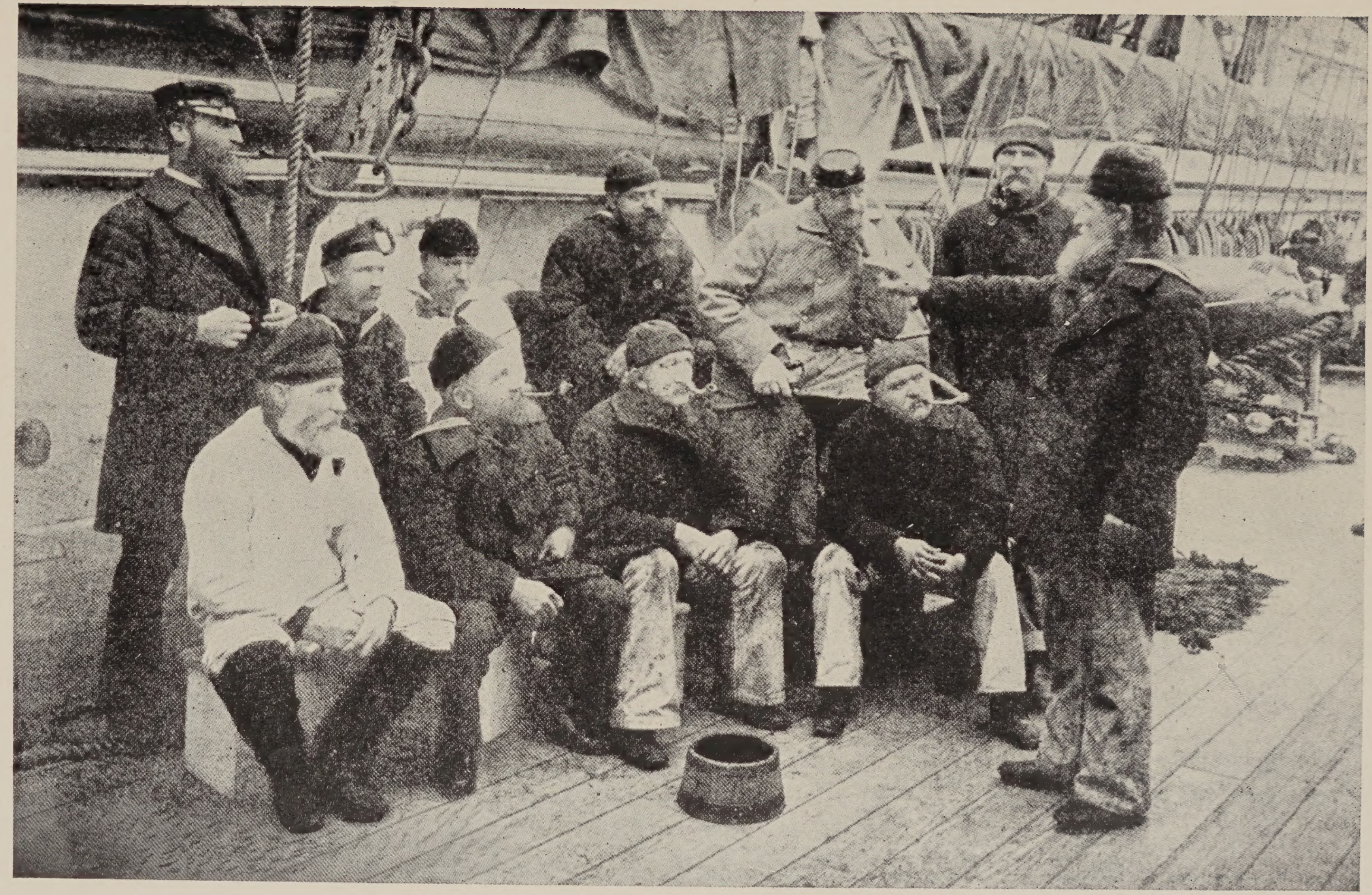
Thus did he keep them marching and wheeling, counter-marching and pacing, sorely against their will, every movement calling forth some happy remark from one or other of them, until the bell struck seven: the officers of the watch then dismissed them, to give the "knights of the broom" a chance to clear up the decks for dinner; and this is a faint outline of a sailor's drill.

BILL GARNET'S YARN

"Some tell what they have heard, or tales devise,
Each fiction still improved with added lies."

It was upon a delightful evening in July; we had just left Havana, where we remained but long enough to take in a small supply of wood and water, and were now making all the haste that occasional calm weather and head winds would admit of, towards Rio de Janeiro, expecting to meet at that place with our consort, the sloop-of-war St. Louis, which vessel it was arranged was to accompany us to the Pacific Ocean. — We were moving along under the influence of an inspiring breeze, topmast, top-gallant and royal-studding-sails set; supper had just been concluded; and as usual at this hour, and in such serene weather, almost every individual on board, from the hoary, dilapidated mast-man of some seventy winters, to the light-hearted, frolicksome apprentice-boy of twelve years old, were assembled on the spar-deck, watching with feelings of wonder and delight the radiant splendour of the heavenly-tinted clouds in the western horizon, as the glorious orb of day was retiring in gorgeous majesty.

In the larboard gangway, and adjacent to the *rack*, in which were systematically and neatly coiled the different halliards, ready to be let go at a second's warning, a crowd was huddled together around our friend Bill Garnet and two or three others famous for "spinning twisters," urging them with sundry promises and entreaties, to commence a narration of the wild and the wonderful. "Come Garnet," cried half-a-dozen eager voices, "let us have a yarn — don't you remember when you went in the top last night to keep a look out, you promised to spin us something nice this *dog-watch*." — "Don't you see I'm at the halliards," replied Bill, who not feeling in a gossiping humour, endeavoured to *back out*, despite all their coaxing; "and you know I must keep my weather-eye open, for you see what a lot of *flying kites* we've got aloft, and on the least puff of wind we'll be



ON THE DECK OF THE RICHMOND

for *doucing* some of them I'm thinking." — "Oh that's all in my eye and Betty Martin," remarked a mizen-topman, who was all anxiety for a display of Garnet's story-telling abilities. — "You know very well the royal and topgallant stunsail-halliards are here at your elbow, and should they even take them in, (which I don't think they will this fine night,) you need not put yourself to any trouble, any of us here will be on hand to let them go while you can say Jack Robinson." — "Damme mates, if I can think of anything this evening," replied our story-teller, "and another thing, when I do spin you a twister as true as the book of Job, not a soul of you will believe it; so what's the use of me wasting my breath." From the tone that this was delivered in, together with sundry shiftings of the speaker's position on the gun-slide, as if his seat was not as comfortable as it might have been, the all-impatient group were well aware that Garnet was about to make a commencement, as all his yarns had generally a similar prelude.

"Come Bill, heave a-head," cried Bradley, "the dog-watch is going fast, I'll spell you when you get tired." — "Well then, I suppose if I must I must; give us a chew of tobacco some of you, to moisten my mouth a little, I have none out of my bag myself." This article was quickly tendered by half-a-dozen hands at the same time, together with a spare pea-jacket as a soft seat for our story-teller. Garnet cleared his throat for a second or two, inserted the Virginia weed in his mouth, looked up aloft to see that every thing was all right in that quarter, and thus commenced:

"Well mates, I suppose you all remember the summer of the cholera; that same summer I shipped in a brig at New-York, belonging to the Spanish main: she was an American built craft, though she sailed under Columbian colours; well, I went to Hamburgh in her, and like a fool took my discharge there; yes, I say like a *fool;* I was often sorry for it afterwards, for better usage, since or before, I never had on board of a vessel, than I had in that same Columbian: — Now Hamburgh is a fine place for fun certainly, but it is'nt the best place in the world to get a *ship* at; and I found it so I assure you. I was paid off with something like seventy-eight dollars, and that's considered a pretty little sum there, and would last a careful fellow the whole winter. — Well shipmates, sailor-like, I went the whole figure whilst the cash lasted, not even buying myself a fit-out of clothes; and in a little time I was *hard up*. I somehow or another got into the good graces of my old landlady, perhaps by doing little *chores* about the house; but any how I never lacked my *schnaps* any time I thought proper to call for it, and I hung on in the boarding-house until the latter end of November, when, the weather beginning to grow somewhat chilly, I thought to myself I'd make a start, before the winter set in. I tramped to the city in company with ten or a dozen other chaps, in the "outward bound box" like myself, twice a day for a fortnight on a stretch, and hailed every captain that hove in sight — but 'twas *no go*, they all had their full complement of men; and when I found I could not raise any advance, I hopped on board a smack and worked my passage to London. After a tolerably good run of six days we went up the river Thames, and brought the old craft to anchor abreast of Tower-stairs, and of course I had to *marvel* ashore on my own hook like *Mullins's dog*, and in an hour or two I found coming from Hamburgh to London to look for a ship, was out of the frying-pan into the fire — or like fetching coals to New Castle. Well, mates, what was I to do? I never was in any part of England before that time in my life. All the *donnage* that I owned was on my back, for as I came away without my landlord's knowledge, I left my other clothes behind. I did not like to mention my departure to him as I owed him a pretty heavy bill. To make things still worse there was but one American ship in London when I arrived, and she sailed for New York before I had a chance to look at her, much less ask for a passage. Now you see you can't *whip* into a boarding-house in that place, and eat and drink of the best on the strength of a month's advance, as you can in any of our sea-ports. No, no, you must first bring your *chest* to the house, and it must be filled with pretty decent clothes, too, before they will give you a meal of victuals. Well, here was poor *pillgarlick* like a snail, all my moveables on my back; how was I to work it. I first tried the Consul — he asked me for my Protection — I had'nt it to produce — he swore I was not an American and turned me adrift; and that night hungry and cold I had to walk the street, and if the policemen did'nt keep me moving there's no snakes; of course I could'nt stand this long, so the next day with a *stiff upper-lip*, I went to the *straw-house* and asked for shelter till I could find a vessel."

"What, were you in the straw-house, Garnet?" innocently enquired a main-top boy. "Aye, that I was, youngster; and precious glad I was to get there, too; they may talk as they like about that same place, but believe me, mates, the two basins of soup, and the two biscuits they serve out there, keep many as smart a sailor as ever stepped between stem and stern of a ship, from famishing in the streets, or from committing a crime that would swing him on a gallows. There's no use in my telling you how I dodged about the different docks every day looking for whatever chance might throw in my way, either in the shape of tobacco or victuals. But, to cut the yarn short, after a fortnight's struggling with cold and misery, I got a ship at last. She was a large wall-sided thing, hailing from St. Johns, New Brunswick. She lay in the East India dock, all ready for sea. I happened to meet the captain, who was then looking for a hand, I offered myself, and the bargain was clinched right off the reel. I was to get twenty dollars for the run to New Orleans. The captain took me to a second-hand clothing store, where I got a tolerable fit-out considering every thing; and with my bundle of donnage, a small stock of tobacco, a dozen or so of pipes, and about half a gallon of rum, I went on board the old Ardent.

"We hauled out of dock that same evening and went down the river with a beautiful breeze; and in a few days we were far enough away from the shores of Old England, and, I assure you, mates, I bid the land good-bye with a light heart. Our old ship was a dull sailer, and as for steering, why she'd turn right round and look you in the face, and before the wind, the man that could keep her a point and a half each way, was doing wonders, I tell you. Take her altogether, she was as clumsy and overgrown a piece of furniture as ever carried a rudder. We had sixteen men before the mast; and a curious mixture we were. There were Dutch, Swedes, Spaniards, English, Irish, Scotch, and one more American besides myself, and out of those sixteen there were two or three *green hands*, who shipped for seamen but could'nt steer their *trick*. I suppose, poor fellows, something like myself, they were glad to get clear of London any fashion. One of these, a stout young Dutch chap by the name of Krants, was in the mate's watch along with me, — he had never been in a square-rigged vessel before, and of course every thing came very awkward to him; he was turned away from the wheel two or three times when we first came out, by the mate, who appeared to have taken a complete dislike to him; and many and many a time in his watch below, has he kept him *shinning* aloft with a tar or slush bucket in his hand for hours on a stretch, and used to kick and cuff him about for every little trifle, whether he was in the fault or not — he had the poor fellow completely *cowed down*, and we all pitied him; if we'd had a crew that would have stuck together why we might have done something to prevent all this — but as it was, each one thought it best to see and hear and say nothing.

"Now Mr. Godfrey, the mate, was as great a rascal as ever hove a log chip over a ship's quarter. He had something in his very looks that would make a fellow dislike him — he was broad-shouldered, bandy-legged, and beetle-browed, with his starboard glim shut up, and an ugly gash down one of his cheeks; in fact, he had the appearance of a man who would stand at nothing to gain his ends. We had a dull, tedious run of it, for eight knots was as much as we could get out of the old thing, set what sail we might. One afternoon (I shall never forget the day as long as I live) we were about in the latitude of Jamaica, and with a pretty stiff breeze were running off about seven knots, we had a fore-topmast and two topgallant studding-sails set, and the captain put his head up the companion (for he did'nt often make his appearance, being pretty much all the passage *three sheets in the wind*) and desired the mate to set a main-topmast studding-sail; I was at the wheel at the time. Krants was soon sung out for — he was in the fore-topmast-crosstrees doing something or another, and immediately came on deck. 'Here,' cried

Godfrey, hitting him over the shoulders with the end of a coil of new rigging that lay near him, 'take this up aloft and reeve it for a pair of main-topmast studding-sail halliards, and be damn'd quick about it too, or by — (swearing a tremendous oath) I'll open that cabbage-head of yours;' at the same time giving the poor devil a kick that sent him slam up against the weather-rail. Oh! I could have bit my tongue with rage at seeing the poor fellow receiving this treatment; he never said a word, but laid hold of the halliard, giving Godfrey a look that almost pierced him through; as the tears streamed down his cheeks, he jumped in the rigging and began to ascend leisurely. Godfrey went below for a momnent, and by the time he came on deck again Krants had rove the halliards in the span-block at the mast-head, and was now on the topsail-yard pointing them through the jewel-block; in his hurry he had taken them foul of a piece of running-rigging about the topmast, which the mate perceiving, he cut about a fathom off the other end of the same coil that Krants was now about to reeve, and with the speed of lightning, and fire flashing from his eyes, darted aloft and was soon on the yard by the side of the terrified Dutchman. Poor Krants let go the halliard through fear, they unrove and came down on deck, and Godfrey seizing him by the collar of his red shirt, laid on him with all his might over his head and face with this heavy piece of rope, until the blood fairly trickled down the main-topsail; and as the poor fellow tried to escape the blows, he lost his balance, and overboard he went.

"I gave the alarm, and we hove the ship to as quick as possible — Godfrey, with a face as pale as death, exerting himself all he knew how. Krants was in sight about a quarter of a mile astern, but did not appear to make any effort to save himself. We soon got our jolly-boat in the water, and four of us, with the mate, pulled away lustily for the poor Dutchman, and soon came along side of him. I never saw a sight before in my life that made my flesh creep as did this — he appeared to be breast-high out of water — his teeth fiercely clenched together, and his eyes — Oh, God! how wild and devilish they looked. As we laid in our oars to lift him into the boat, he raised one hand above his head, shook it fiercely at Godfrey, went down, and never rose again. We lay round there some time, but he never made his appearance; so we pulled on board, hoisted the boat up, filled away, and proceeded on our course again; the crew appeared to be very melancholy that evening after this accident; but as for the mate, he was, if possible, worse than before, cursing the poor fellow that had just met a watery grave, in terms that I, hard a swearer as I am, would almost shudder to mention; and bidding the rest of us to look out, as our turn might come next. I had the first watch on deck that night, and between eleven and twelve o'clock our main-topgallant studding-sail tack parted, and Godfrey cursed and raved like a very devil for being obliged to rig the boom in, to reeve another, and started a green hand by the name of Webber aloft for this purpose. Whilst he was ascending the main-rigging Godfrey went below, perhaps to *freshen the nip*, for he appeared to be boucing his jib pretty taught ever since the accident. Somehow or another Webber could not cast the heel-lashing of the boom adrift, and came on deck for a marlinspike to assist him. I was standing on the weather-side just abaft the main-mast, and of course had a good chance of seeing every thing that happened. As soon as Godfrey came out of the cabin he looked aloft, and seeing the boom was not yet rigged in, gnashed his teeth with rage, and sprung up the rigging like a madman, for the purpose, no doubt, of giving Webber a hammering, who, he thought, was in the top. As he was going over the futtock-shrouds — it was'nt fancy mates — but there sat a man on the topsail-yard, just inside the lift; it was a pretty dark night, too dark for me to distinguish a person's face at that distance; but I could see his figure as plain as I can see any of you now. I at first thought it was Webber, who might possibly have gone up the lee-rigging without my perceiving him, but I soon found out different.

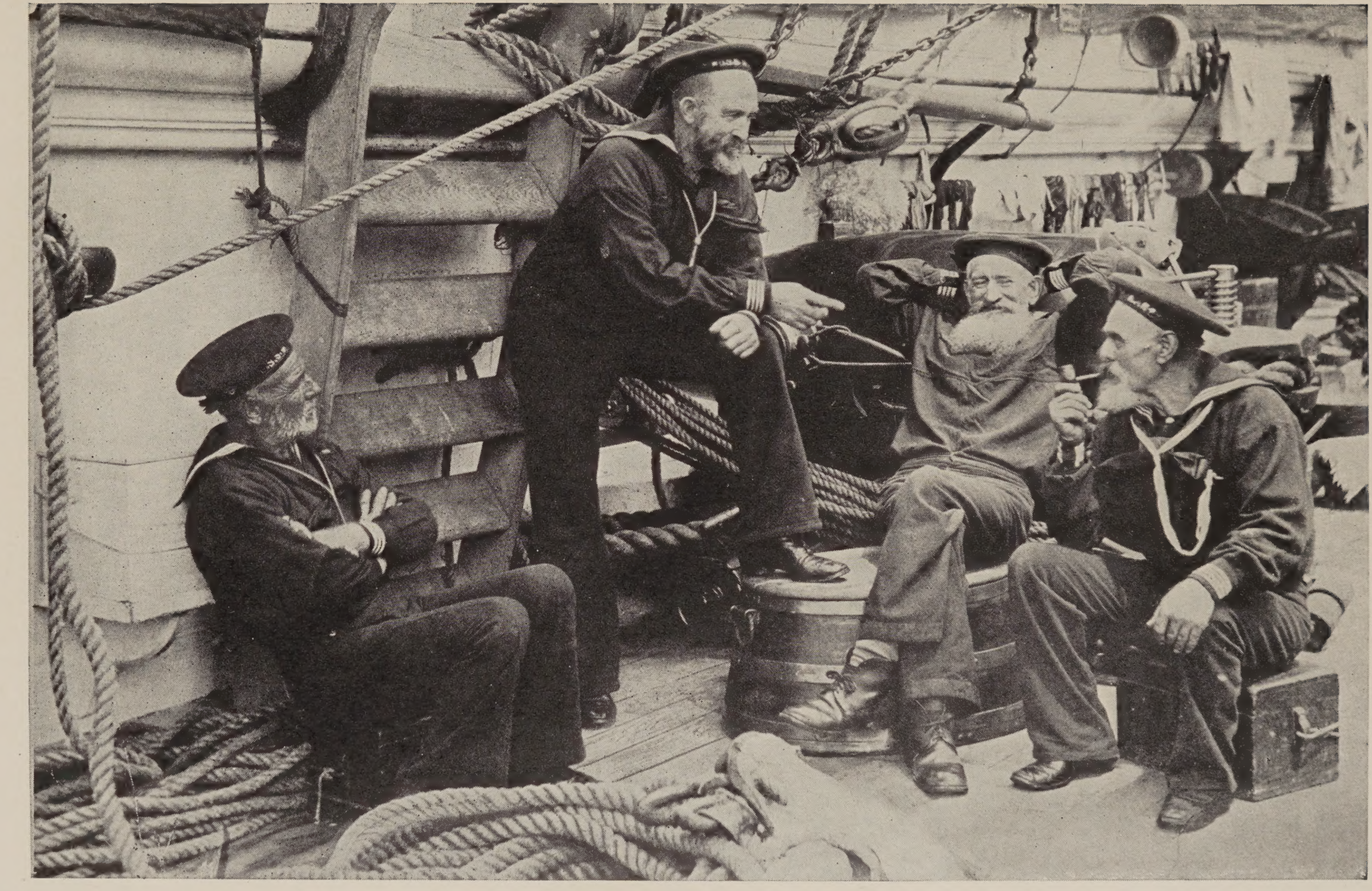
"Godfrey run out on the foot rope as quick as lightning, and in a moment was clasped in the arms of the person that sat on the yard — the shriek that he gave, I think I hear it in my ears now. I never heard one so chilling and death-like since or before; but his cries were in vain, his time was come, he was now about to pay for all his cruelty — the figure appeared to lift him from the yard as if by main strength, and at that moment a gleam of light shone along the top-gallant-sail, as if it were wrapped in flames, and discovered, plain as the noon-day, the wretched Godfrey struggling in the fiend-like grasp of Krants. In another moment all was dark as the grave, and a heavy plunge in the water and a faint struggle, told but too plainly the fate of this cruel blasphemous wretch; and so ends my yarn."

As Garnet ceased speaking, a silence of some minutes ensued, so completely were his auditors wrapped up in this fearful recital — at length one of the group reminded Bradley of his promise, "oh, aye, true enough," spoke up Garnet; remember Pat, you said you'd spell me, so come, as it's a fine night, its not worth while turning in this dog-watch." Bradley after a few preliminaries commenced as follows:

PAT BRADLEY'S YARN

"He tries his tongue, his silence softly breaks."

"About eight years ago I shipped in a brig at Halifax, bound to Pernambuco, she was as nice a little craft as ever swam salt water, and with eight hands before the mast, we could do anything with her we pleased; there was one chap amongst the crew by the name of Dick Fisher, as stout, active, and handsome a young fellow as you'd see here and there in a crowd; he was about eighteen years of age, and hailed from Baltimore, but I always thought he had some Spanish blood in him; but no matter for that, him and I got pretty *thick* on the passage, being both in one watch, and finally we got to be regular *chummies.* I must say, I never saw that shipmate since, I thought so much of as I did of him, and I had good reason for this. One day when we were three or four degrees to the northward of the line, all hands were roused on deck to reef topsails, and indeed, not without cause, for I never saw such an appearance of a gale of wind in my life; it ain't often on a passage to Brazil you have very bad weather, but when it does come, you have it hot and heavy while it lasts, I tell you. We had to move sprightly to get sail taken in before the squall would strike us; myself and Fisher were on the main topgallant yard, trying to *spill* the sail which was standing almost perpendicular above our heads — the squall now began to near us, and our little brig off before it, believe me, was making tracks; by some means or another the leech of the topgallant-sail got over the end of the yard arm, and in my laying out to clear it, she gave a heavy pitch, the sail disentangled itself, and with the jar I fell back a little, and as I grabbed one of the beckets on the yard to save myself, it carried away, and overboard I went; I struck something as I fell, for when I came to the surface of the water, I could scarcely strike out, I felt a kind of dizziness in my head; and knowing our jolly-boat was on board stowed on top of our launch, and 'twould take them some time to get her afloat, I gave myself up for lost. How long I



SPINNING YARNS IN THE OLD NAVY

Photograph taken on board U.S.S. Mohican at sea in the Pacific, 1888. Left to right: David Ireland, Gilbert H. Purdy, John T. Griffith, John King

remained in the water I could not tell, for when I came to my recollection I was on board the brig; and I found out that 'twas to Fisher I owed my life; for he came down on deck as quick as lightning when he saw me fall, sprang over the side in an instant, and being an excellent swimmer, kept me above water till the boat took us both on board; after this, you must think, I loved him better than ever, and why should'nt I, after risking his own life to save mine.

"Well we arrived safely in Pernambuco, discharged our cargo, and went to a small place called Paraiba, to take in a load of cotton for Liverpool; it was a very sickly place, and I was knocked down on my beam-ends for thirty days with a heavy fever; 'twas now I had an opportunity of trying the constancy of Fisher's affection; he nursed me in my sickness: aye shipmates, as a mother would nurse her beloved dying child; was at the side of my *bunk* all hours of the day and night, even denied himself the privilege that was allowed him and all the rest of the crew, of going on shore to enjoy themselves every evening after the decks were cleared up, and all for my sake; don't blame me then if I say, after these proofs of his kindness, that I loved him; aye, better than I ever loved the brother that was brought up in infancy with me: I soon began to gain my strength, and in two or three weeks returned to my duty, though I was worn away almost to a complete skeleton; well, to cut the yarn short, we arrived safe in Liverpool, and Fisher and myself of course boarded in the same house; I found he was a very wild customer when ashore, up to all manner of mischief, and taking part in every row or squabble that came in his way, and very seldom going to *leeward*, for the fellow that could *whip* him, fair play, had to work sharp I tell you.— We both joined a ship bound to New Orleans, and as luck would have it, became watch-mates once more; we had but one chest between us, for what was mine was his, and what was his was mine, and a strange thing too between *chummies*, we never had an angry word together.

"We had a pretty good passage of it, and at the Balize a tow-boat hooked on to us and a Boston brig from the Mediterranean, and we started up the river: it was in the month of February, and I can assure you the nights were pretty cold; I never felt colder weather in Orleans before or since, and I've made many a voyage there; we kept a sea-watch on deck, but it was merely the name of the thing, for all we done during our four hours was to keep a good fire in the galley to sit and smoke our pipes by, and to make hot tea and coffee, of which we were allowed plenty: the first night I had the mid-watch, and as soon as I came on deck I took up my *billet* in one corner of the galley, determined to finish the *snooze* there that I had just been waked out of. Fisher went on board the boat amongst the firemen no doubt to raise some whiskey, plenty of which was to be had for the asking: how long I slept I can't well tell, but a noise of men talking very loud on board the steamboat, awakened me, and amongst them I could hear Fisher's tongue quite plain. I opened the galley door and jumped out, fearing that he had got into some row with the deck hands: as I reached our ship's gangway, it was pretty dark, I saw two men scuffling, and before I could gain the boat to endeavour to separate them, one with a sudden jerk wrenched himself clear of the person that appeared to hold him fast, and with the force of the effort, staggered towards the quarter and fell overboard. I jumped on the steamboat's deck and strained my eyes till they ached again, but could not see a single sign of him, for I imagined it was poor Fisher, and upon inquiry I found that my fears were but too true: what I felt at his loss, shipmates, you can't imagine, and I'm sure I can't describe; to say that I cried would be a lie, for I could'nt shed a tear, but a something was at my heart the like I had never felt before.

"We got up to Orleans, made the ship fast, and lonely and sorrowful I took my things ashore, and every craft that came up the river for a week afterwards I boarded, making enquiries respecting Fisher, for I had a slight gleam of hope that he might possibly have got ashore, or have been picked up; but all my inquiries were in vain; so with a heavy heart I shipped in a little Baltimore built schooner, bound down on the main: she was under Spanish colours, but the captain and mate were Americans, and the crew, with the exception of the cook and steward, were Americans also.—We started down the river the same evening, and outside the Balize we took a fine dashing wind, and after an elegant passage arrived in Laguira; our mate left us as soon as we dropped anchor, him and the captain having had some words the day before, and I was taken into the cabin as *first dickey.* We made but very little delay at Laguira, for the consignee started us right back again to Orleans, with something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in specie. One dark night on our passage back, I chanced to go forward for some purpose or another, and as I passed the galley, I heard the voices of our cook and steward in conversation; they were talking in their mother tongue, being both Spaniards, and at that time I could understand Spanish tolerably well; hearing them mention *money*, I was curious enough to listen to their discourse, and found they were concerting a plan, as soon as they arrived, to raise a gang of ruffians, board the schooner the first night of her arrival, and possess themselves of the specie. I immediately went aft and informed the captain of the affair, but he appeared to take no notice of it whatever, saying that he knew the steward would be the last person in the world to think of such a thing, as he had sailed with him several voyages before, and always found him strictly honest.— Well shipmates, as the watch is almost out I must cut it short: we arrived without any accident at Orleans, and made the schooner fast late in the evening in Picayune tier, and all hands went on shore except myself, the captain and a boy about fourteen years old; and I assure you, when I saw the cook and steward leave the schooner without even cleaning themselves, I felt a little timid, and went below and loaded all the fire-arms in the cabin, to be in readiness, should they pay us a visit. I told the captain he had better get a few trusty persons to keep watch until morning, but he only laughed at me; he paid dear enough though for disregarding my advice; he and the boy turned in about nine o'clock, but I remained sitting up in the cabin, until at last, in spite of myself, I fell asleep; the deep baying of the dog on deck awoke me, and before I could ascend the companion-ladder to see what the matter was, four or five men rushed below. The captain, who had awakened, sprung from his *bunk* in a moment, and discharged a pistol amongst them; a yell followed, and in another instant a knife was buried in his side: in the scuffle that now ensued, the lamp was extinguished, and with a pistol in my hand I took advantage of the darkness and rushed up the ladder for the purpose of giving the alarm; but I had scarcely reached the deck, when a tall powerful looking man, armed with a knife, who appeared to be a kind of look-out, and perhaps guessing my intention, endeavoured to force me below again: but knowing my life was at stake I snapped the pistol, the ball whizzed through his brain, and he fell at my feet a corpse.

"Six or seven persons now rushed on board, being alarmed at the report of the fire-arms, and we all proceeded below; but we were too late, the villains had fled, without however accomplishing their object.—We soon struck a light, and found the captain lying on the floor with a severe wound in his side; the boy had made his escape through the cabin windows at the first alarm, unhurt.—We now took the light on deck, to examine the wretch that had fallen by my hand; there he lay in a complete pool of blood, and as one of the bystanders raised his head, and the reflection of the lantern played on his face, I perceived before me, to my horror and astonishment, the corpse of my best and dearest friend, poor Fisher:—Yes, shipmates, it was him; and I whose life he had perilled his own to preserve, was the means of sending him to a bloody grave."

THE FATAL PREDICTION

——"Deep and dark blue Ocean,
They sink into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave; unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

Many clever writers have affirmed, that sailors are generally the most superstitious beings in existence, and I believe with some reason, for since my sojourn on the boundless Ocean I have never seen an accident occur on ship-board but what some one would step up with a prophetic countenance, and engross the attention of every by-stander with a relation of some little circumstance that he had taken notice of prior to the occurrence, which he considered as a fore-warning. I have known a particular number in our fore-top; the first person that filled it was unfortunately drowned; it was afterwards given to a young fellow who shipped on the station, and he also met with an accidental death: after this second occurrence, our tars swore 'twas an unlucky number, and prognosticated whoever would take possession of it would most certainly meet a fatal end; but it was filled up a third time, and the individual who got it was often reminded of unlucky *seventy-seven*, but he returned home from the cruise safe and sound, which quieted their superstitious fears.

Sailors put great faith in the predictions of fortune-tellers, or persons supposed to be skilled in magic charms, and implicitly believe they are to undergo whatever dangers and difficulties the sibyl may chalk out for them through the agency of the cups or cards; I have myself often visited the haunts of these "cunning mortals," to ascertain from them whether my approaching voyage would be for weal or for woe, but did so as much for a *lark* as anything else, for I never put any belief in their prophecies, although several instances have come within my knowledge in which their prognostications have been verified. — The following "unvarnished tale" I place before the reader, as it occurred on board our frigate, and is but one amongst the many similar incidents that have come under my own observation.

It was a delightful night in the month of September; we had but the day before sailed from Rio de Janiero, in company with the sloop-of-war St. Louis, and with a propitious breeze, light hearts and sanguine expectations, were urging our way speedily onward towards the "dreaded cape," the icy perils of which many of us were as yet strangers to, and all on board indulging in flattering anticipations that our passage to the Chilian shores would be speedy and felicitous. Cape Horn, with its frigid blasts and terrific tempests, as a matter of course, became the theme of conversation almost in every group, and those who had never yet doubled this fearful and celebrated head-land, swallowed with intense eagerness the "tough yarns" that some of our old cruizers were launching forth concerning the heavy blows they had encountered in their former passages to the Pacific, and causing many of our youngsters to look quite glum and chap-fallen, when they brought to their "mind's eye" the dreadful weather they naturally considered was in store for them. As I sauntered leisurely along the deck, giving ever and anon a heartfelt, ardent gaze, upon the dazzling face of the beauteous moonlit sea, over which our "bonny bark" was dancing merrily, leaving behind for a considerable distance her track of foam, my attention was arrested by a little knot of mizen-topmen, who were huddled together in the lee-gangway, almost directly under the stern of the launch, one of whom was pouring forth, I must say in a style above modiocrity, the simple but pathetic and heart-touching song of "Home, sweet home." Vocal music never transfixed me so before; I have listened to the syren witchery of Mrs. Wood; I have been almost entranced by the rich and voluptuous voice of Miss Shirreff, but at this particular time, upon this heavenly moonlight night, far, far separated from kindred and friends, as this simple melody struck upon my ears, it appeared to me sweeter than any thing I had ever heard before; and as the plaintive tones of the humble performer were wafted away upon the breeze, recollections of former days crowded with giddy haste upon my senses, and I felt with a double pang my utter loneliness.

After the song was concluded, home and its endearments became the topic of conversation, and they commenced relating, each in his turn, a slight outline of their peregrinations through life, and the motives that urged them to leave behind domestic joys and become wanderers upon the mighty waters. "I ought to be the last person in the world to attempt the *sea* for a livelihood," remarked Bill J——, a fine, interesting looking young fellow, belonging to the mizen-top. "Why so?" remarked one at his elbow. "I suppose you're one of those chaps that have rich relations, and could live ashore like a gentleman. Such fellows are foolish, certainly, for leaving good fresh grub to come and eat Uncle Sam's '*salt horse.*'" "No, no," continued J——, "I've had to work for my living ashore as hard as any other person, I assure you, but still my friends all tried to prevent me from shipping, and even when I was on board the receiving-ship they procured my discharge, but I would'nt take it." "And what might the reason be?" enquired one of the group. "Why," replied J——, "about two months before I shipped I was on a frolic one evening with a lot of young chaps, and in the course of our spree, we determined, for a bit of a *lark*, to visit an old woman who lived a short distance in the country, who, it was said, dealt in the black-art, and have our fortunes told. She was a complete sour, cross-grained old wretch, that appeared to hate every person on earth: It was late in the evening when we reached her door, at which we thundered for admittance with little ceremony, and the owner soon made her appearance; and I could see by the bitter sneer on her withered countenance that our intrusion was anything but agreeable. My companions soon made known their errand. The old crone drew forth a dirty pack of cards and commenced operations; after going through with them all, and telling them of rings, and purses, and I know not what, they were soon to be in possession of, she fixed her eyes earnestly on me, and enquired if I would'nt try my luck. I at first refused, for I never put any faith in those sort of people, but my comrades beginning to banter me for my timidity, to escape their raillery I consented. She cut the cards, and after going through some manœuvres and placing them on a table, appeared to be confused and shook her head mysteriously. She tried them again but with the same success, and at the third attempt dashed the cards on the floor. She asked me if I followed the sea. I told her I did not. 'Then,' she continued, 'for God's sake keep clear of it, for if I know anything about the cards that now lie there, you'll meet a watery grave, and that before you are much older; three times they told me so, and I'm not often wrong.' I must acknowledge when she first gave me this gloomy intelligence, I felt a little fearful; but I soon thought better of it, laughed it off, and put her down as an impostor. And 'tis in consequence of this prophecy that my friends did not wish me to go to sea." "And what do you think of it now, Bill?" asked one of the crowd. "Why, I think," says J——, "she's an old lying fool, and when I return I'll take the trouble to call on her and tell her so."

Eight bells now striking broke up this sociable party. Those belonging to the watch below, retired to their hammocks to "steep their senses in forgetfulness," and those who had the four hours on deck, stretched out their lazy limbs on the *softest plank* they could find; and save the looks-out, the officer of the deck, and the quartermaster and men at the wheel, in a few moments all were enjoying profound repose, and our gallant frigate was as still and noiseless as a deserted city. The next morning whilst engaged about some job or another in the cockpit, I heard a considerable bustle and outcry on the spar-deck, and upon reaching there I understood a man had fallen from the mizen-topsail yard overboard, whilst endeavouring to hook the midship buntline, striking the quarter-boat in his descent. At this juncture the ship was hove to and the life-boat pulling vigorously towards a black object which they perceived upon the surface of the water; but all their promptitude and exertion were of no avail; they returned aboard with sorrowful hearts and gloomy countenances, reporting the man lost, bringing his hat with them, which was the object that had attracted their attention. I now enquired who the unfortunate person was that had thus met this sudden and melancholy end, and the response was "Bill J——, the mizen-topman;" upon hearing which I called to my recollection the circumstances of the preceding evening, showing how fearfully was realized the old crone's fatal prediction.

THE GROG EXPENDED

"For grog is our starboard, our larboard,
Our mainmast, our mizen, our log —
At sea, or ashore, or when harbour'd,
The mariner's compass is grog."

THAT liquor is a sailor's idol, who will for a moment doubt? What shifts will he not have recourse to — what difficulties will he not surmount — what dangers will he not risk, to possess himself of this ill-fated but eagerly sought poison? On board a vessel of war, "stopping grog" is the most severe and heartfelt punishment that can possibly be inflicted upon a son of Neptune. What a pitiful countenance will the poor wight put on who happens to be struck off the grog-list for a time, when he hears the roll of the drum proclaim that the inspiring beverage is about to be served out; and what a wishful, all-absorbing glance will he cast towards the light-hearted crowd assembled around the grog-tub, awaiting their turn to drink; and as he observes those who have just imbibed the precious liquid, smack their lips with all the *gusto* of an epicure, after lining his inside with a plate or two of rich turtle soup, it but adds to his chagrin and makes his situation appear doubly distressing. The indefatigable labourers in the cause of temperance, I very much fear will never accomplish their object of bringing the sons of Ocean within the pale of *total abstinence*, although I know some who follow the sea for a livelihood that do not touch the pernicious stuff; yet to the generality of sailor's their glass of grog is as indispensable as their chew of tobacco; and they may talk as they will, but liquor distributed moderately amongst this hardy and fearless class of men, when in danger or difficulty, will arm them with double vigour, and their spirits will never flag, however perilous the obstacles that surround them.

I remember a yarn once afloat in our ship that the wages of seamen were raised, but that the ration of grog was done away with — what a sensation this news produced; the subject was discussed amongst the smokers at the galley, and again brought on the carpet by the old sheet anchor-men on the forecastle; and many of them who had grown gray in the service, condemned it as the very worst of policy, and predicted that Uncle Sam's ships would many a time and oft lack hands in consequence. We had a continuance of delightful weather after we left Rio for several days, and every one laboured under the most sanguine expectations that we would double the Cape with studding-sails set, an occurrence not very common, particularly at this season of the year; — after we passed the Falkland Islands, the weather began to grow gradually colder, and all the several articles of warm clothing that had been systematically patched, and securely stowed away as a stand-by to ward off the cutting blasts of Cape Horn, were now brought into requisition. One morning just after the watch's hammocks were piped up, as a crowd of our light-hearted lads belonging to different parts of the ship were assembled in the weather gangway, making their *toilet* with the assistance of a bucket of the briny element and an almost toothless comb; the captain of the hold came along, and every person could tell by his countenance, that he had some information of great magnitude and importance to communicate. "Well, Old Shakings," cried a main-topman, "what sort of weather is it below in the cable-tier? — damme you're quite a stranger on the spar-deck." "I don't know how it is with the cable-tier, but I can tell you the news from the spirit-room is none of the best," responded Shakings. "Why, what's the matter there?" eagerly enquired a dozen voices at the same time. "I'm very much afraid," continued the captain of the hold, "that you'll fall short of whiskey before you double the Cape." "What," cried old Bowser, "fall short of whiskey? I'd sooner the bread-room or water-tanks would give out; the very thoughts of such a thing gives me a pain in the stomach; but what reason have you got for setting this yarn about?" "Why," cried Shakings, "I've been *bulling* the casks these two days; when we left Rio, they thought there was some full ones in the ground-tier, but we had a breaking-out match yesterday, and not a drop could we discover." "Oh, you're only poking fun at us, Mr. Shakings," cried Pat Bradley, "you know we are fellows that love this stuff as we do our mother's milk, and you're trying to make our hearts pant a little with this infernal news." "Believe me or believe me not," answered Shakings, "it's a case with the whiskey, and you'll find it so, I imagine, before night; I'm going below now to see if I can possibly raise enough amongst the drawings of all the casks, to serve out at breakfast time." This announcement, I can assure you, electrified not a few; and the little group in the weather gangway was augmenting every moment, as this unwelcome intelligence spread through the ship; and many were the earnest glances that were cast down the cockpit, to try if they could perceive any signs of the captain of the spirit-room with his *bull.* Breakfast was now piped, and all our topers stood in breathless silence, listening with attentive ear to catch the inspiring roll of the drum, a prelude to grog — at length the joyful sound reached them, and with a murmur of approbation, and faces beaming with joy, they repaired with all the speed imaginable to the grog-tub.

During the forenoon our tars were congregated again on the forecastle, discussing with true nautical eloquence the distressing effects that would accrue should there be a probability of the whiskey's failure. "I can't believe it," cried old Bowser; "I've been in Uncle Sam's employ now steady for eighteen years, and such a thing as the whiskey's giving out, I never heard of before in my life — only think of it shipmates, having to double the Cape without our *three tots*, what would become of us?" "The sick list would be pretty full, I imagine," remarked Flukes, "if such a thing should occur; for my part, my messmates would be the gainers, for without my liquor I don't believe I could eat a morsel; they talk about stopping it too in the Navy altogether; — my eyes, I'd go for two dollars a month less in a ship where grog was allowed." At this moment Bill Garnet run up the ladder leading from the gun deck, and rushed into the centre of the throng — chagrin and disappointment plainly depicted on his countenance. "Well, mates," cried Garnet, "'tis a case of the cholera with us now — we've all got to drink with the ducks at dinner time, — there ain't another drop of whiskey in the ship." "Where did you get your news from?" enquired Bradley. "Why," continued Bill, "I went down in the spirit-room, to lend old Shakings a hand to have another search, for you know I'd willingly work all night when whiskey was in the question, and we *capsized* and *roused out* every thing in the shape of a cask, and not a toothful could we come at."

Garnet's distressing intelligence was corroborated by two or three others, who now made their appearance and affirmed that they saw the grog tub stowed below in the hold for a *full due.* The lovers of the inspiring beverage looked at each other for some moments with blank and rueful countenances, and shook their heads portentously. "I tell you what it is shipmates," cried Flukes, breaking the awful silence that prevailed, "mark my words, we'll not carry this studding-sail breeze long, believe me; Cape Horn ain't going to let us pass without spitting a little of its spite at us, if it was only to punish us for leaving port without a full supply of whiskey on board." "Who knows," chimed in a mizen-topman, "but what it's all fudge? — 'tis almost eight bells — have patience a little while, and if you don't hear the drum roll, why then we'll give it up for a bad job." This faint glimmer of hope cheered their drooping spirits in some measure and they waited impatiently until the bell's clang proclaimed it noon; — dinner was now piped, and minute after minute elapsed, but still the wished-for sound greeted not their ears. At length some of them proceeded to the gun-deck, and with unfeigned horror perceived a void and empty space, where the grog-tub was wont to stand; and instead of the light-hearted, joyous crowd that generally flanked it on every side, awaiting their call, a few straggling tars were lounging listlessly about, their sorrowful faces betokening that they were bewailing the absence of a beloved and much valued friend.

THE DISAPPOINTED TARS

When from Brazil we sailed away,
All hearts were light, all spirits gay,
Joy beamed in every face.
And as our star-speck'd flag looked back,
Our frigate *walked* her foamy track
With dignity and grace.

With breeze auspicious on we flew,
The land soon dimm'd upon our view,
Our tars smiled with delight;
And many a wish and many a prayer
Was offered to the breezes fair,
By all on board that night.

And as we loosed each lofty sail,
And spread them to the favouring gale,
The work was done with glee;
For well we knew with this fair wind
We soon, with Heaven's assistance kind,
The Chilian shores would see.

Cape Horn's rough gales and bitter cold
Was now the theme of young and old
In every group about;
Each bag was overhauled with care,
To see what good warm clothes were there
To keep the chill blast out:

And as some garment met the view,
Which was by *honoured age* worn through,
The same was laid aside;
And quickly on the broken part,
With all a tailor's tact and art,
A strong patch was applied.

Our trim-built ship both fore and aft
Was snug as any other craft,
Both warm and water-tight;

And our excellent commodore,
Inspected each deck o'er and o'er
  To see that all was right.

The prosperous breeze continued strong,
"Old Ironsides" she moved along
  With all her usual speed;
'Twas thought (an instance rarely met)
We'd round the Cape with stun-sails set,
  But 'twas not so decreed:

For when we saw its chilling snows,
The spirit of the storm arose
  To make us tribute pay;
And for some twenty days or more
We heard nought but the tempest's roar,
  Which filled us with dismay. —

One luckless day amongst the crew
A vague report had somehow flew,
  Which caused no little rout;
One mentioned he had heard, that day,
The captain of the main-hold say
  That the *whiskey* was all out.

Quick then as lightning each one flew
To see if this dread news was true
  What evil could be worse?
And every group you chanced to see,
Was lamenting this fatality
  With many a bitter curse.

Cried one old tar with rugged brow,
"It is a *clincher* with us now;
  I'd sooner stop my *prog*
Than to be forced, in this cold weather,
To stand the sleet and frost together
  Without my regular grog.

"I've been in Uncle Sam's employ
Since I was quite a little boy,
  This world cruised well about;
But in all my ramblings o'er and o'er
I never heard the like before
  As the whiskey to give out.

"I'm sure our good old Commodore,
When we left the Brazilian shore,
Did not expect this evil;
And when he hears the story all,
I know there'll be a precious squall —
He'll raise the very devil."

"But," cries another standing by,
"It may for all be but a lie,
You know what yarns they spread;
Just wait — the dinner time is near,
And when the drum's dear roll you hear,
Don't say your hopes are fled."

"That may be true," another cried,
"For as I passed the starboard side
Upon the deck below,
I saw old *Bungs* with smiling face
Fixing the *grog-tub* in its place,
And *that's* a good sign you know."

Assured by this they dropped each fear,
When hark! the dinner-pipe they hear;
All rushed together now
Towards the ladders, where they view
A dozen of the tippling crew
With sad and clouded brow.

"It is a case," they fiercely cry,
Whilst disappointment dims each eye,
"You need not go below;
For what you've drank this morn, I tell ye,
Is the last drop will warm your belly
This month to come or so."

"*The whiskey's out,*" was now the sound,
That you might hear re-echoed round
On every deck about;
And e'en the boys, they joined the throng,
And shouted as they moved along,
"Good God! the *whiskey's out.*"

At supper time they reached their mess —
With looks quite haggard with distress,
They sat in silence down;

And 'stead of their former smiling brow,
Why every *tippler's* features now
  Were saddened with a frown.

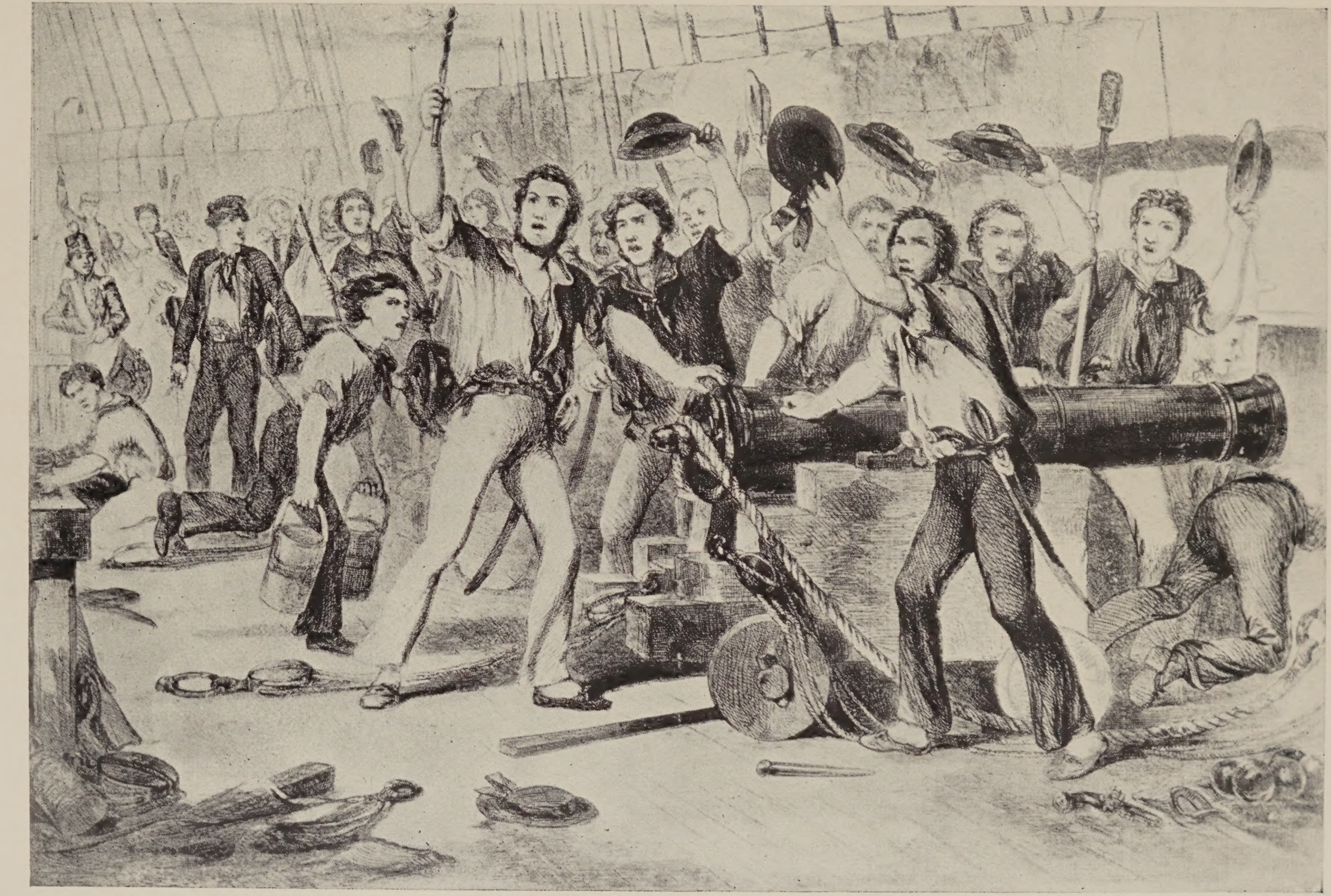
But soon this sadness wore away,
Again they joked with spirits gay,
  And pleasure reigned once more;
And for this loss they did agree
To have a glorious drunken spree
  When next they'd reach the shore.

THE TAR'S SUBSTITUTE FOR GROG

"Come fill the bowl
Each joyous soul,
Let Bacchus guide our revels,
Join cup and lip,
With hip, hip, hip,
And banish the blue devils."

As we neared the Cape, and began to feel the weather grow gradually colder and colder, the dolorous complaints of our tars could be heard throughout the ship on every deck, cursing bitterly the hard fortune that deprived them of their beloved, stimulating liquid in this uncomfortable weather. How many wishes were expressed that the dreaded barrier between us and the harbour of Valparaiso was but safely rounded — or that they could possibly fall in with some good-natured and obliging craft that would help to replenish our whiskey casks somewhat — or that the man at the mast-head could discover two or three puncheons of good West India, tumbling and rolling as if anxious to be picked up, or a hundred others equally vain and foolish; but 'twas all of no avail; there was Cape Horn as yet to be doubled, and whether in a pacific or cross-grained humour we had yet to determine; not a vestige of a vessel to be seen from aloft for days and days together; and the only object that cheered our sight in lieu of the wished-for casks of liquor, was the cape pigeons and albatrosses that were hovering around us in great numbers, many of which being enticed by a baited hook, became an easy prey to some of our epicures.

One evening after the hammocks had been piped down, a little *coterie* were observed between the forward guns on the main-deck, comfortably seated on match-tubs and shot-boxes, trolling a convivial song to beguile the tedious hours, which to all on board at the present time seemed to fly with leaden wings, and refreshing themselves ever and anon from a capacious tin pot, which was supposed to contain something capable of banishing sorrow and cheering the



THE DECK OF THE CONSTITUTION AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ACTION WITH THE GUERRIÈRE, AUGUST 19, 1812

heart, from the scrupulous care with which it was guarded, and the sensation produced by its odoriferous steaming contents on the olfactory nerves of all those within its vicinity.— Its invigorating effects were soon plainly perceptible, from the flushed face, sparkling eye, and stammering conversation of those happy souls; but what they were making merry on was a secret, towards the elucidation of which no one could give the slightest conjecture; every one was aware of the fact that there was no liquor in the ship, save what the occupants of the cabin or wardroom were possessed of, and that of course was "forbidden fruit;" the wonder then was what precious liquid could these fellows be in possession of, to make them so joyous and happy.— The grand secret, however, was at length ferreted out by the ingenious Garnet, for what transaction going forward that he did'nt know something concerning.— As soon as he possessed himself of the glorious news, he hastily made his appearance at the galley, where a crowd of lovers of the Virginia weed were puffing their cares away in social comfort. "I've wormed it out at last," cried Bill, almost out of breath with the importance of the intelligence; "close as they thought to keep it, I worked to windward of them in spite of every thing." "What are you *palavering* about, Garnet?" interrupted an old forecastle-man. "What am I *palavering* about, is it? why about good hot punch to be sure," responded Bill; "how would a *stiff'ner* of that sort of stuff go this cold night, with two watches in the lee-scuppers, eh, maties?"—"Why 'twould go all sorts, I tell you," cried old Bowser, rubbing his hands, "but I'd sooner see it than hear talk of it; my eyes, I'd almost give my bag and hammock for a good blow out of *steam*, now I've felt qualmish ever since the whiskey fell short; but I believe we need'nt screw our mouths up for anything of that sort this side of Valparaiso." — "What would you say now, if I were to put you in the way of a good pot of *cologne-sling?*" continued Garnet; "that's the stuff to keep the cramp out of the stomach; damme, rye whiskey or Holland gin ain't a circumstance to it." — "*Cologne-sling*, what the devil is that?" enquired Flukes, "that's a liquid I never heard of before." — "Did'nt you take notice of Bradley and two or three others a little *in the wind* this evening?" cried Bill.—"I twigged them finish one pot-full and then start for the berth-deck; I dogged their steps, for I was determined to find out their secret, and I saw them dive down in the cock-pit, and in a moment they returned with a pint bottle each of *eau de cologne*, which, with a little hot water and sugar, makes as delicious punch as ever gave a fellow a sore head in the morning; so if you can *raise a purchase* let's have the chink, and I'll do your business for you in a moment." "How much is it a bottle?" enquired Flukes, "I must make a break there myself."—"It's only a dollar a bottle," responded Garnet, "but you may save yourself the trouble of going below, for if you offered *five* you would'nt get any; don't you know 'tis done on the *sly?* only certain persons can come in that shop."—"But there's no harm in trying," cried Flukes, and started off accordingly to endeavour to procure this novel substitute for liquor.

The circumstance was soon known in every part of the ship, and many a dollar that had been securely laid by since the last paying of grog-money, for the purpose of purchasing some *bum-boat* delicacies when arrived in port, was now brought forth and laid out without a moment's hesitation in the purchase of this newly-discovered and expensive beverage. The jingle of cologne bottles, after being drained of their precious contents, could be plainly heard between every gun on the forward part of the main-deck, and the sugar-boxes in the different messes were largely drawn on to help to render palatable the cheering liquid. The store-room of the purser's steward, from whence this precious perfume first emanated, was now literally crowded, and although it was disposed of in the first instance to *certain individuals* "under the rose," yet now the majority of the ship's company being aware of the existence of the invigorating article, were quite clamorous in their demands, and *cologne* was the rage from the foretop to the main-hold:—But of course our jolly tars, when assembled at quarters under the effects of this stimulating liquid, could not pass unnoticed by the quick-detecting eyes of the officers of the several divisions; and many cases of intoxication were reported in consequence: the question was, where did they get their liquor from. This was a matter which did not come to light for several days, so stealthily and circumspect did they make their exits and entrances through the steerage, when procuring the much-loved stimulant; but man was born to disappointment and perplexity, and he scarcely becomes possessed of a *desideratum* ere cruel Fate steps in, mars his pleasure, and dashes the cup of gratification and enjoyment from his eager lips; so with the cologne; as one of our wags expressed it, "'twas too good to last long;" by some means or another, the "fountain-head" became acquainted with the source from whence this exhilarating beverage sprung, and forthwith *clapped a stopper* thereon, and many were the countenances that changed from joy and gladness, to sorrow and disappointment, when this distressing intelligence reached them.

EAU DE COLOGNE, OR THE NOVEL BEVERAGE

Our ancient poets sung the praise
Of nectar and of wine,
And made us believe their influence
Was god-like and divine;
But I'll embrace another theme,
A novel one I own:
In random verse I now chaunt forth
The praises of *cologne.*

Eau de Cologne, 'tis you I mean,
The toilet's ornament;
What fribbling exquisite on shore
Without you is content;
Yet 'mongst the fashionable throng
You're not adored alone,
On board our ship your name is held
In high repute, *cologne.*

Yes, our famed frigate's hardy crew,
Whilst ploughing the stormy sea,
Found out but a few days ago
Your worth and quality;
And many a dollar was laid out,
For which they did not moan,
And round the purser's room flock'd crowds
Purchasing you, *cologne.*

Although our ship was off Cape Horn,
The billows mountains high,
Yet 'spite of all the tempest's force,
Cologne was all the cry:
And 'mongst our frigate's jolly crew,
I'm certain there were none
That did not give their meed of praise
To you, all-famed *cologne.*

It may be asked, what was the cause
This was in such demand;
Perhaps you think they used it
As the *dandies* do on land!

Oh no, indeed; our hardy tars
  So foppish had not grown:
The fact is they made first-rate *punch*
  Out of the dear *cologne.*

Some days before the grog-money
  Was to the ship's crew paid,
And till they'd reach their destined port,
  Each dollar by was laid;
But when the news of this dear stuff
  Around the ship had flown,
Each *monk-bag,* it was opened wide,
  Purchasing you, *cologne.*

You might around the purser's room
  An eager group now see,
With glittering silver in their hands,
  And faces full of glee;
With voice quite low, that it might reach
  The *steward's* ear alone,
They cry, "come quick, here is the cash,
  Let me have some *cologne.*"

But this fountain it was soon stop'd up,
  'Twas said it was all gone;
But the fact is, that some *certain folks*
  Had *clapped a stopper on;*
And when they heard the news, it turned
  Each heart as cold as stone,
To think they could no more enjoy
  Their dear-beloved *cologne.*

So here's success to every tar
  That loves his glass in reason,
For sure a drop of *stimulus*
  At sea is no great treason;
And who can tell but when this scrape
  Some time has over blown,
Our tars may fix on other stuff
  As good as old *cologne.*

DOUBLING THE CAPE

——"If by your art you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them."

WHAT a dreaded name Cape Horn has to those who have never braved its dangers and difficulties: long before I ever thought of becoming a wanderer upon the expanse of the boundless Ocean, I had oft-times listened with palpitating bosom and fearful delight, to some old-furrowed and weather-beaten Triton, describe the tempestuous gale; the chilling sleet; the vivid lightning, and the hoarse reverberating voice of Heaven's own artillery;" all of which the fearless and intrepid mariner had to encounter, ere his frail bark would reach the mild and salutary waters of the Pacific; but the march of improvement in the grand science of navigation, has made our maritime adventurers more familiar with this dreaded head-land and its terrors, which in by-gone times have chilled the hearts of Ocean's sons, and are considerably diminished in the eyes of the tars of the present day.

In the winter months, no one can for a moment deny that "doubling the cape" is a job not at all desirable; yet I have heard many old sea-dogs assert, that they would rather encounter the cape, with all its piercing sleet; its howling storms and chilling snows; than attempt our American coast in a severe winter. Providence favoured us with a delightful breeze for a length of time after our departure from Rio; in fact we carried it so far, that we all began to flatter ourselves with the pleasing hope that we would make our passage to the Pacific in as short a time as any other ship ever accomplished it; and as our good old craft, with a cloud of canvass, urged onward like a greyhound from the slip, pleasure filled every bosom and delight beamed in every eye. On the twenty-seventh of September we made Staten Island, and on the twenty-ninth the dreary and snow-capped summit of Cape Horn broke upon our view. The spar-deck was now literally crowded with the components of every part of the ship, who, with no little bustle, ascended the hammock-nettings and rigging, to feast their eyes upon this celebrated and much-talked-of cape. There it was, quite as cold and comfortless as it ever was represented: there was the goal we had been long striving to reach; there was the cheerless head-land, the thoughts of encountering which had caused many to feel disheartened; and there was the barrier that had yet to be passed ere the pleasing scenes of Chili or Peru would glad our sight.

"And is that Cape Horn, that we've been making such a fuss about?" remarked one of the galley cooks, popping his woolly head above the forecastle netting, a sneer curling his ebony proboscis. "Hell, I thought 'twas twice the place it is — they talked so much about it, I imagined we'd get a regular *peeling* 'afore we'd round it." "Don't hollo before you're out of the wood, Mr. Snowball," cried an old sheet-anchor man" — "I've been as close as this to the Cape, and yet smelled hell before I doubled it. I would'nt be afraid to bet a small trifle, but what we'll have to take some of the old lady's *muslin* off before supper; believe me, I don't like the looks of it yonder." "What, don't you think this fair wind will carry us round, Sam?" enquired one amongst the crowd. "I do not, indeed," replied the man addressed, "just look off there — the old Cape appears to be preparing to put on his night cap, and that's a sure sign of a *snorter*, take my word for it; every eye was now cast in the direction pointed out by the forecastleman, and it was perceptible that a change of weather was about to take place — large black masses could be perceived, as if rising from out the horizon, following each other in rapid succession — the heavy mist that at first was scarcely discernable, had now completely enshrouded the snow-topped summit of the Cape; the frighted sea-birds flitted along the surface of the water with ominous scream, and the luminary of day, surrounded by a fierce and blood-red zone as it was about to depart angrily into the western waters, plainly betokened the brewing of a storm. We were not deceived — the predictions of the forecastleman were realized, for it came on sudden and fierce, scarcely giving us time to make the necessary preparations for its unwelcome visit;

and instead of the auspicious breeze of the preceding evening, to which every sail was spread, and under the influence of which we had moved swiftly and gracefully along, our gallant ship was next morning struggling against the tempestuous elements, almost under her bare poles. The gale continued without intermission for sixteen or eighteen days, buffeting which "Old Ironsides" proved herself the sturdy and efficient sea-boat she was always celebrated for: no ship was ever more comfortably secured against the bitter blasts and drenching billows than was ours on this occasion; the gun-deck ports were tightly shut in and caulked with masterly judgment, and made completely water-tight by the application of several thicknesses of tarred canvass on the outside, rendering our main-deck in this boisterous weather a warm and comfortable shelter to its inmates. The hammocks were kept below during the continuance of the gale, and were duly occupied by their proprietors in their several watches, for which our Commodore and Captain received the heartfelt thanks and warm panegyrics of a grateful ship's company; in a word, nothing was left undone that could in any measure add to our comfort and security, or serve to dissipate the sadness of the chilling and dreary scene by which we were surrounded.

Our main-deck was so darkened from the effects of the closely shut ports, and heavy tarpawling which enveloped every hatch, that our lads were obliged to mess on the lower deck; and I assure you that the ludicrous scenes that might be observed almost every meal-time, as the rolling and pitching of the ship brought them in collision with each other, would distort the risible muscles of the most austere. One day in particular, our frigate under close-reefed storm-sails laboured dreadfully, rolling almost her spar-deck guns under — dinner was piped, and our lads were huddled together around their several messes, endeavouring as they best could to transmit the contents of a pan well filled with bean-soup to the inner man. Each one as he received his *quantum*, placed himself in some solid and secure position to commence his meal, taking advantage of the interval between every roll of the ship to bring a portion of the delicious liquid to his impatient lips; a fellow on the forward part of the deck, sung out lustily, "look out for your beans;" the words were scarcely uttered, than, before any body could make a second preparation, she gave one of the most tremendous rolls I think I ever experienced; I actually thought she would never *right* again; my eyes, what a scene now presented itself — away went simultaneously with one movement — in one confused mass, kettles of hot-water — baskets of small biscuit — pans of soup — pots — kettles — frying pans — gridirons — and all the *etceteras* of the galley; here might be seen a poor fellow struggling amidst a heap of clothes-bags — spit boxes — pots — pans and spoons, endeavouring to regain his feet, which the well-greased slippery deck almost rendered an impossibility; further along, you might observe two or three marines well besmeared with soup, trying with rueful countenances to gain possession of the *paraphernalia* of their mess chest, which, as well as themselves had been tumbled into the main-hold at the first onset, with but little ceremony. In the midst of the uproar, the *bon-mot* and *repartee* flew round with rapidity, (for at what time will not Jack enjoy his joke,) and though many lost their dinners on the occasion, and several got sore heads and pummeled ribs from the effects of their falls, yet all with one accord joined in the laughter that this affair occasioned.

We encountered the "peltings of the pitiless storm" for about seventeen days, but without an accident of any kind taking place; — the spirit of the tumultuous gale began to tire, and as we dragged our way almost imperceptibly to the westward, a bountiful Providence favoured us once more with fair winds and delightful weather; the light spars were got aloft — topgallant and royal yards crossed, the lofty studding-sails again spread to the inspiring breeze; and as our skimmer of the seas danced merrily onward towards the Chilian shores, our lads in their present lightheartedness forgot the rough reception they met with when doubling the Cape.

BURIAL AT SEA

"He shall not sink upon his watery bier unwept."

The consignment of a frail remnant of clay to the silent tomb, is at all times, and in all situations, a scene of dread solemnity. I have seen the costly and idle pageant, glittering with ostentatious mockery, as the mortal remains of what once was dignity were conveyed to the rich and sculptured mausoleum: I have seen the simple village train surround the rude bier, containing perhaps the companion of their childhood, and pour forth the lamentations of heartfelt sorrow ere they placed it in its narrow cell: I have heard the solemn and death-like sound of the muffled drum as it preceded the stiffened corpse of some gallant son of Mars, whose sorrowful comrades were about to pay him the last tribute of respect; all these have I seen, and witnessing which, has filled my mind with feelings at once gloomy and sorrowful; but 'tis the burial at sea, when the departed shipmate or kind loving friend, enshrouded in the hammock in which he was wont to sleep, his cares away, is launched into the boundless deep; no green turf to cover his head — no stone to mark his sepulchre; the piping northeast wind his funeral dirge, the sea-birds fitful scream his only requiem; 'tis at this time the most hardened and depraved of God's creatures, as he sees the dark blue waters close over the remains of him, who, but a few short days before was joining in the gambols of the ship, with a spirit as buoyant as air; it is at a time like this, he becomes doubly sensible of death and of an hereafter.

As the sojourner on shore places the remains of the partner of his bosom or the child of his affections beneath the silent earth, he has the gratification, though but a slight one, of viewing the dreary prison that contains them; and will take a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the green mound beneath which his kindred or acquaintance are mouldering into dust — but the mariner who resigns his spirit on the wide and boundless sea — far, far estranged from home and country — no fond, doating mother, or loving, affectionate sister to close his sunken eyes, or hear the last dying request vibrate upon his quivering lips; — and when his kind-hearted shipmates, with the briny tear trickling down their bronzed and manly cheeks, who perhaps have endeavoured to smooth his pillow, towards the conclusion of his mortal race, have consigned him to the yawning gulf of the mighty ocean — one plunge and a slight ripple is all that remains to tell the resting-place of the hapless wanderer. I have seen several shipmates consigned to a watery tomb, but will merely advert to one burial that took place during our cruise, it being the most solemn and imposing that has come under my observation.

Shortly after we left Rio, Mr. P——, our third lieutenant, a brave, urbane, and meritorious officer, became seriously unwell; the fatal disease (an abscess of the left lung) in a short time made the most dreadful ravages on him, and no one to look upon the pale, cadaverous, emaciated form that occupied the cot under the half-deck, could for a moment believe it was the same individual who, but a few short weeks before, with roseate countenance, portly figure, and commanding form, paced the deck with stately pride, "giving his orders with a Stentor's voice" — but such is the fell power of sickness. — What inroads will it not make on the strongest constitutions; how will it not unstring the most athletic and sinewy frame? After we doubled the cape he became gradually worse and worse, he sensibly felt that his end was approaching, and resigned himself accordingly, and though every thing that unremitting attendance, medical skill, and the soothing attention of his brother officers could do, in their anxiety to alleviate his sufferings, he expired on the evening of the twenty-eighth of October.

The twenty-ninth was a delightful day; we were moving along with studding-sails set, and our old frigate from the velocity with which she skimmed over the sparkling billows, appeared as if endeavouring to make up for the detention occasioned by the adverse winds and tempestuous weather when off the cape. As the bell's sharp clang proclaimed it noon, sail was shortened, and our ship hove to with the main-topsail to the mast, and the thrilling and doleful cry of "All hands bury the dead," issued from the mouths of the boatswain and his mates. The entire ship's company, neatly and uniformly dressed in white frocks, blue jackets and trowsers, now repaired to the spar-deck, and formed themselves, with order and silence, abaft the mainmast. A death-like stillness prevailed — not a whisper was heard throughout the ship — and now the heavenly and soul-thrilling air of the Dead March in Saul pealed forth from the several instruments of our musicians, and as the sweet sounds were wafted away upon the inspiring breeze, every bosom was filled with awe and solemnity. The corpse was now borne on deck by six captains of guns belonging to the division of which the deceased had the command, and as they laid their melancholy burden upon the platform that was in readiness to receive it, and from which it was to be launched into the boundless deep. The tear of sorrow and affection could be observed dimming the eye of many a gallant officer standing by, as he perceived the remains of him, who perhaps had braved with him the dangers of the perilous ocean, in youth and manhood about to be engulfed in his watery tomb.

Look upon that coffin, covered with the stars of the Union, under the flutter of which he who now lays stiffened by the unsparing hand of Death, braved the icy terrors of the poles or the scorching influence of the tropics. And what a subject for contemplation. Where now is that fond, doating wife, who at his departure, as she planted the kiss of affection on his glowing lips, looked forward with flattering hopes for his safe and speedy return? Where is that fair-haired, blooming boy, his parents only solace, who as he lisps forth the name of father, enquires in thoughtless gaiety when he will clasp him to his fond bosom again? But alas! for both, the cruel and unerring shaft of Death, which at once levels the ploughman and the peer — the king and the beggar — has fearfully frustrated their joyous anticipations.

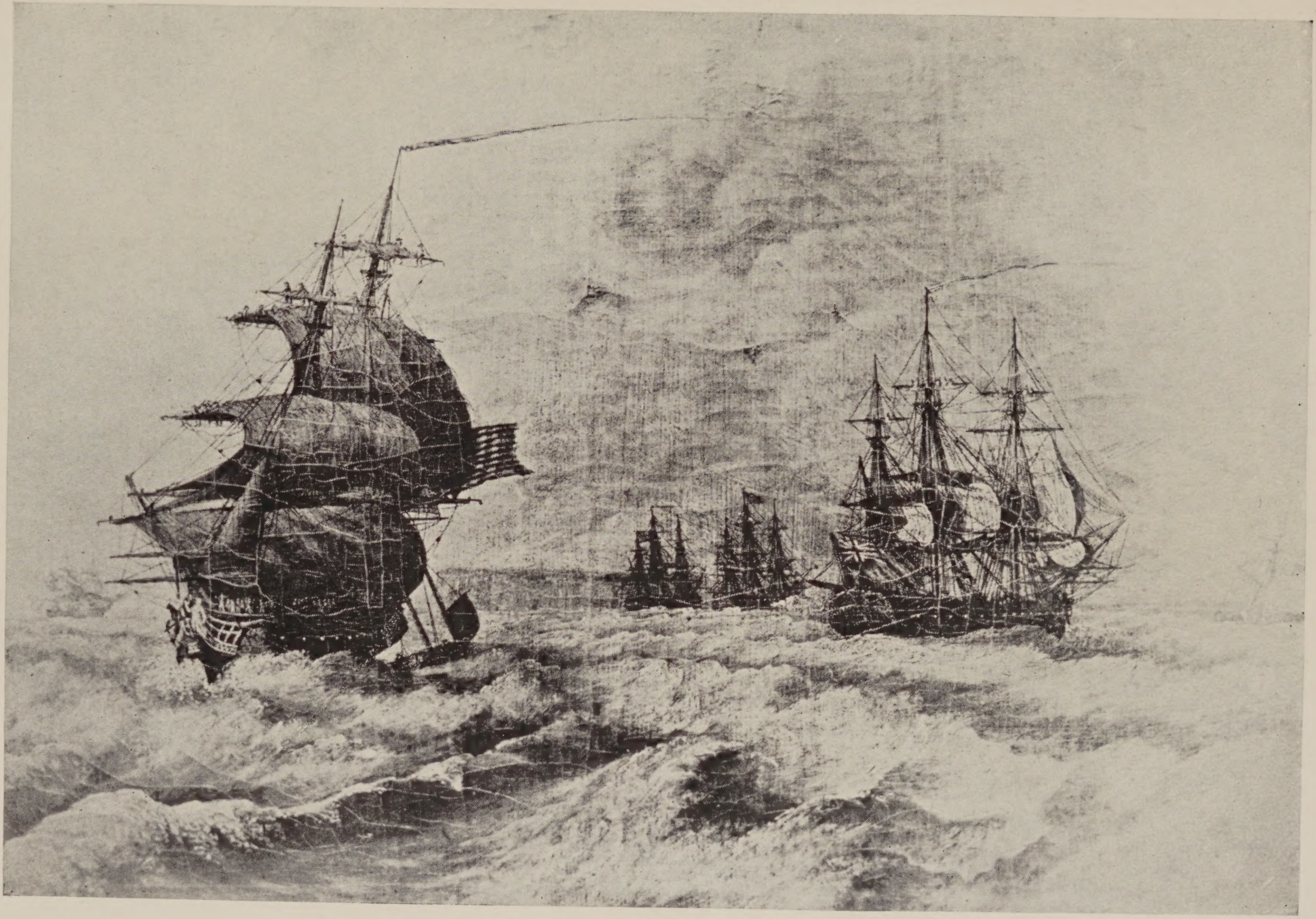
The burial service was now read in an audible and solemn voice by our first lieutenant, and the gloomy and desponding countenances of the assembled crowd plainly told that their feelings were in unison with the melancholy occasion that had drawn them together. At the doleful words, "we commit his body to the deep," the end of the platform was raised — a plunge was heard in the water — the entire marine guard, drawn up in the lee-gangway, discharged three vollies of musketry — and in another moment not a vestige remained to point the spot where the son of Ocean had sunk to his unfathomable resting-place.

REVELS ON SAN LORENZO

"What ho! my jolly mates come on, we'll frolic it
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine."

On the second of November we arrived at Valparaiso where we perceived the sloop-of-war St. Louis at anchor, having arrived two days previous, although contrary to our expectations, for our lads were quite sanguine we would be the first to reach the Chilian shores; but by some freak of wind or weather it was not ordained so, although she can nothing like compete with us in speed. The different messes now procured from the bum-boats a supply of the good things of this life, which were sought after with intense eagerness by all on board, for the gales of the cape and our tedious passage, which obliged us for such a length of time to masticate salt beef and pork, gave our stomachs quite a *gusto* for the delicacies of *terra firma.*

We remained at Valparaiso thirteen days, and after taking in a supply of provision and water, shaped our course for Callao the rendezvous of our ship on this station, where we arrived after an easy passage of eleven days. On the second day after our arrival we hauled over to the Island of San Lorenzo, to give our ship a thorough cleansing and painting; and to effect this the better, tents were erected ashore, and at least two-thirds of the healthy portion of the ship's company, including all the mechanics, a small party of marines, as well as the invalids of the sick-bay, took up their residence there *pro tem;* and in a little time this solitary and unprepossessing spot wore the appearance of an active, bustling village; the scene ashore was one of considerable interest — in one place you could perceive the brilliant glow of the armourer's furnace, whilst him and his mates made the caverned shores of Lorenzo ring with the sharp clang of their hammers. Further along was the cooper, surrounded by all the different apparatus of his trade, repairing whatever inroads time or accident might have made upon our water or provision



THE CONSTITUTION (?) AT SEA

casks. The harsh sound of the saw from the confines of yonder tent, plainly tell that the carpenters are there domiciled. — How do our jolly tars contrive to while away the interval between meals? Glance your eye along the beach and you will soon ascertain; — yonder are some ten or a dozen with hook and line, endeavouring, with all an angler's patience, to raise from amongst the numerous shoals of fish, that are everywhere observable, sufficient to satisfy the appetites of their several messmates. — On that shelve of flat rocks to the left, behold the busy crowd there assembled; how sonorously the coir-brushes grate upon the ear as they bring them in collision with the hammocks that are spread before them. See that good-natured looking fellow, with such an enormous pile of dirty clothes near him, which he is just commencing to wash. My eyes! are all those his own? No, no indeed; he is aware that liberty will soon commence, and wishing to replenish his pockets for that occasion, and being of an industrious nature, he takes in washing for *cash;* and perhaps those articles are the property of some son of ease, who is either engaged at a game of chequers, or spread out on the sand basking himself in the sun's effulgent rays.

Sentries were stationed at one or two particular spots to keep our lads within a certain compass; they not being allowed the privilege of exploring the pinnacles of sand that frowned down upon our little colony at every turn. The wild shout — the cheerful laugh — the sonorous hallo! — could be heard in every direction; and as the sharp sound of the bell on board the frigate would proclaim the meal time arrived, every thing was dropped instantaneously, and all were urging their way along with precipitate haste towards the remains of the tottering wharf, to endeavour to procure a seat in one or other of the boats that were in readiness to take them on board, and, save one or two attendants of the sick, the Island was completely deserted during the meal hour, and appeared as still and noiseless as a sick chamber.

Amongst the marines on duty at the Island was a son of the Emerald Isle, a careless, happy-go-lucky fellow, though of considerable information and some talent, styled Ned Hodnose. —

Ned was respectably connected in the "old country," and ever since his arrival in the United States, he had, himself, filled more than one situation of respectability; but, the "invisible spirit of rum" intervened — the fickle jade Fortune began to lower; he turned his "gray goose-quill" into a bayonet, and joined the marine corps. Now, one night our tight Irish lad was on post, and not a very agreeable one either, when I inform you that he was perched upon the pinnacle of a projecting rock; the bitter night wind assailing him at every turn. — When he was relieved, about four o'clock, he bent his steps in double quick-time towards the tent in which was slung that solace to both sailor and marine, his hammock; and turned in with the pleasing hope of soon "steeping his senses in forgetfulness;" but the evil genius that, for aught I know presided at his birth, and seemed through life to dog his footsteps, assailed him even now; and at this particular time hovered around him in the shape of a full-grown *rooster*, and tried every method to break his repose. As our marine was dropping slowly into the arms of Morpheus, this ill-omened bird (ill-omened to poor Hodnose at all events,) jumped upon the clew of his hammock, flapped his wings, opened his musical throat, and commenced crowing with all his might; the sound acted like magic, and in a moment Ned was sitting upright in his swinging-couch, cursing in his wrath every species of the feathered tribe, from a bird of Paradise to the cursed cock that had thus so unceremoniously broke his rest; but this was not sufficient; the intruder but enlarged the distance between them a few feet, and again commenced warbling his melodious notes. Hodnose at this arose, armed himself with a cudgel, and drove his annoyer outside the tent, regained his hammock, and once more commenced "wooing the gentle goddess;" but he had scarcely closed his eyes ere the infernal rooster was again at his ear, crowing, if possible, louder than before; this was not to be endured. "Very well my fine fellow," cried the marine, jumping from his hammock, every limb quivering with anger, and searching amongst his clothes for some article or another, perhaps a knife or a razor, "I'll fix your flint for you to your heart's content; I'll now put you from troubling me again this blessed night;" and seizing the bird with a fiendish grip, he hurried with him outside the tent. In a few moments he returned: — "now my fine fellow," he broke forth, as he laid himself once more upon his mattrass, "I'll bet a small trifle your pretty song won't be heard again to-night;" he was right, he slept undisturbed.

The next morning his olfactory organ being regaled by the smell of some savoury morsel, which some of his *tent-mates* were getting in readiness for breakfast, he awoke, rubbed his eyes, found 'twas near eight bells, and prepared to turn out; but ere he got on his pantaloons, his ears were assailed by the loud crowing of a cock; he started as if an adder had stung him, and asked Jemmy Ducks who sojourned in the same tent, "whether that was the *big* rooster or not." "No!" returned Ducks, looking out, "'tis the *young* one." "I thought indeed it couldn't be the *old gentleman*," responded Hodnose, with a chuckle, "I believe I put him from crowing last night." — Jemmy Ducks at this information thought, as very naturally he should, that honest Ned had made away with the bird in his wrath; and not wishing the blood of any of the *stock* should be shed by other hands than his own, he swore at the marine soundly. "Look here, Mr. Hodnose, have you actually *murdered* that noble rooster? if you have, I tell you I'll have satisfaction out of your *gray jacket* if you had fifty *chickens* to back you." "Faith," returned Ned quite coolly, "you may take your spite out of the *jacket* and welcome; the devil a hair I care as long as the *body* won't be in it; but my hands are clear of his blood, for I only done by him as they do by an unruly prisoner, *gagged* him." At this, Ducks ran out of the tent, and returned with the cock in his arms; and all hands burst into a hearty fit of laughter, when they perceived a piece of tape in the bird's mouth, firmly tied at the back of his head; this *gag* having the effect Hodnose desired, viz. of preventing him from giving specimens of his truly mellifluous music.

The first Sunday we lay at the Island, a *general* permission was given to range this sandy spot all over, and nearly all the ship's company availed themselves of it. After dinner they landed, each one dressed in his worst suit; for climbing the hills of sand, which every one had in contemplation, would anything but add to the appearance of a good article of clothing; and now was the lonely Island of San Lorenzo peopled with a vengeance — its dreary stillness, which once no sound disturbed save the tide as it "trembling, murmured on the sandy shore," or the frightened sea-bird as it moaned out its ominous plaint, now re-echoed to the noisy mirth of our happy tars, as they pursued their wild gambols upon its arid soil. By some means or another information reached Callao that we were to have a *bit of a run*, and an adventurous individual, who had an eye to business, and who was aware of the shrine at which the sons of Neptune worshipped, made his appearance in a small boat in the course of the afternoon, well freighted with the glorious nectar which fires the brain and steals away the senses. Our tars anticipated falling in with some of the precious liquid, for they were all more or less supplied with the needful; and I need not add that this whole cargo was quickly disposed of at a price far exceeding his most sanguine expectations.

The effects of the stimulating beverage were very soon plainly perceptible; and they scattered themselves about the Island in various clusters, pursuing their orgies with true sailor vigour; in one place might be perceived a chosen few, sitting in a social circle on the sand, quaffing the fiery liquor from the interior of a well-worn shoe, (which one of the party had doffed for the occasion,) with as much relish as an exquisite would the contents of a bottle of sparkling champaign from a costly goblet, in the most splendid room of the Astor House. Here were a few of the sons of Harmony perched upon the projecting rocks, intermingling their Bacchanalian chorus with the hoarse sound of the dashing surge, that foamed in frothy anger at their feet. The solitude of the peaceful graveyard was also intruded upon; and here, amidst the solemn silence of death, and away from the noise and turmoil of life's chequered scenes, the hardy mariner reposed beneath his humble monument, far from the shores of fruitful Columbia or merry England; they pursued their wild revelry with unabated frenzy; seated on the mouldering graves, they pledged each other in the alcoholic infusion, and trolled their merry songs till this sanctuary of mortality re-echoed with the outcry.

The revels terminated in a tragedy. The individual who supplied them with the intoxicating liquid, thinking he had made a pretty good afternoon's work, pocketing some sixty or seventy dollars on the occasion, gathered together what bottles he could find emptied of their precious contents, and embarked on board his boat in company with those who composed his party, consisting of three females and a small child, hoisted his little sail and shaped his course for Callao. — But oh! the uncertainty of human existence: he had scarcely got forty yards from the Island ere a squall struck them, and before they could take in the sail, the boat turned over, and they were all floundering in the water. Our boats from the frigate were on the alert, and though they reached the spot in a moment, yet one of the party had sunk to rise no more; the females and child were picked up and brought on board, and received all the attention their shivering and half-drowned situation required; but the proprietor of the boat, him who had drove such a thriving trade during the day, and was now returning to his family with a heart elate at his success, was thus, without a moment's warning, hurried into the presence of his Creator. Boats were now despatched to the Island to bring off our inebriated tars, who upon hearing of the accident, could be perceived staggering towards the beach, as if they, in their helpless, tottering condition, could be of the least service in rescuing those in the water from their unfortunate situation; and that night the ship was noisy enough, though it was all glossed over by the captain, who, with his usual good nature, considered that as he had given them permission to *have a run*, he could not in a great measure blame them for their revelry, when liquor was flowing in such profusion around.

LIFE IN PERU

"On burning coasts or frozen seas,
Alike in each extreme,
The gallant sailor's e'er at home,
And floats with fortune's stream."

It often becomes a matter of wonder to the sojourners on the dull tame shore, why the sailor is so wild and reckless when freed from the confinement of his ship; the reason is obvious enough; 'tis his close confinement on ship-board, for months together, that makes him so elate when his trammels are for a temporary space laid aside; as the above motto implies, he is in all places, and upon all occasions, *at home:* as long as he is in possession of the glittering dross, Jack little cares on what soil or in what climate his liberty is granted him; he is the same light-hearted, careless individual still, whatever corner of the globe he may be performing his peregrinations in. He will join in the lascivious *fandango* with the dark eyed Spanish brunette, or set his head reeling in the giddy waltz with the plump maiden of Holland. — He will embrace the thick lips of the sable daughter of the West Indies, or clasp in rapture the delicate fairy-hand of some beauteous female of Italy's sunny clime. — He will puff the delicate *cherot* with the abstemious Portuguese, or smoke the opium-charged pipe with the haughty Turk. — He will sip the delicious *chicha* to compliment the swarthy native of golden Peru, or swallow whole bumpers of whiskey to please the humour of the hospitable son of the green Isle of Erin; in fact he suits himself to the different dispositions of the inhabitants of whatever country he may chance to wander in; and his face smiles as joyous, his eye glistens as bright, and his laugh is as careless and happy beneath the scorching rays of a tropical sun, or under the biting influence of the frozen north, as if pursuing his round of pleasure in his own native village, surrounded by the friends and companions of his infancy.

After undergoing a thorough cleansing, from the keelson to the booms on the spar-deck, the painter's gang went to work, giving our old ship a due proportion of black and white, and in a little time (her rigging aloft having been previously put to rights,) she began to look herself again; and without vanity I must say that no craft in port presented to the gaze a neater hull, nicer symmetry of spars, or a more exact arrangement of standing and running rigging, than did ours when lying in the harbour of Callao after our refit. Liberty was now the all-engrossing theme of conversation, and the anticipated pleasures of Callao and Lima were talked of in every group. — The wished for day at length arrived; the ship's company were called to muster on the quarter-deck, and after salutary advice from our captain, requesting us to be a little circumspect in our conduct whilst mingling with the inhabitants, they commenced to call forth the names of those who were to compose the first draft: by quarter watches or divisions, is the general method of sending men on shore; but the plan adopted by our first lieutenant, was I imagine, one of the best that could possibly be resorted to in order to satisfy all parties; slips of paper, containing the names of every person in the ship, were put into a box and well shaken, and the thirty individuals first drawn commenced the liberty, and so on day after day until the box became empty. This plan was an impartial one, giving every one a chance alike, and though many looked blank and discomfited when they found their cognomens were not re-echoed by the boatswain's mate at the first onset, yet they satisfied themselves with the pleasing reflection that their turn was yet to come, and that the pleasures and enjoyments of Peru were yet in store for them.

The next morning before breakfast, the first draft of our jolly lads, with bosoms palpitating with delight, spirits as buoyant as air, and hearts devoid of care or trouble, vacated our frigate and stepped upon the beach, their own lords and masters, and at their own command for twenty-four hours; — nobody but he who has been cooped up on board a vessel of war for months and months together, with nothing but the same dull routine of ship's duty day after day to enliven the scene, can tell the pleasurable sensations that swell the breast of the tar, when he plants his foot upon *terra firma* and can say — "I am free for a short time at least;" who will blame him then if he o'er-steps the bounds of modesty in his excesses! After Jack lands in Callao, and a libation or two poured down in the first *pulpería* that heaves in sight, the livery stable is the place that he next bends his steps towards, and a horse is soon engaged to carry our light-hearted liberty-man to the famed city of Lima. I don't know how it is, but in every part of the world, horse riding appears to be a favourite amusement with the son of Neptune, particularly when a *little in the wind.* I am sure it is not that he is master of any great amount of horsemanship, which he is anxious to display, for he generally bites the dust half a dozen times before his ride is concluded; but he is intent on a ride, and who dare prevent him as long as his pockets can meet the expense. Fancy, therefore, to yourself, twenty or twenty-five hard-weather customers, mounted on their sorry steeds, cutting and slashing *pell mell,* and leaving a cloud of dust behind as they urge their way onward towards the gate of Lima. — Here you may behold a fellow considerably in the rear of the rest of the party, cursing with bitter volubility the stable keeper, who had the assurance to shove such a nag on him, for a thorough pacer; and giving the poor half-starved Rozinante, from a cudgel which he winds triumphantly, tangible demonstration that as long as he's got *command* he expects him to go at the *rate* of his wishes. A little further along you may observe another one (to use a vulgar expression) "picking himself up," his clothes completely covered with sand, his patient and sagacious beast standing quite still, looking our disconcerted horseman in the face as much as to say — " 'twas all your own fault, not mine." Yonder is a liquor-loving customer, who has already dipped so deep into the intoxicating bowl, that a slight *siesta* which he is now enjoying, despite the clouds of sand that seem to be attracted towards the spot, appears to be more suitable to him than a ride on horseback; but of course he thought *steering* a horse was'nt a circumstance to a fellow who could steer "Old Ironsides" with studding-sails alow and aloft, and so he mounted — but alas! he was completely out of his latitude, for as he came thus far, he endeavoured to heave-to, to pick up a shipmate's jacket that lay on the road, but (as he himself expressed it next day) "the old nag would'nt *luff* round for all he put the helm *a-port*, and as he went to haul flat aft both jib-sheets (the reins) so as to deaden his headway a little, the lubberly beast brought up *all standing*, and pitched him completely over the *bows*." There he lies, comfortably asleep; the poor jaded animal awaiting patiently until he will again resume his journey.

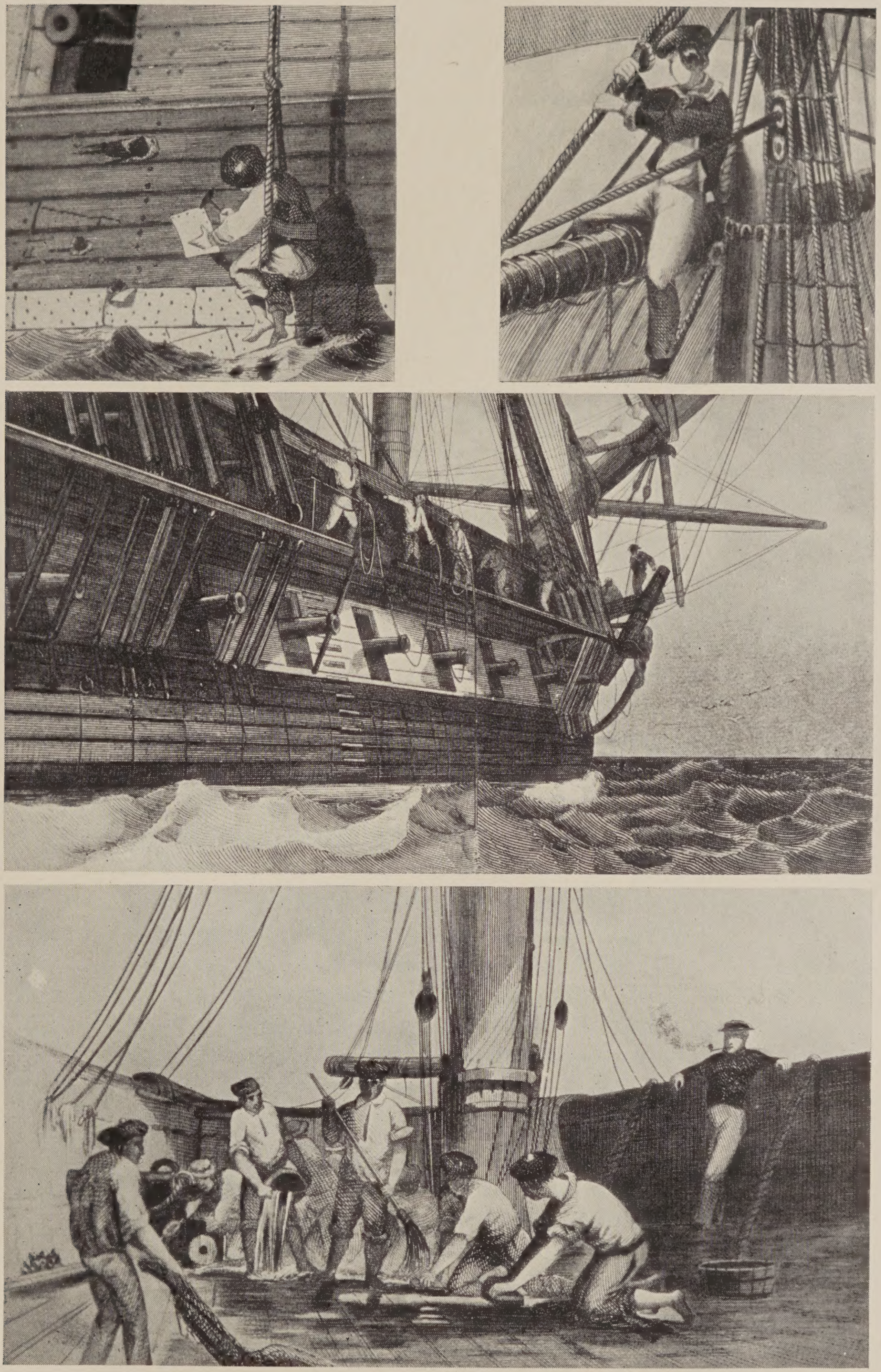
When our equestrians reached the *half-way house*, the only place of entertainment on the road, of course it could not be passed without *freshening the nip;* they quickly alighted from their horses and seated themselves at their ease on the large benches in front of the establishment, and poured down potations of the inspiring liquid and trolled forth their merry songs, forgetting in their mirth that such a place as Lima ever existed. The horses when freed from their uncomfortable riders appeared to be quite at home — huddling themselves together in one corner of the shed, ready to accommodate whoever might think proper to take possession of them for the time being. Some of our happy lads, by dint of hard struggling, did reach the city they had set out to visit; but the majority of them, ere the sun sunk in the western horizon, might be seen making all the headway the effects of their numerous libations and jaded animals would admit of, towards Callao; the amusements there being on a cheaper scale and more suited to their curious tastes than the aristocratic pleasures of the city of Lima.

It is not an unfrequent occurrence for several of them to "pick themselves up" at the half-way house the next morning; their accommodations however cost them but little, for their dormitory is in the open air, under the blue canopy of Heaven; their couch perhaps some rude bench, and their pillow their tarpaulin hat or jacket, (if these articles happen to be left unstolen, which is not often the case) and thus they pass the night. As soon as they overhaul the range of their recollection they find they have but a few hours to remain on shore, and after swallowing a dose or two of *piseo* by the way of cutting the cobwebs, they start for Callao *instanter*, and soon join their shipmates on the beach, where the parting glass is taken over and over again, until at last when the boat arrives our jolly liberty man is completely *sowed up.* When he awakes from this second debauch he perhaps finds himself between the guns on the main-deck, or behind some mess-chest below, and wonders how he got on board, enquires for his clothes, finds they are all safe, and blesses his stars for being so careful; he now ascends to the gangway, gathers a crowd around him, and gives a brilliant description, with no few embellishments, of his cruise in Callao, and the disasters and difficulties he met with on the road to Lima.

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN-OF-WAR

Let some famed Poets sing of woman's charms,
Or tune their lyres to glorious deeds of arms —
How the famed Hector at the siege of Troy
Did with his single arm whole hosts destroy —
Or the beauteous Helena of old,
Who was the cause of Troy's dread war, we're told. —
No glorious, high-born damsel swells my page,
No gallant hero famed in battle's rage:
I in my humble sphere will move along —
A Man-of-War the tenor of my song.
When morning's rosy tint first decks the sky,
Throughout the ship is heard the boatswain's cry,
Accompanied by his *pipe*, with thrilling sound —
"All hammocks up" does fore and aft resound;
This sound, which strikes so unpleasant on the ear,
And which the slumb'ring seaman hates to hear,
Is answered by each *mate* with voice quite deep
Enough to rouse the heaviest from their sleep,
Acts with a magic charm to put to flight
Those dreams of happy home and pure delight
That in his hammock hovers o'er the tar,
Though from that *home* he's separated far.
All now is noise and bustle round about,
Each sleeper quite *reluctant* turning out,
Swearing there is no light but from the moon,
And *d——ing himself* for being called so soon;
And many an imprecation is sent round,
That fore and aft the deck doth now resound,
Cursing each ship of war that sails the deep
Where they rouse men so early from their sleep,
And many an anxious wish is muttered o'er
That they'll *soon* see the fine *long* nights once more.
"Come, hurry up," the boatswain anxious cries,
And "hurry up" each echoing mate replies —
And one and all are lashing up quite fast,
To try, if possible, and *not be last.*
For well they know the master's mate will find
A job for that poor wight who lags behind,
With brick-dust and rags from morning until night,
Scouring the *galley-pipe* or *stanchions* bright;

Then e'en the laziest work with vigorous zest
To be as expeditious as the rest —
And in a rush they up the ladders go,
'Till soon there's not a hammock left below.
The decks are cleared, and quickly now you hear
That sound which grates so harsh upon the ear,
'Tis thundered forth with quite a stern command:
"D'ye hear, there, get your *holy-stones* and sand!"
And at this mandate soon appears a crowd
Around the fore-hatch, with noise and outcry loud,
Cursing with many bitter *new made* oaths,
Calling the *holders* d——n'd infernal sloths —
Who pocket those insults, slue the buckets o'er,
And move, aye slower than they did before.
"Come, come," an old sheet-anchor-man cries out,
"Why don't you move yourself, what are you 'bout?
If you will keep us waiting in this way,
The decks will not get *holy-stoned* to-day —
Just pass me the *laniard*, matie, that will do,
I see 'tis foolishness to wait for you!"
And dragging the stone he elbows through the throng,
Bitterly grumbling as he moves along.
Next a fore-top-man pushes through the crowd,
Makes known his errand in a voice quite loud —
"What's come of all our brooms and our *squilgees?*
Just pass them up, old fellow, if you please:
Come, come, be quick, that's an obliging man,
Let us get done as soon as e'er we can."
"They're all adrift," the holder then replies —
"Indeed I thought as much," the topman cries:
"Some fellow has a spite, I believe, against us,
For 'taint the only time we've been served thus,
But if we once can catch him at that trick,
I warrant of such fun we'll make him sick."
Next after-guard and mizen-topmen come,
Whose voices are heard amongst the gen'ral hum,
Crying, "give us the *bibles*, do, some time to-day,
For we're in a hurry to begin to pray!"
And venting their imprecations no way slow
Upon the inmates of the hold below,
Who with Job's patience see and hear it all,
And strict to their duty answer every call;
And spite of the noisy crowd that's standing by,
Each numerous want they quickly do supply.—



ACTIVITIES ABOARD A MAN-OF-WAR

Repairing the ship's side. Topsail-yard lookout. Heaving the lead. Scrubbing wash clothes. (From Heck's *Iconographic Encyclopedia.*)

The decks are wet down, and soon are sanded o'er,
And all is now a scene of loud uproar;
Holy-stones harshly grinding o'er the deck,
Which must appear, when dry, without a speck —
Some wringing swabs, completely at their ease,
Whilst one *spins a yarn* the rest of them to please;
Others the paint work now commence to scrub,
To which they give a *superficial* rub, —
And to describe the bustle, outcry, noise
That fore-and-aft is heard 'mongst men and boys,
I wish the immortal Marryatt were here,
For me, alas! the task is too severe.
The decks were soon done, the holy-stones put by,
"Quick, and wash down," is now the anxious cry;
The water along in steady streams doth pour,
The outcry is even greater than before,
And every one throughout the ship you see
As busy as he possibly can be;
The anecdote goes round, they crack their joke,
And merriment's in every word that's spoke, —
In fact, a livelier scene you scarce could behold
Than now appears amongst both young and old.
The scene doth quickly change, the decks are dry,
Squilgees, and brooms, and buckets are put by,
And every one by some endeavour strives
To pass the time till breakfast hour arrives.
The chequer boards are oft'times brought in play
To help to while this tedious time away;
And near the players, groups are standing by,
Watching the games with criticising eye:
Others more systematic you may view,
Cleaning some *cutlass*, *monkey-tail*, or *screw*:
Whilst Morpheus' sons, under the awning's shade,
In the snug arms of sleep are safely laid. —
Seven bells have struck; you now perceive the boys
Dressing and cleaning with no little noise —
With shining face and nicely smoothened hair
They hurry on deck — the master-at-arms is there
With cane in hand, and fierce and savage scowl,
Which to those youngsters augurs something foul;
"Come, toe the line!" this dreaded man he cries:
'Tis done — they dare not meet his hawkish eyes —
For God help the wight that does not suit this man,
He'll feel the effects of his severe rattan.

He overhauls them, arms, ears, face, and neck,
To see each part is clean, e'en to a speck,
And when found faultless, he calls each by name,
And to the officer reports the same,
Who glances his eye, his approbation shows,
Bids them dismiss, and thus this scene doth close. —
Eight bells have struck; you see each berth-deck cook
Hurrying along, importance in his look,
With scalding tea or *scouse* in either hand,
Elbowing all who in his pathway stand.
Breakfast is piped, the drum's inspiring roll
Is heard with rapture by each tippling soul,
Who in a hurry to the grog-tub drives,
Impatient till his turn to drink arrives.
Amongst this crowd you hear the apt remark
On the great joys of drinking, by some spark
Who praises, in uncouth eloquence, the use
Of the enlivening bacchanalian juice,
And not one voice amongst this general hum
But what will praise the qualities of rum.
The grog is served out, each one is snugly sat
At his repast, in gay and friendly chat,
Whilst the consid'rate cook, with smiling face,
Presides o'er the mess with quite a matron's grace;
"Messmates," he cries, "mind, make no grease on deck,
For I've got orders, if I find one speck,
To report whoever makes it; so, you see,
If such a thing occurs, do not blame me."
"Quite right," they all reply, "no grease we'll make,
Whoever does, his *licking* let him take."
Hark! hark! the boatswain's pipe again doth sound,
And there is breathless silence all around,
Who loudly proclaims, with all his voice's power,
That they must clean themselves in breakfast hour;
White hats, white frocks, and trowsers, every one
Must now, in haste, before two bells, put on.
This order, which is hoarsely echoed round,
Is followed by a low and humming sound —
Some disapproving in a smothered voice,
Condemning now the first lieutenant's choice,
For ordering *whites* in weather such as this,
When good blue jackets would not be amiss.
A rush is then made upon the deck below,
And crowds, with their bags, are hurrying to and fro;

And o'er the gun-deck, if you but glance your eye,
A motley scene of mirth you may espy:
"D——n all white clothes!" cries one with sullen brow,
"It is almost a *clincher* with me now,
For 'mongst my *panties*, and I've no small cluster,
I cannot find a pair that's fit for muster,
And 'tis no use, when you're catched foul, to say
That you have had for weeks past no *wash day*;
No, no, that cock won't fight — when they tell you
That you must clean in white, or black, or blue,
Why you must raise the *donnage;* how or where,
As long's you've got it, dam'me if they care."
Look further forward, you a couple see,
The eldest dressing the other in great glee,
Whose pouting lips and sulky mien express
That he is not quite suited with his dress:
"This frock's not fit to wear!" the youngster cries —
"'Tis good enough," the elder one replies;
"If you don't like it, you can let it be,
You will not get another one from me;
Come, stir yourself, you take quite long to dress,
Tie up the bag, and take it to the mess;
And if to-morrow you are so inclined,
We'll part our bags; — then try if you can find
Another *chummie*, who will prove to you
As I have proved — as constant and as true —
And when I've taken all belongs to me,
Your bag will look quite lank and slim, d'ye see."
The youngster hears these facts without reply,
Packs all the clothes away, alert and spry,
And by the kind exchange of looks, 'tis plain
That those two worthies are good friends again.
Further along, just view that sailor there,
Whose clothes are spread with so much studied care;
He does not appear to be at all in haste,
But o'erhauls each frock to find one to his taste,
And like unto a modern man of *ton*,
He scarcely knows which garment to put on.
That *covie* standing next, with bag so small,
He has got scarcely any clothes at all;
But as he says, "he always is on hand
Whatever *rig* the captain may command,
And as for a bag so heavy, that's all stuff,
For to lug up and down, mine's load enough;

And show me the man, although my wardrobe's slim,
Can say that I've not always been in trim;
And tho' 'bout my clothes I don't kick up a fluster,
I ne'er yet was stopped at *quarters* or at *muster*."
Thus pass'd the quick remark, the sarcasm sore,
Until the bags were stowed below once more;
And soon you might behold the pleasing sight
Of each one dressed in snowy, spotless white.
Look towards the galley; you perceive a crowd
Smoking and talking in a voice quite loud, —
With bright *Havana* or with humble *pipe*,
They puff away each meal-time in delight;
This is the frigate's *news room*, where you hear
Of all the events transpired both far and near —
Politics, stocks, the nation's rise and fall
Are here discussed with eagerness by all —
One, a Van Buren man, with might and main
Asserts that Martin will be chief again,
Whilst the opposing party loudly say
That Harrison's the man will gain the day;
Our frigate's movement, too, they know full well,
When we will sail, these worthies quick can tell,
And if you're anxious e'en to ascertain
When we Columbia's shores will see again,
Just ask the smokers, they can tell you more
Than e'en the captain or the commodore.
Further along, between the guns, you see,
Smoking their "Spanish wrappers" in great glee,
A literary group of three or four,
Discussing the merits of some novel o'er: —
"Have you read Marryatt's 'Phantom Ship' all through?"
Eagerly asks one of this book-learned crew:
"I have," is the reply, "and I must own,
In my opinion, it has not that tone
Of interest — nor the language half the zest
Of Simple, Faithful, Easy, or the rest."
"You're wrong, there, mate!" another tar breaks forth,
"Your criticism is not of any worth;
Your brain's too shallow, and your mind too small
For you to judge of works like those at all.
I've read the books you speak of with delight,
And *who* such a thrilling work but *him* could write!
God knows, from time to time, we've had enough
Of 'Flying Dutchmen' and such sort of stuff;

But *stale* as that yarn is, *his* all-powerful mind
Has with such *feeling* and such *plot* combined
The incidents, that many would look blue
If you but hinted that it was not true.
I'm sure I never thought 'twould come to pass
Have Marryatt's works reviewed by such an ass;
For, believe me, the gallant captain little thought,
When he launched forth those books with learning fraught,
That they'd be censured, and by such as you,
Amongst the smokers of a frigate's crew!"
Two bells have struck, the boatswain's pipe once more
Loudly proclaims the breakfast hour is o'er.
"All hands on deck," the master's mate now says,—
Each pipe's knocked out, they go their several ways.
The gun-deck sweepers now are on the alert,
And with their *swabs* and *brooms* they move expert —
Each has his part allotted of the deck,
Which he must free from every stain or speck;
For should the first lieutenant's falcon eye
A part neglected by those sweepers spy,
They need not plead — it is of no avail —
Next morn he'll *do them justice*, without fail.
Hark! hark! the drum now beats — this thrilling sound
Causes a general bustle all around, —
And every one alert and spry doth run
To reach, with all the haste he can, his gun;
Ranged up in order, in a line they stand,
With glittering, burnished cutlasses in hand;
Each bosom palpitates, each heart beats high,
Fearing their officer's all-searching eye
Should cast a disapproving glance on them,
And either their *bright-work* or their *dress* condemn;
Those who are faulty have one other chance
To undergo — the first lieutenant's glance —
Who will with patience their excuses hear,
And to each pleading lend a willing ear;
Some old *sea-lawyer* may by dint of *jaw*,
Find in his accusation some small flaw
Which he will harp on — and with ready knack,
By dint of speech, may this time save his *back*.
Others, who're thus arraigned day after day,
Patiently stand, and not a word will say,
Knowing that their excuses are in vain,
For they have made them o'er and o'er again.

Now, then, the decks present a busy scene,
Mechanics, artists, every gun between —
All are engaged at business of some sort,
E'en from the *pantry* to the *bridle-port.*
First on the starboard side we'll glance around,
For on the *gun-deck*, the larboard's sacred ground,
No speck of dirt must on *that* side be made,
For, like our Broadway, 'tis the promenade
Where you, in port, may see the beauteous fair
Moving along, with quite celestial air,
With some "gallant Lothario" of our ship,
Imbibing each word that drops from beauty's lip,
And, with the eloquence of Neptune's son,
Describing the movements of each pond'rous gun:
But to the *starboard*-side, — just cast your looks
Upon that screen that's pendent from the hooks,
And oftentimes proceeds from there such din
As makes you wonder what there was within;
This is the *middies*' school — how much they learn
I leave for abler judges to discern:
But let it not be thought that I have meant
That their professor is not competent;
No such a thing — we all are well aware
That his abilities are bright and fair,
And tho' but *young*, his tact and skill to teach
Hundreds, *more vain*, their life-time would not reach.
Between the other guns there's much more noise,
It is the school for our apprentice boys,
Who round the tables sit, with roguish smile,
Their minds intent on other things the while,—
Whilst their efficient tutor's standing near,
To be engaged in study all appear;
You see them with their pencil, slate, and book,
With downcast eyes and solemn, studious look,
But the first moment he withdraws his glance
They then commence to caper and to prance,
And in the *skylark*, pencil, book, and slate
Are all forgot, with fun they're so elate.
The Barber's shop will next attract your view,
Where you perceive a pleasant, motley crew,
Who round this *sanctorum* with great patience stand
Waiting, to come under the shaver's hand;
The operators they great tact display
In sending so quick "each new reap'd" face away;

And make their razors move with easy grace
Over each son of Neptune's sun-burnt face;
No flattering compliments are bandied o'er,
No "pray sit down sir" as it is ashore;
But in true sailor style you'll hear them say,
"Give us a scrape old fellow, quick's your play:"
"Whose turn is next?" the operators cry,
"'Tis mine! 'tis mine!" a dozen tars reply:
"Yours?" cries an old main-top man; "well done Jack,
I see of lying, you ain't lost the knack;
Why damme, man, you're not a moment here
And now you're trying to make things appear
As if your turn was next, you count too fast;"
"So 'tis!" a wag replies, "*next to the last.*"
"Patterson?" another cries, "I want a shave —
Not such as you to me last Wednesday gave,
For 'pon my soul, your razor was so dull
I thought my face was off at every pull;
And if you serve me that way any more,
I shan't forget you when the cruise is o'er:"
The barber cries, "just try it once again,
I'm sure *this* razor will not give you pain;
For when I've shaved you, I'll a wager make,
My very *establishment* I'll put at stake
You'll say it is the best and keenest blade
That e'er was on your face by barber laid."
You next see the Cooper, as you would ashore,
His *place* with staves and hoops quite lumbered o'er,
Converting, perhaps, the polished bone of whale
Into some tub of which he'll soon make sale,
The cash for which he's not the least afraid
Of getting, when the *grog money* is paid.
A Carpenter you may see in the *waist,*
Forming some fancy box with scrupulous taste,
Mounted with California's beauteous shell,
Which he can quick for ready money sell.
And close along side, you hear the Tinker's din,
Up to his eyes in copper, brass and tin,
Forming mayhap an article in haste
To please some officer's fastidious taste.
Glance forward, just abreast of the fore-hatch,
You see of Crispin's sons a jolly batch,
At work on *fenders, oars, pumps, boots* and *shoes,*
For not one *leathern* job will they refuse;

And they will try their best with *awl* and *end*
The *understandings* of our tars to mend.
The Tailors, they must not be left behind,
For we a more industrious set can't find
Than those three sons of *cabbage, shears* and *thread,*
Who seem to bow with meek submissive head
Unto the fate that binds them to their goose
On board a man-of-war, a three years' cruise.
Amongst the mechanic's noise, you also hear
The *dice-box* rattle harshly on the ear;
And in some private corner you may see
A silent group, perhaps of two or three,
Whose eager looks on every *throw* are bent,
Their very souls upon the game intent;
Dice are prohibited on board 'tis true,
But still you'll find amongst our hardy crew,
Some, who to dabble in this cursed art,
When all their *cash* is gone, will freely part
With *jackets*, *trowsers*, *frocks*, day after day,
Although their *backs* the forfeiture must pay.
On the *berth-deck*, just take a hasty look —
Where you will see each busy bustling cook
Fixing his mess-chest with a tasty air —
For well he knows the master-at-arms is there,
Whose hawk-like eye will any fault detect,
When he moves round the messes to inspect;
The pots and pans must in a fancy row
Upon the chest-lid and the bag-rack show!
And every spit-box, *must* be to the line,
The staves clean scraped, the hoops like silver shine;
And he whose mess should happen to displease —
With *sand* and *stone*, he's worked up by degrees.
Thus does the forenoon slowly pass away
Without a change — the same day after day;
Until the bell's loud clang has made it noon;
And then the boatswain and his mates, full soon,
Proclaim the noontide meal, both shrill and clear,
Which every one on board is pleased to hear.
The busy *bum-boats* now you see 'long side
With the good things of this life well supplied,
Comprising bread, eggs, milk, and savoury fish,
In fact, they've all a hungered man might wish.
Towards the boats you see a rushing crowd
Elbowing their way along with outcry loud;

And though the master-at-arms is standing by
Watching the traffic with attentive eye,
To see each article is cheaply sold,
And that there's justice done to young and old;
Yet still our tars don't mind his presence now —
But onward jostle with no little row;
And they will leap each other's heads upon,
To reach the boat before the *liver's* gone:
And now this motley scene is rife with noise —
'Tween sailors, natives, bum-boat men, and boys —
Some wanting sweet potatoes, others fruit,
Milk, eggs, and bread, they know not which will suit;
Whilst Hill and Antonio, quite bewildered stand
Amongst the group, so quick is each demand.
Now then, one bell has struck, the dinner's o'er —
You see the smokers at their post once more,
With well filled pipe, puffing their cares away,
Concerned at nought beyond the present day.
Perceive that little cluster standing there —
Who move about with such fantastic air,
One laying down some knotty argument,
To which the rest are listening all intent,
Concerning perhaps some *farce* of little worth
Which he would wish next time to be brought forth;
Those are our *Thespians* — who with all their faults
Have had the luck to please our "hard old salts,"
Who to every night's performance will repair
Upon the quarter-deck — you'll see them there
Waiting with silent patience, happy souls,
To applaud some scene of Shakespeare or of Knowles;
And who next morn' with oaths, will stout advance,
That to *our* lads, *Kean* ain't a circumstance.
One *sea built* Roscius says he will not stoop
To play such minor parts upon the *poop*
As they shoved on to him the night before,
He is determined to stand this no more;
"I know my worth," he cries with curious leer, —
"Let me in some deep tragedy appear,
And then you all will have a chance to judge
Whether my playing is but empty fudge."
Another comes with looks of sore distress,
And says he is not suited with his dress;
"As for the coat, I wore it twice before —
My God! don't let me wear it any more;

It will just suit the *darkie* in the song,
For he with any thing can get along:"
One wants a pair of *tights* to fit him neat,
And then he says *he* will be all complete;
Another wants a wig or he can't play,
He don't care a cent be it black white or gray;
And then a youngster, stage-struck 'mongst the rest,
Comes to the *manager* with his request
Concerning *curls* his simple head to deck,
Besides some *beads* to ornament his neck.
Argument now occurs amongst the group
'Bout who's the tip-top player on the *poop*,
Or who's the fittest person to install
As guardian of the wardrobe, scenes and all.
That, oh! immortal Shakspeare, could you view
The green-room wranglings of this Thespian crew,
And hear how certain ones your verse besmears,
You'd in a passion slit the asses' ears.
Near to the Thespians, just between the guns,
Behold that noisy crowd of Neptune's sons
Surrounding a tar who's trying to unfold
The news from Bennett's Herald *six months old.*
"Here 'tis," the *quidnunc* cries with great delight,
"Here's the war, my lads, in black and white;
The boys down east they say they'll never flinch,
And of the land they won't give up one inch;
Though Johnny Bull may bluster 'cross the main,
They think there able to *hook on again:*"
"Well, let it come," cries a hard-weather tar,
"I am not one that *wishes* for a war,
But if so be this proves to be a fact,
Why, lads, we know how we will have to act.
We've got a noble ship, that's one look out,
And she *last* war has weathered many a bout;
And with her present officers and crew
We'll show Columbia what she *now* can do;
I'm sure there's not a soul who mans a gun
Will, in close action, from his quarters run
Whilst there's a grain left in the magazine
Or they can wield a pike or cutlass keen;
No, no, give us but half a chance, I'll bet
They'll find 'Old Ironsides' is living yet."
"I cannot believe it true," another cries,
"I think 'tis nothing else but a surmise;

Some simple, hot-brained editorial goat
For want of news has set this yarn afloat
To turn the money market to his bent
Or set the *quidnuncs* on a foolish scent;
In Congress now there's too much sterling sense
To draw the sword on such a slight pretence,
And also, shipmates, the opinion's mine,
None of them know which *is the boundary line*."
"You're right there, Bob," breaks forth a hard old tar
Whose sun-burn'd face was seamed with many a scar,
"I believe myself they *both* are in the dark
About which is the proper line or mark;
For Jefferson when he was living said
That many would be into error led
About it, and would find it hard to trace
In after years the exact or certain place.
Still the down-easters I don't blame a mite,
I glory in a man to have his right;
For should they give up this to Britain's grasp,
No doubt but Johnny Bull would try and clasp
His eager hands upon some other spot
When he'd perceive how *slick* the first was got.
Another thing, mates, our neighbour Johnny Bull,
As I have heard, has got his hands quite full;
To China he has sent a smashing fleet
And thinks with little trouble to defeat
The Chinese nation; — but I say for one
He'll find that thing easier *said* than *done*.
Then there's the Russians, they are standing by,
They'll want to have a finger in the pie,
And Britain with both eyes must look around
To keep her from gaining any 'vantage ground;
So that you see in midst of all this fuss
John Bull is foolish to hook on to us."
Thus in their uncouth style gave forth each tar
Their sage opinions on the expected war,
Until the boatswain's voice, austere and loud,
Calling "all hands," dispersed this motley crowd. —
Upon the upper deck we'll take a view,
Where you perceive almost the whole ship's crew;
Some are at work and some engaged at play
Striving to while the afternoon away:
Behold that customer with clothes-bag, there,
O'erhauling each article with rigid care;

See what a heap of *donnage* snowy-white
He has spread out before his eager sight,
And should he chance some worthless piece to spy
Or some torn frock or trowsers meet his eye,
The articles aside are quickly laid
To be made whole by thread and needle's aid.
In either gangway bend your willing gaze,
You see each group employed in various ways —
One you perceive encircled by a crowd
Reading a "Sun" or "Weekly Herald" loud,
His eager auditors quite mute and still
With oped mouth swallowing of news their fill.
Near yonder gun sits an industrious blade
With all the *et ceteras* of a tailor's trade,
Working a collar for some graceless wight
Who in a bit of *flash* takes great delight;
Upon it flags and stars of every hue
And parti-coloured eagles meet the view,
On which the owner bends his ardent gaze,
Giving the fancy workman every praise.
Here you perceive a weather-beaten tar
At work upon a tiny man-of-war,
Reeving each piece of rigging in its place
With all a perfect sailor's tact and grace,
Crossing each yard and fidding every mast
So exact, that should a connoisseur but cast
His glance upon the work, he could not cry
That either her hull or spars were lubberly.
Further along, snugly between the guns,
You see a few of Morpheus's sons
Who're striving hard with all their utmost might
To make up for the shortness of the night,
And spite of the hubbub that is all around
With seeming zest they're slumbering quite profound.
Hark! on the forecastle you hear a noise
Proceeding from our gay apprentice boys,
Who in a *skylark* pass the time away,
Their faces beaming smiles, their spirits gay;
No trouble seems to weigh upon their breast,
Their every moment flies with happy zest;
As they their gambols through the ship pursue
They appear the happiest of our happy crew.
The crafty gamblers are again on hand,
Around whom crowds of pleased spectators stand

In mute attention and with eager eye
Watching the issue of the fatal die,
Whilst the deluded gamester peers around
With quickened glance upon the slightest sound;
For should an officer the group detect,
They know the penalty they may expect.
The bell strikes eight — clear up the deck's the cry,
To grasp their brooms the sweepers quickly fly;
The industrious ones they put their work away
To be resumed again the coming day;
The rattle of the dice-box now is still,
The youngsters of their games have had their fill;
And as the shrilly whistle, sweepers call,
It puts an end to play or work 'mongst all.
Hear how the sons of Somnus grumble deep
Because the sweepers rouse them from their sleep;
They look around with dull and vacant stare
And in their peevish anger roundly swear.
Supper is piped and quickly hurried o'er
And through the ship you hear a loud uproar,
For at the twilight hour each one you see
Is moving o'er the decks with sprightly glee,
Pursuing their gambols with a lightsome heart,
In which both old and young alike take part;
And on each face appears some spark of joy
From the aged mastman to the messenger boy.
Whilst the're pursuing their wild gambols round
The "shrilly whistles" through the ship resound,
And "stand by your hammocks" now re-echoes loud,
Which quick disperses all the joyous crowd;
In rapid haste they down the ladders go,
On every deck they're hurrying to and fro,
Each one engaged with quite a busy face
Arranging his hammock in its proper place;
Some of our older salts they quick turn in
To escape the uproar and the noisy din
That now proceeds from 'tween the forward guns,
Where you perceive a crowd of Ocean's sons
Pursuing still their noisy mirth around,
The whole main-deck re-echoing with the sound.
Behold that *coterie* assembled there
With smiling faces quite devoid of care,
Trolling the merry song night after night,
To which their audience listen with delight;

And thus do they pass the heavy time away,
Their bosoms always light, their spirits gay.
Further along a pleasant circle's sat
Beguiling the time in joyous friendly chat,
Narrating some *jeu d'esprit* with easy grace
Or fearful spectral tale with serious face,
To be absorbed in which the group appear,
And to each "yarn" they lend a willing ear.
A veteran tar will sometimes join the crowd
And tell the listeners in a voice quite loud
How he the scorching heat of Afric braved
Or round him icy perils Northward raved;
How he has felt the fearful thrilling shock
When his frail ship was dashed upon the rock;
Describing the savage coast, the barren sands,
The dangerous reefs he's 'scaped in foreign lands;
How the tornado, or the fierce typhoon,
The fatal whirlwind or the curs'd monsoon
Assailed his hapless bark at divers times
When seeking his fortune in far distant climes.
Thus do they bellow forth the merry song
Or pass the jest or anecdote along,
Until the rattle of the fife and drum
On the spar-deck soon drowns the busy hum;
And as the bell strikes eight, the cannon's sound
Among the adjacent hills does loud resound,
The crowd disperses and the tar he goes
With quickened step to seek his calm repose;
And save the watchful sentinel's slow tread
The gallant ship's as silent as the dead;
And now the tar, fatigued with work or play,
Is calmly sleeping all his cares away;
Dreaming perhaps of home's endearing ties
And thinking he sees before his eager eyes
The loving parent, or the blushing maid
Who first with guileless smile his heart betray'd;
And thus does the wanderer on the mighty deep
In his rude couch enjoy his tranquil sleep,
Until the Boatswain's pipe once more will sound
To break again his slumbers so profound.

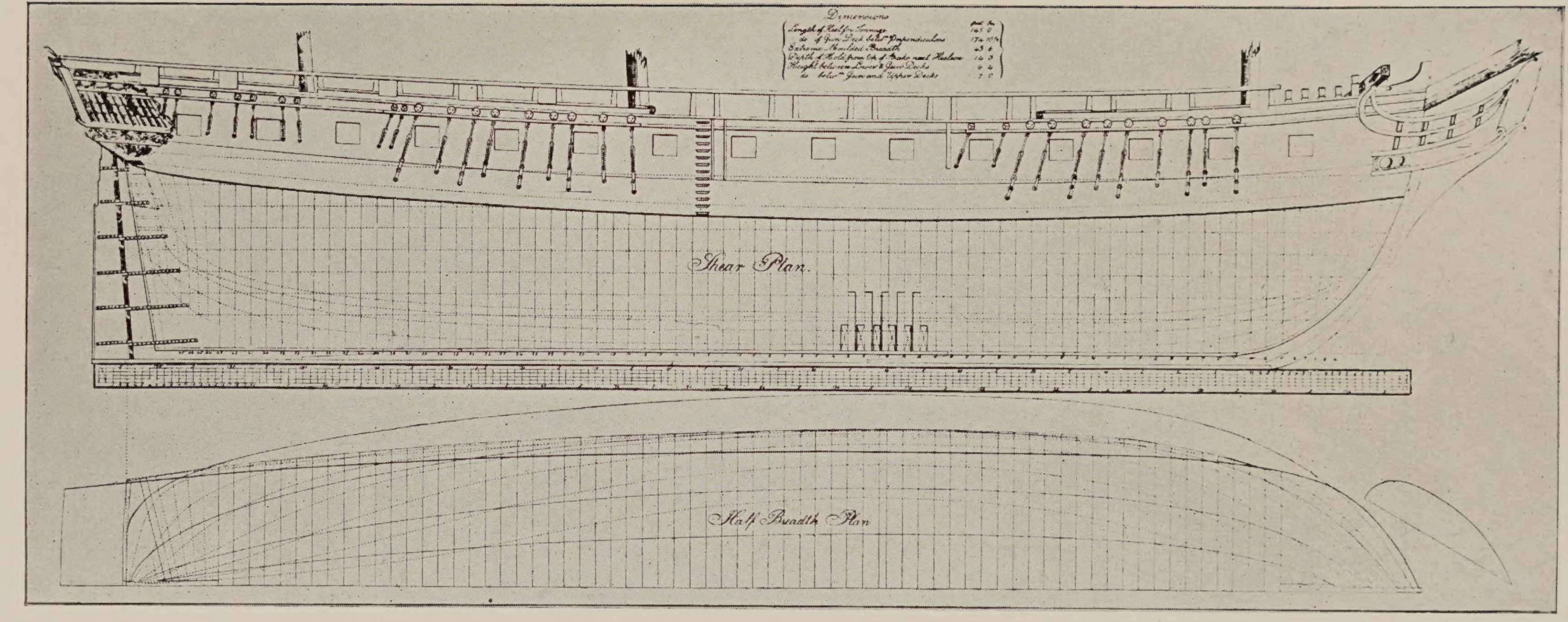
THE LITERARY TARS

"Ships are but boards, sailors but men —
There be land rats and water rats."

READER! don't spoil your pretty countenance with a sneer, nor turn up your nose with disgust, at the title of this sketch. — Methinks I hear you with a *pish* exclaim, "Literary Tars — quotha, upon my word the Belles Lettres are becoming fearfully defiled, when the wild, reckless sailor, ruffles the leaves with his clumsy and tar-besmeared fingers." But the bard of Avon says, in the above motto, that "there are water rats as well as land rats;" why then should it be considered a strange or unaccountable coincidence if we had our book-worms on the forecastle of a tight Yankee frigate, as well as in the boudoir or the drawing-room. — The "march of mind" is abroad, and making rapid strides in both the hemispheres; why then should it not on its journey take a sly peep amongst the worthies of a man-of-war? why should not the wanderer on the mighty deep, as well as the sojourner on *terra firma*, hail with feelings of delight, the appearance of a sheet filled with the soul-thrilling poetry of the inestimable Moore, or the quaint, racy prose of the inimitable Dickens.

When sailing on the boundless Ocean for weeks and weeks together, each day bringing forth the same dull, unvaried round of employment; the same tiresome monotony still pervading the scene; what can be a greater resource to help to dispel the foul fiend *ennui*, than the interesting or amusing volume; it is at a time like this, the unsophisticated tar pores over with pleasurable feelings the pages of history, or imbibes, with heated imagination, the melting pathos of some of our beautiful modern poets. Who will say then, that some of the inmates of a vessel-of-war do not thirst after literature? To illustrate the fact, just glance your eye along our ships' decks when lying in port; under the break of the poop you may observe a group of mizen-topmen, eagerly listening to some more talented shipmate, who, with voice and effect worthy the subject, is reading aloud passages from one of the splendid and romantic poems of the celebrated Byron: — In the larboard gangway a crowd are assembled, distorting their risible muscles at the trying though ludicrous scenes in Marryatt's Jacob Faithful or Midshipman Easy: — Again, on the starboard side amongst the main-topmen, a little *coterie* are gathered together, wrapped in profound silence, every ear intent, with open mouth, swallowing some of Cooper's thrilling descriptions of nautical life, or digesting the eccentricities of Scott's liquor-loving Peter Peebles, or the original and trite remarks of Boz's inimitable Sam Weller; and even the hard old salts on the forecastle, with the bronze of every climate upon their furrowed cheeks, are huddled together around the *trunk*, hearing, with enthusiastic imagination and eyes beaming with delight, some lettered "sheet-anchor-man" describe the glorious exploits and brilliant achievements of Columbia's ships in the last war.

Whilst we lay in New York, three or four hundred volumes were purchased, comprising the whole of the Family Library; the works of Scott, Marryatt, Cooper, Irving, Bulwer, &c.; and when the circumstance was made known throughout the ship, the greater part of our jolly tars came forward with avidity and subscribed their mites towards repaying the purchase money, and felt pleased to think that they had now in their possession a stock of intellectual food to beguile the heavy tediousness of the cruise, or to refresh their thirst for mental acquirements. The little collection of books was put under charge of the ship's Yeoman, in the fore-passage, and there remained until the multiplied duties generally attending a vessel-of-war upon the commencement of a foreign cruise, had in some measure subsided, — and the first Sunday the news flew through the ship that books were about to be issued, an all-impatient crowd immediately surrounded the ladders leading to the fore-passage, and a scene of uproar and confusion, laughable in the extreme, took place. The several volumes had been numbered, and the titles placed on a catalogue, which was forcibly dragged from one to the other, the weakest going to the wall, to ascertain what books



Dimensions
Feet In.
Length of Keel for Tonnage 145 0
do of Gun Deck betw. Perpendiculars 174 10½
Extreme Moulded Breadth 43 6
Depth of Hold from top of Beam and Keelson 14 3
Height between Lower & Gun Decks 6 4
do betw. Gun and Upper Decks 7 0
Shear Plan.
Half Breadth Plan

SHEER AND HALF-BREADTH PLANS OF THE CONSTITUTION

were below that might suit their several tastes; and if the Yeoman had'nt his hands full, to try and keep peace and endeavour to satisfy the clamorous demands of all parties, I wonder at it.

There was a soft-pated "Johnny Raw," a steady cook on the berth-deck, with scarcely sense enough to know which was *banyan* day, loudly vociferating for number one hundred and sixty, which, as soon as presented, proved to be an essay on conchology; he carried it off at all events, triumphantly, though whether he could read the title page or not, I have my doubts. Next came a light hearted *harum-scarum* fore-topman, up to all manner of mischief, with an eye even at this time seeking for a fit object amongst the crowd to play his intolerable pranks upon; he called for anything at all to pass the time away, number two hundred and four would answer as well as any, 'twas his ship's number, and therefore he chose it: the number in question was brought up, and our fore-topman stalked off with Mason Good's Book of Nature under his arm, to edify himself and the worthies of the larboard gangway.

Now came pushing through the crowd an old veteran mastman of some fifty winters, enquiring for one of Marryatt's nautical novels; the work requested — a little pocket edition — was passed up, which the old Triton eagerly grabbed. "Po, po!" cried the pragmatical Bill Garnet, who, as a matter of course could not absent himself on this particular occasion: "That book is too small altogether for old Grummet; pass him up the *largest* bible you've got, he only wants it for a *pillow* to lay his head on between the guns this afternoon — don't you see the *snatch-blocks* that he's been used to this some time back have *chafed* all the hair off the top of his head." "I know how to *keep* a book as it ought to be, and that's more than you do, Mr. Garnet," replied the man of the mast, a little fretted at Bill's allusion to his somnolency — for which he was remarkable. "I have good reason to know that, old boy," cried Garnet with a knowing leer, "for them song books of mine I lent you three months ago, you are *keeping* so slick that I never expect to see them again;" this remark of Garnet's caused a laugh all round the crowd, and Grummet took his departure without making a reply. One of the galley cooks now popped his curly head amongst the assemblage, and asked in quite a polite style for Moore's "Loves of the Angels." "Never mind," cried Flukes, the main-top wag — "I've got Sittin on a Rail and Gumbo Squash in my *ditty-bag* I can let you have, they will answer you just the same; you will be more at *home* with them at all events." "I'd have you to understand," replied the "coloured gemman" — his lips thickening and his nose dilating with anger, "that I don't read such foolish stupid stuff as you have just mentioned — nothing less than Moore or Byron in the shape of poetry do I think palatable; and when I read prose, always give me a philosophical treatise; I always like something *heavy* to digest." "Then that *duff* that we had for dinner in our mess to-day would just suit you to a *ravelling*," remarked Pat Bradley, "for in my opinion, it was as *hard* and as *heavy* as a thirty-two pound shot — that would sit *solid* enough on your stomach, I tell you."

"I'd advise Snowball to get an essay on the rudiments of *coffee-making*," chimed in Garnet, "for the d——d stuff he sold me yesterday was like so much bilge-water; look out for yourself if you come that *load* over me again, I'll *capsize* your *apple-cart* for you;" this twittering on facts caused the *darkie* to disappear pretty quick, for he knew Garnet was a fellow not to be tampered with. A wild scamp of a mizen-topman now sung out lustily for some book or another; "you know what will suit me," he remarked to the Yeoman; "Yes! yes!" cried Flukes, "pass him up the Youth's easy road to the Gallows; that will fit him exactly. "Now in my opinion," cried Bradley, "he knows the course and distance there as well as our sailing-master does the course and distance from Callao to Valparaiso; I'm sure if he only follows his *nose* right ahead as he's steering now, he'll hit the mark before he is thirty." This caused a laugh at the expense of the mizen-topman, which was interrupted by the ships barber enquiring at a hazard for number one hundred and twenty; it was passed up to him and proved to be a Treatise on Physiology; "my gracious!" cried the man of soap-suds, "this is too *dull* altogether for me." — "Then it's exactly like your *razors*, Patterson," remarked Garnet; for he was determined to have a rap at the poor shaver some how or another. "Here's a first-rate work on Phlebotomy you can have," remarked Flukes, "'twill answer you to a hair." "In what manner will that answer me?" enquired the barber. "Why you know phlebotomy means *blood-letting*," continued the main-top wag; "and I'm sure every time you take a *razor* in hand, you do plenty of that work; now this might teach you to scarify a man's countenance on quite a new principle." The poor barber could'nt stomach this *innuendo* at all; it *cut* him too close; and finding the main-topman was too *keen* a *blade* to handle — his wit having too *sharp* an *edge*, he quickly made himself scarce, fearing a second attack.

The crowd now began gradually to disappear from around the ladders, in fact the greater part of the books were served out; and in every part of the ship, from the old weather-beaten quarter-gunner to the youthful, interesting messenger boy, all might be perceived pouring over some volume, with a face as demure and lengthened as a well fed limb of the law when perusing a brief upon which great expectations rested; and on this evening in particular, our lads might well be called "literary tars."

THE BOILED MESS-CLOTH

A TALE

When I was young, I heard folks say,
"That something new came every day;"
And this age we at present move in,
Is wonderfully fast improving.
Some years ago, if you'd made mention
About each present new invention,
How *cars* would fly along the road
With an enormous heavy load,
Propelled by nothing else but *steam;*
Good Lord! they'd thought it all a dream:
And mention but an *air-balloon*
You've seen fly *almost* to the moon,
You'd soon been brought to task severely,
And as a wizard, punished dearly:
E'en in our ship, amongst our crew,
Why every day there's something new;
And I of an incident will tell,
That board our frigate late befel.
We had amongst our crew, a spark
Who foremost was in every lark,
A comic, witty, jocund wight,
Who in each mischief took delight;
A berth-deck cook he chanced to be,
And all his mess-mates plain could see,
Though he was wild as any hare,
Of his mess he took the greatest care —
He fed them high on *scouse* and *fish,*
(What better *grub* could any wish,)
And scarce a meal but what he'd raise
Some extra dish deserving praise:
They eulogised him o'er and o'er,
And such a cook they stoutly swore
They never in their lives had seen,
For cooking *grub* so choice and clean.
Our wag, he chuckled at their praise,
Their admiration more to raise;
He told them next day, please the Lord,
He'd bring a mess upon the board

The like they'd never seen before
Either on shipboard or on shore.
This dear announcement gave delight,
Each mess-mate's eye it sparkled bright,
And all had something to express
Concerning next day's coming mess: —
"What can our cook have got?" cries one,
"That he does boast so much upon,
I'll bet a dollar bill or more
He's got a dinner from the shore,
Some roasted pork, or beef-steak pie,
Or of good sausages a *fry;*
But we to-morrow will find out
What 'tis he's talked so much about."
"Why," cried another of the mess,
"I'm certain I can almost guess
What he to-morrow will produce;
'Twill be a turkey or a goose,
Or perhaps some savoury leg of veal;
(My mouth is watering *now* I feel;)
'Tis something *extra* though, I'll bet,
For he has never failed us yet: —
So patience 'till to-morrow night,
I'm sure he will surprise us quite."
And so he did: next day came round,
When all the mess-mates might be found
With open and well-sharpened knives,
Impatient 'till the cook arrives;
The salt beef, that is untouched quite;
For why? 'twould spoil their appetite;
And who'd not leave *salt junk* behind,
When they a daintier dish could find.
At length the waggish cook draws nigh;
With humour twinkling in each eye
He lays the *mess-cloth* at their feet,
And bids them all commence and eat: —
"Eat what?" cries one, "where's this *tuck out*
That you made such a fuss about?
You yesterday said o'er and o'er,
You'd have a mess *ne'er seen before;*
For my part, I see nothing here
Except the same old *Tuesday's cheer*
Which I have seen times out of mind —
And for *salt horse* I'm not inclined."

"Why," cries the cook, "I told you true,
And *here* is what I promised you;
This *mess-cloth,* it is *boiled* full well,
That all the galley cooks can tell,
For fearing it would not be cooked right,
'Twas in the *coppers* all the night;
So I hope you'll all allow with me,
That *this* is a dish you *seldom* see:—
But come, don't let it cloud your brows,
Let's eat what *Uncle Sam* allows,
And perhaps to-morrow I may raise
A mess that you will not dispraise;
So let's shove the *mess-cloth* out of sight,
I see it don't suit your appetite."
This was enough; the mess-mates now—
Who stood before with sullen brow,
When they perceived the dainty dish
For which they'd such an anxious wish,
Had disappeared as in a cloud,—
Broke forth in laughter long and loud,
And swore that tho' the waggish wight
Had tampered with their appetite,
They would forgive him for the trick,
He played it off so neat and *slick.*

AUCTION ON SHIPBOARD

"What doth it cost? — Not much, upon my word.
How much, pray? — Why two-pence. Two-pence? O Lord!"

A SOJOURNER on *terra firma* can form but a small idea of the curious and laughable scenes that take place almost daily on board of a man-of-war; for from the time the light-hearted tar first springs from his hammock, at the boatswain's shrill summons, until the watchful sentinel responds to the clang of one bell at night, he is on the *qui vive*, and hails with rapturous delight any little incident, however frivolous in itself, that may help to add variety to his monotonous occupation. There cannot be a more systematic creature than a thorough man-of-war's-man; the routine of his duty is the same day after day, week after week, month after month: you may see him before breakfast, with his broom in hand, indefatigably scrubbing the same spot of deck which he has scrubbed on every morning, incessantly for two or perhaps three years before; afterwards, you may observe him with his canvass rag and a moiety of a Bristol brick, putting a gloss on some cutlass or screw, which articles, were they sensible of the touch, would have tangible demonstration every morning at the same hour, that they were not forgotten by him; and save when the washing of clothes, or scrubbing of hammocks, occasionally intervene, he is similarly occupied day after day 'till the end of the cruise: — Such being the case, no wonder then poor Jack is half frantic with delight when he steps his foot on shore; no wonder his over-flowing heart carries him into excesses which the sage moralizer fearfully condemns; he is like a forest bird escaped from the cage, warbling his note of gratulation from place to place, looking on the sunny side of every object, little dreaming but what he will soon be again an inmate of the prison he has just vacated.

To beguile the monotony that hangs like an incubus upon him, the sailor has recourse to divers methods; the merry song, the romantic tale, the facetious anecdote, are all brought in force to kill this foul fiend *ennui;* and when a theatrical representation takes place, or a batch of six-months-old newspapers go the round of the ship, they furnish a topic for conversation and discussion at least for a month. Among the many scenes on board a man-of-war that appear to engross the attention of all, "an auction" holds a distinguished place; when the announcement is made, every one flies with eagerness and alacrity to join the scene, not so much for the purpose of purchasing, as to enjoy the racy and quaint remarks of the ship's wags, who on this occasion collect all their fund of witticism and *bon mot*, to be levelled indiscriminately at every one present: — The articles to be disposed of, consist of the clothes and bedding of some poor fellows who have paid the debt of nature, or of those who may have thought proper, as our tars express it, "to give the ship a wide berth and go on their own hook." I have been present at several of these affairs, but will merely advert to one that took place whilst we lay in Callao.

It was a lovely afternoon in the month of July, our old frigate had just returned from a cruise, and save and except hoisting in occasionally a few casks of water, or our allowance of fresh beef and vegetables, our happy tars had nothing at all to do after the nine o'clock inspection; the yards were uniformly squared, and each piece of rigging systematically hauled taut, under the directions of our knowledgeable and efficient boatswain; the capacious awnings were ready spread fore and aft, imparting a refreshing coolness along the spar-deck; the *belaying-pins*, *monkey-tails*, *screws*, and all the other *bright-work*, wore an appearance that might compete with Rogers' most superior cutlery; in fact, every article about the deck was arranged with the neatest precision and accuracy, and "Old Ironsides," both inside and out, could present to the gaze of a stranger, as complete a floating structure of precise elegance and exact regularity, as any ship that ever danced over the bounding billow. Groups of light-hearted sailors might be observed scattered about the decks in glorious confusion, some killing time with the assistance of chequer or back-gammon boards; others (though in opposition to the strictest orders of the service) throwing the fatal and cursed dice with all a determined gambler's anxiety, and hazarding their last cent, or perhaps some indispensable article of their wardrobe on the chance of a single *throw.* — Further along you might perceive a bevy of *quidnuncs*, who, "all ear," are swallowing copious draughts of news from "Brother Jonathan" or "Bennett's Herald," six or eight months old, which one of the party reads aloud occasionally, setting pronunciation at defiance altogether: others of a thrifty disposition, you might observe with the contents of their bags spread before them, "o'erhauling each piece with scrupulous care," and laying those aside that "honoured age" might chance to have made inroads upon, to undergo an operation of the needle and thread as soon as convenient; and again, along the larboard gangway, or between the guns on the forecastle, the sons of Morpheus might be seen, stretched out at their full length, enjoying their tranquil slumbers upon the hard planks, with that seeming ease and relish denied to hundreds on costly and luxurious couches.

In the midst of this scene which I have endeavoured, but feebly, to describe, the purser's steward ascended one of the ladders leading to the spar-deck, followed by two or three of his deputies bearing on their shoulders four or five bags and hammocks, which were to be disposed of at public sale, for the benefit of whom it might concern; and close behind came our master-at-arms, the *pro tem* auctioneer, smirking and sideling like a boarding-school Miss about to be led to the altar, "nothing loath." The boatswain's mate now loudly vociferated that an auction was about to take place — the sound was electric; — the *literary* character who was reading the columns of the Herald to his attentive auditors, hastily stowed the journal away in his hat (that receptacle of a sailor for almost every thing,) and joined the crowd that was now every moment augmenting around the main-mast; the chequer players left their *kings* to govern the *subjects* on the board until their return; the barber left the last occupier of his chair with a face bedaubed with lather, either to wait patiently until he would again condescend to take him by the nose, or else join the throng again despite the soap-suds; — the sleepers (and nothing else in creation save the roll for grog could rouse them from their lethargy,) started on their feet, rubbed their eyes, and with a smile of approbation wended their way to the scene of business; even those of the doctor's patients who were anything like convalescent — the grim and curly-headed knights of the gridiron and fryingpan, ycleped galley-cooks — the old veteran tar of sixty winters, with the tinge of eastern suns upon his rough countenance — the rigid and precise marine fully accoutred, and the interesting apprentice boy with his youthful countenance glowing with the rosy tint of health, and his eye sparkling with roguish delight, were all elbowing their way along to join this motley assemblage; in fact, it was a scene which the pencil of Cruikshank or the pen of Marryatt could alone adequately pourtray.

Silence being "had and obtained," the contents of one of the bags were displayed before the eager eyes of the impatient crowd; and as the different articles met their view, they called forth the praise or condemnation of our tars, as they appeared to suit their several tastes. The temporary salesman now held up between his finger and thum, a couple of duck frocks, which no doubt were once white, but which in the present instance for want of occasional ablutions, appeared of a complete dingy hue. "Now then to begin with," broke forth the man of sales, "here I present to this discriminating assemblage those two frocks; they are an elegant article, certainly a little scrubbing to be sure would'nt hurt them much; come give me a bid." — "Faith you're out of your latitude there, master-at-arms," remarked Pat Bradley, the main-topman, and an unsophisticated son of the land of potatoes, and the oracle of the starboard gangway — "You're out of your latitude there I tell you when you say a little scrubbing would'nt hurt 'em, for by the looks of them, one touch of the softest brush in the ship would put them in such a condition that you would'nt know which *hole* your head went through." "Oh never mind that," continued the auctioneer; "give us a bid." "If you'll put three pound of soap up with them," chimed in a mizen-topman; "I'll give you twenty-five cents to begin with." "If you want to get them off to advantage," remarked Bill Garnet, who, to give greater force to his observations, had perched himself on the main-topsail-sheet bitts, high above the heads of the crowd; and with an eye twinkling with fun and mischief, looked down on the scene with perfect *nonchalance*—"If you want to get them off to advantage," proceeded the wag, "you'd better sell them by *weight*, they'll fetch something handsome then I imagine, if you get but a cent a pound —for to my thinking there's seventy weight of dirt on each of them;" thus were those two duck frocks made the theme of witticism and remark, until they were at last knocked down to an old forecastle-man for forty-five cents.

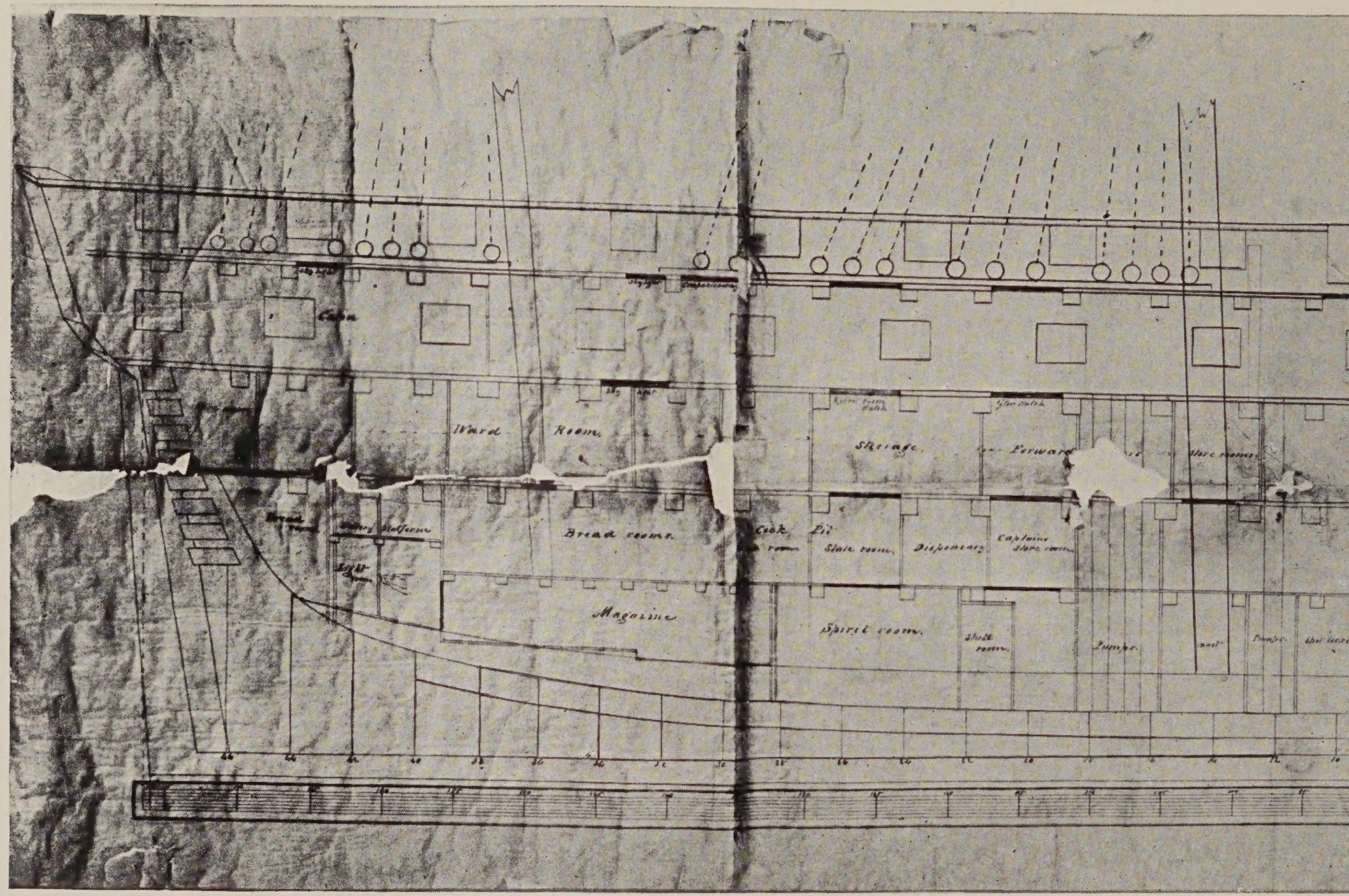
"Now then," continued the doubly obliging man of the hammer, "here's a comfortable pea-jacket, well calculated to keep one warm of a night-watch at sea." "Why don't you call it a *ventilator* at once?" remarked Bradley — "I see it's already supplied with *port-holes* to let the *fresh air in;* my eyes! it would be a comfortable thing, as you say, with two watches in the *lee-scuppers*, on some night such as we've had doubling the Cape; 'twould be almost as good as a *herring-net* to keep the weather off; it would give me the fever and ague of a rainy night to look at it, much less to put it on." "Come," cried the auctioneer, "what shall I do with it?" "Chuck it overboard," responded Garnet; "'twill make a good meal for the mackerel alongside; there's grease enough on it to fat down all our masts for a month to come." "Oh come!" continued the master-at-arms, somewhat impatiently, "say something." "Well then," vociferated an old mastman, "I say, heave that old jacket to h—ll, and put up something worth looking at." This was a clincher, the article in question was thrown aside, and in a moment a dozen jack-knives were cutting it into all sort of shapes, for polishing rags, for hats, bright-work, &c. The auctioneer now produced a rusty looking pair of sea boots, which he held up to the gaze of the crowd with a smile of triumph! "Well," continued he, "I believe here's something will fetch a nice round price, those are the fellows to keep your feet warm and dry, on a winter's coast, — what ought I have on them?" "Why in my opinion," remarked Firehawk, the nigger songster, and the Joe Miller of the fore-topman's gangway — "You ought to have *new soles and heels on them,* before you'd attempt to shove them off." "Aye," chimed in Garnet, "and then with a new pair of *uppers,* they might pass amongst a crowd." These little witticisms caused a hearty laugh all round, but did not appear to disconcert the salesman in the least, for he joined in it himself, and by that means raised a bid on the boots. "Fifty cents," cried a main-holder; "seventy-five; eighty," cried four or five voices at once; "one dollar," cried Firehawk; "gone," cries the auctioneer, "they're yours;" and they were accordingly knocked down to the fore-topman. "What did you buy them precious old things for?" inquired a quarter-master of our Joe Miller, as he perceived him viewing the well-worn soles of the articles in question very attentively. "Why just to try an experiment in cold weather washing decks," answered Firehawk. "What! to see if they'll keep your feet dry?" interrupted three or four tars, with a hearty laugh; "no indeed," replied our nigger songster, "I've been thinking a long time how a fellow could possibly wash his feet of mornings, without the trouble of taking his shoes and stockings off; now you see I've only to put those boots on when I turn out, and before six buckets of water are thrown, I'll bet my supper-grog against a pan of *scouse,* that my feet will be as nicely washed as yours, that may be dabbling about with your legs bare to the knees." This explanation, given in his own peculiar ludicrous style, caused another roar of laughter, and our hero walked off triumphantly with the old boots, saying that he would'nt take two dollars for his bargain. "Here's a nice *uniform* mustering jacket, give me a bid." "What do you call that a *uniform* jacket for?" enquired a quarter-gunner; "Why!" replied Bradley, "don't you see, because it's got buttons on one side and none at all on the other:" "No it ain't," remarked our friend Garnet, from the bitts, "'tis because its got a patch on each elbow, and each cuff is half torn off; that's uniform I'm sure; but come," he continued, "I'll give you thirty-seven and a half cents, and knock it down, I want some cleaning rags." It was accordingly knocked down to Garnet, for nobody would over-bid him. Thus while the sale continued, was the *bon mot* and *repartee* bandied about, the auctioneer occasionally coming in for his share, until the empty bags and hammocks were all that remained of the articles brought upon deck. The *pro tem* salesman *clapped a stopper* on his polite garrulity, and repaired amongst the berth-deck cooks, once more to frown them into subjection; the "coloured gemmen" of the galley hied them with speed to attend to the joints of meat that had all this time been *cooking themselves* for the young gentlemen's dinner; the gamblers started to rattle the fatal dice-box in some snug corner again; the sleepers ran precipitately to try and regain a better and more comfortable *billet* for their slothful carcasses; and this busy scene was as if by a magician's wand in one moment dispersed, and the remainder of the afternoon was spent by the several purchasers in altering, repairing, trading away, or washing the articles that had been knocked down to them; and such is a slight description of "an auction on shipboard."

AQUATIC THEATRICALS

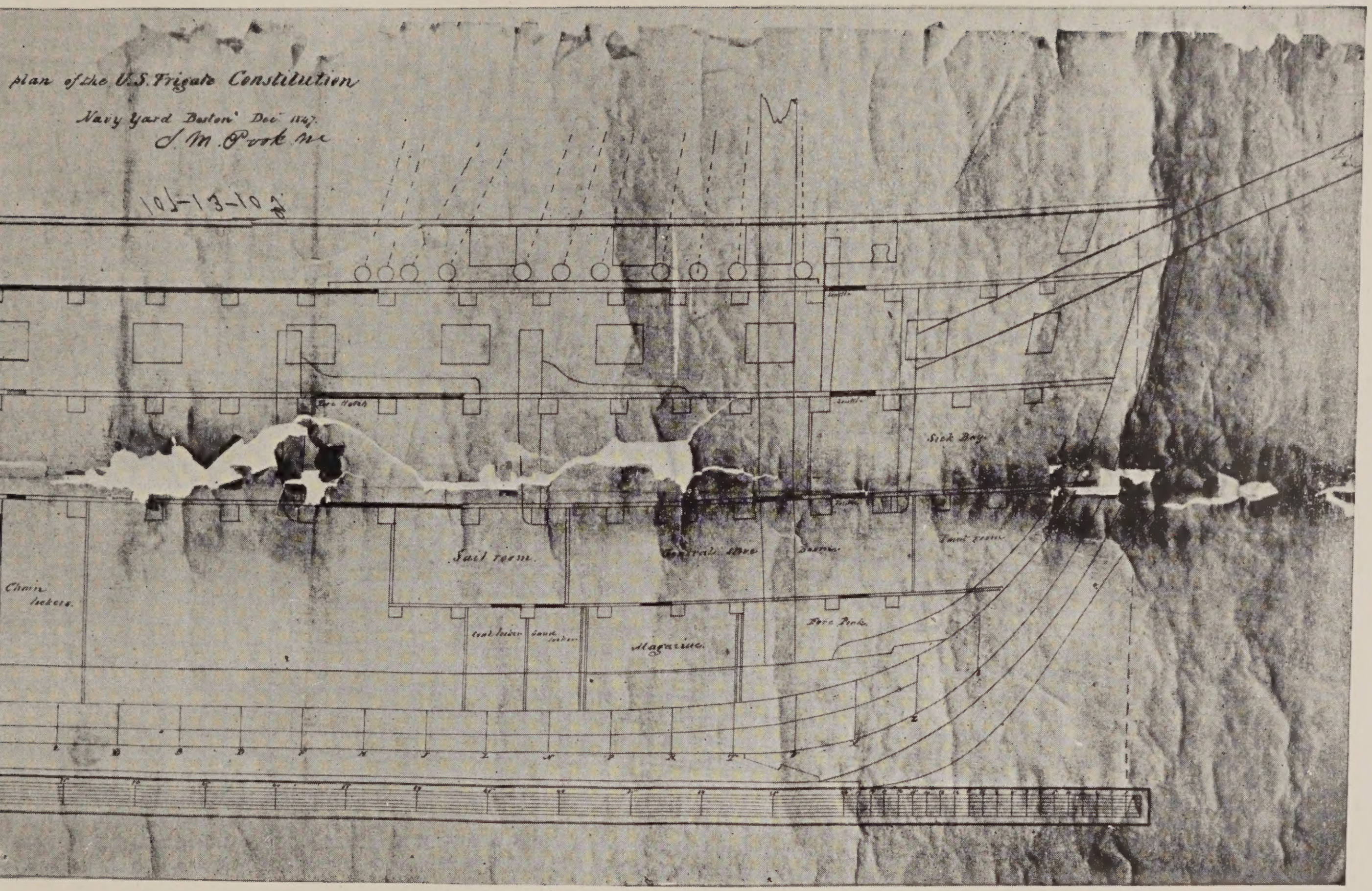
——"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

THINK not, you play-goers and lovers of the drama, although a wide waste of waters separates us from those shores where histrionic representations are cherished and admired as they ought to be by all classes, that the inmates of our gallant ship are debarred the pleasures derived from witnessing the heroes of the sock and buskin "tread the boards;" no such a thing. Be it known to you, gentle reader, that amongst our jolly lads we have several who in by-gone days have "strutted their brief hour," and who, to gratify their three years' associates, voluntarily came forward to lend their humble aid towards dispelling the dull monotony by which we are surrounded; and the quarter-deck of our trim old frigate, can in a few short hours, as if by the wand of an enchanter, be transformed into a little theatre, which would not be looked on slightingly even by those who are wont to gaze upon the gorgeous decorations of the Bowery or Park.

At the commencement of our cruise the entire ship's company came forward, with all a sailor's frank generosity, and subscribed something like two hundred and fifty dollars towards the theatrical fund. In Rio de Janeiro articles necessary to constitute a wardrobe were purchased, together with paints, &c.; two or three of our "ocean artists" went to work, and in a little time completed a set of scenes in a style considerably above mediocrity. The slightest intimation that a theatre was in progress was sufficient to induce numbers of stage-struck heroes to flock under the theatrical banner, and on the 14th of February they commenced their campaign in the harbour of Callao, with the play of Damon and Pythias, and the after-piece of the Lying Valet. I must say, without vanity, our little concern when *rigged up* looked wonderfully well—the entire quarter-deck from the mainmast was closed in on all sides with sails, and lined


Cabin
Ward Room
Bread Room
Light Room
Bread rooms
Magazine
Steerage
Forward
Store rooms
Cook
Slate room
Dispensary
Captains Store room
Spirit room
Shell room
Pumps

PROFILE AND INBOARD PLAN OF THE CONSTIT


plan of the U.S. Frigate Constitution
Navy Yard Boston Dec 1847
S. M. Pook Nc
105-13-10
Fore Hatch
Scuttle
Sick Bay
Sail room
Boatswain
Fore Peak
Magazine
Chain lockers
Sand locker

IN THE BOSTON NAVY YARD, DECEMBER, 1847

with the several national flags, which had an uncommon pleasing effect — the battle and signal lanterns, arranged with tasteful regularity, emitted a halo of brilliancy. A great number of French and English officers from the vessels of war in port were present, together with several of the *beau monde* of Callao and Lima; and as our band struck up "Hail Columbia," one to look around him, and to see the happy, pleasant group that met his gaze, could not for a moment believe but that he was seated in some theatre on shore, so completely had we metamorphosed the after part of "Old Ironsides."

As soon as the company were all assembled the tinkling of the prompter's bell was heard; in another moment the curtain was gently raised, and all awaited in breathless anxiety to see how the affair was about to commence; one of our fore-topmen now stepped out, tastily rigged *à la mariner;* he was greeted with a round of applause; and after making his obeisance to the impatient audience, who were staring at him as if they would pierce him to the very soul, delivered the following address, which he had previously *manufactured for the* occasion:

"WHAT cheer, my hearties! Shipmates how d'ye do?
I've come to spin a *twister* unto you;
And tho' my lingo should, d'ye see, be rough,
I not being graced with *grammar* or such stuff,
I'll in my humble style get under way
Knowing you'll list to what I'm going to say:
Since we from famed Columbia's shores set sail
Our gallant ship has weathered many a gale,
And buffeting each tempest that we've met
She's proved herself the same *trim sea-boat yet*
That she was wont to be in days long past,
When she withstood the *battle* and the *blast!*
Safe and unharmed the stormy Cape we've braved,
Although its gales with fierceness o'er us raved;
And spite of its terrors, which make thousands fear,
We now, thank Heaven, are safely anchored here. —
No doubt you think it is a novel sight
To see Jack Tar strut forth with all his might,
Doffing *tarpaulin*, and with lightsome heart,
Enact the tragic or the comic part;

But Shakspeare says that 'all the world's a stage;'
Why should not we on shipboard catch the rage
As well as those upon the dull tame shore?
We strive to please, the *best* can do no more.
Although our pond'rous guns now passive lay,
Our "spangled banner" spread to grace our play,
Yet should our country but require again
Our services upon the azure main,
I'll venture that 'Old Ironsides' once more
(Her present captain, crew and commodore,)
Would prove herself, as o'er the deep she'd glide,
Columbia's ornament — Columbia's pride!
There's now tranquillity from shore to shore
And the dread voice of war is heard no more;
Our country's smiling in the lap of peace,
Her navy and commerce every year increase,
And we the sons of war have laid us by
The exercising our artillery;
And armed with pointless swords we now are here
Awaiting your approbation to appear: —
Which should we gain, our efforts will not cease,
But strive with something new each night to please;
For, believe me, the purport of each farce or play
Is but to while the tedious hours away,
To cause a gladsome twinkle in your eye,
And try to dispel the dull monotony
That oft on board of ship doth intervene
And serves to sadden many a joyous scene.
So while we move in our dramatic sphere
Let not your criticisms be *too* severe;
And should some trivial errors meet your eye,
Mariner like I know you'll pass them by.
So, shipmates, I've told you all I'm going to tell,
For hark! I surely hear the prompter's bell;
And when my other *maties* do appear
I hope they'll meet a kind reception here."

From the repeated plaudits received throughout the continuance of both play and farce, our Thespians were led to suppose their performance was anything but displeasing, and without vanity I must say they exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. To particularize each character is needless — suffice it to say, they one and all acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of every one present, and the curtain dropped with a wish that they would soon again be favoured with a repetition of this amusement, which now appeared to engross the attention of all on board.

On the twenty-second (Washington's birth-night) by particular request of the officers, they again came forth with the Ruffian Boy, repeating the farce of the Lying Valet; and on this occasion our foretop poet once more made his bow, and delivered the following lines:

"Shipmates, I've come again before your sight:
For after your plaudits of last Friday night
'Twould be ungenerous of our Thespian crew
Did we not give our heartfelt thanks to you;
Accept them then on their behalf from me,
Although uncouth and rude those thanks should be;
But the reception our *first* efforts met
Believe me, my friends, we never will forget.
Our little corps had enemies enough,
But spite of each frown and spite of each rebuff
We've catered once more to please your appetite,
And stand prepared this glorious festal night
To try our luck again; — with you it lays
Either to *damn* us or to give us praise.
Think to yourself with what a beating heart
We *first* stepped forth to play our humble part,
Fearful that every criticising eye
Would in each word or action something spy
To censure and condemn for little cause;
But no, you gave us *undeserved* applause.
For which we thank you; and our humble band
Are here again waiting for your command
To come before you, and to prove to all,
We're *ever ready* to obey your call;
Aye, from this duty we will never flinch —
You'll find we've not relaxed a single inch;
For though our time was short, we've something *new*
I hope will prove acceptable to you;
And if our humble efforts but succeed,
We will feel *doubly* satisfied indeed.
This is a night to every freeman dear;
And I am sure there's scarce a bosom here
That does not throb with pleasure and delight,
And hail with rapture, Washington's birth-night.

This *twenty-second*, gave that mortal birth
Whose brilliant actions echoed round the earth;
Who, with the flag of liberty unfurled,
Became the pride and wonder of the world; —
In all his deeds, heroic virtue shone;
His friendship, kings and potentates did own;
And he performed so virtuous, his career,
His foes by turns did wonder and revere.
My warmth of feeling, who is there will blame,
When eulogising Washington's great name?
For Britain's naval sons are too possessed
Of *that* which fills each *guileless, noble* breast,
To censure me for my expressions here
When on the subject which we all hold dear.
Grim war now rears his fitful head no more,
But smiling peace extends along our shore;
And as it is the gem with which we've dress'd
Columbia's fruitful, palpitating breast,
May *him* who'd wish to wrest this gem away,
Become to his impolitic views a prey.
Yes, Heaven, grant this peace may far extend,
And rival nations in sweet union blend;
May Britain and Columbia still go hand in hand,
And show to the world how close their friendship stand;
And strongly cemented by this friendly tie,
They might without fear the very globe defy:
What nations, *then*, combined in all their might,
Dare stop the *lion's roar* — the *eagle's flight?*"

I will not endeavour to particularize the different pieces that were brought forth from time to time; but so taken were our old sea-dogs with the theatrical *mania*, that they again set a subscription on foot, and replenished the funds with two or three hundred dollars more; out of which, a wardrobe on a more splendid scale was purchased; — and to repay them in some measure for their liberality, two new pieces were brought forth, (written expressly for the ship's company by our fore-topman,) entitled, Life in Peru, and Old Ironsides paid off, which met with a warm and hearty reception from our tars, the language and incidents coming so *home* to their bosoms. The following original songs were written, and sung on the occasion:

A SAILOR'S REFLECTIONS

"I've just returned from a foreign station,
Where I remained almost three years;
And when I left, the girls all round me,
Black, white, and brown, shed many tears.
Says they, my dear, why will you leave us?
Once more upon the seas to roam:
Why hold your tongue said I, you're foolish,
You know I've got a wife at home.
Chorus, &c.

The little darlings sobbed and fretted
When they found our ship was under way,
I peeped my eye in turn to thank 'em —
What could I do? I dare not stay.
Much as I loved 'em, I'd no notion
For any girl on *French* to prance;
If I'd got catched, my doom was certain —
They'd made me a *grating hornpipe* dance.
Chorus, &c.

So now in spite of Cape Horn's tempests,
Our old trim frigate's here again;
And for to speak in truth and reason,
A *smarter* craft ne'er sails the main.
And with her present crew and captain,
Her officers and commodore,
Just place her near a foe, I'd wager
She'd do as she has done before.
Chorus, &c.

Prosperity to our little Navy,
And may she every year increase —
And may the Eagle in her clutches
Still clasp the olive wand of Peace.
So here's success to General Jackson;
May no misfortune him befall. —
I like them all but *General Quarters*,
And damme if I like him at all.
Chorus, &c.

You see I've just this morning landed
With some bright shiners in my purse —
Tho' 'taint as much as I would wish it,
Yet still, thank Heaven it is no worse.

And should those land sharks try to do me,
I'll tip 'em an *Irish Yankee* wink —
I'll show them that the Constitution's
Are not as *soft* as they might think.
Chorus, &c."

SUCCESS TO OUR FRIGATE

Tune. — "The King God bless him."

"Some wish for a bumper of hock or champaign,
When they drink to the toast they like best;
But here, tho' we've nought but a brimmer of rum,
Yet we'll drink it with all the same zest.
I hope you'll all join me in one that *I'll* give,
I'm sure none amongst you will rig it;
For 'tis one that should make every heart leap with joy —
'Tis success to our trim noble Frigate.

She's a craft that has weathered the gale and the fight,
And is ready to brave 'em once more;
She is *quick on the heel*, and that hundreds can prove,
Since she last left Columbia's shore;
And tho' she is old, she's as sound as a roach,
If she has any fault none can twig it;
So push round the jorum, let's drink once again
Success to our trim noble Frigate.

That she is a good sea-boat, she's proved off Cape Horn,
When the gale spit its bitterest rage;
And whether with *royals* or topsails close reefed,
She's "Old Ironsides" still, I'll engage.
And when safely landed in Boston, or York,
For her sake I will tipple and jig it;
And toss off my glass, whilst my rhino holds out,
In drinking success to our Frigate.

You may sail half your life-time, you'll ne'er meet a craft
With a crew so contented as we;
I've ne'er seen her equal; and I for my part
Have spent twenty years on the sea.
So to officers, commodore, captain, and crew,
Come, every man of you swig it —
And *last*, tho' not *least*, we must not forget,
Success to our trim noble Frigate."

During the whole cruise, our Thespians "trod the boards" with untiring energy; and the morning preceding a performance, crowds might be seen around the main-topsail-sheet bitts on the main deck, eagerly conning over the *dramatis personæ*, which in large written characters stared them in the face, with as much *gusto* as the play-goer on *terra firma* would a flaming bill of fare of the Park or Bowery; and plenty of willing tars were always ready to volunteer their services, to *rig up* in the neatest style possible, our aquatic theatre.

THE MELANCHOLY EXCURSION

"Death finds us 'mid our playthings — snatches us
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
From all our toys and baubles."

Upon what a fragile and uncertain thread hangs the life of mortals! Whilst going our round of pleasure amid the scenes of gaiety and delight, surrounded by the laughter-loving sons and daughters of mirth and gladness, with all apparent health glowing upon their cheeks; who can tell but what at this moment, the relentless and unerring shaft of death is levelled with cruel aim to snatch some individual from those enjoyments, which he is indulging in with so much zest! Truly doth the Scriptures say, "In the midst of life we are in death;" for how many daily instances have we brought before our eyes, of mortals in all the bloom of ripening manhood, cut off from their circle of friends and acquaintances without a moment's forewarning!

No class of persons stand so near the verge of eternity, as those who traverse the wide unfathomable ocean for a livelihood. In the midst of the howling storm, when the hapless bark has to contend against the clash of the fierce and angry elements, the duty of the mariner at this trying time places his life in the utmost jeopardy; and whilst "bending o'er the rocking yard," the foaming gulf beneath him becomes many a time and oft his insatiate sepulchre.

In the course of my wanderings on the mighty deep I have witnessed many of these bereavements, sudden and afflicting. I have seen the light-hearted tar, prosecuting his duty upon the "high and giddy mast," his unsophisticated countenance beaming with health and gaiety, perhaps too joining in the laugh of his merry comrades — in one short moment of time hurled from his dizzy situation, and the next presenting to the gaze of his affectionate shipmates, a frightful, mangled mass on the blood-stained deck. I have beheld a beloved three years' associate snatched from before my eyes in one instant, whirled with cruel haste into the angry element, ere yet the tone of his last response had died upon my ear — have seen his hands raised in a supplicating posture, and gazed with aching eye-balls upon his dying struggle ere assistance could reach him.

Our old frigate since her arrival on the station, had cruised but little; in the month of April we had just returned from a small jaunt to Talcahuana, where we remained but long enough to give our lads a run on liberty; and were lying in Callao in our usual dull way — nothing to do throughout the day but wash the decks, clean the bright-work, and spread the awnings. To help to beguile the time, which hung so uncommonly heavy upon our hands, fishing excursions were occasionally got up (for the bay of Callao swarms with the finny tribe); and the different messes groaned under the fruits of those piscatory expeditions; it was fish! fish! fish! every meal, three times a day; and as one of our ship's wags expressed it, "he had eat so much *mackerel* and *perch*, he expected to see *scales* and *fins* making their appearance upon some part of his body very soon." — One delightful morning a boat's crew of volunteers, accompanied by an officer, repaired to the dreary Island of San Lorenzo in search of seal, the rocks and caverns around this lonely spot abounding with those amphibious creatures. Upon their arrival at the scene of action they found the surf was so severe as almost to preclude the possibility of landing at the place where the animals resorted; they made several attempts to gain the beach but without success; they at last determined to return to the other and more placid side of the Island, where they had left two of their companions to prepare the evening meal, and remain there all night, not doubting but what the morrow would be more favourable for the amusement. Previous to their starting for this purpose, two adventurous individuals, named Martin and Lowe, observing two or three seal in a cavern a few yards from the beach, at all hazards, and in spite of their boatmates' entreaties to the contrary, cast themselves into the roaring surf, and gained the interior of the cavern in safety.

The animals that had caused them to make this hazardous attempt were quickly killed; but to regain the boat was now the object; for they found the longer they remained the more fierce and tumultuous the breakers became. Martin, at a fearful risk, took advantage of a moment when the turbulence of the foaming waters appeared in some measure to abate, dashed once more into the briny element, and reached the boat in safety. They called loudly upon Lowe to make a like attempt, knowing him to be an expert and daring swimmer, but for reasons best known to himself he declined doing so, and retired amongst the recesses of the rocks to find a fitting place to ascend the rugged and fearful declivity. The inmates of the boat perceiving his intention, pulled away lustily for the regular landing, and returned to the aperture of the cavern with ropes, &c., to aid him in his ascent. Upon their arrival at this dismal spot they could no where perceive him; his name was bellowed forth repeatedly, but the only response they received was the startling echo of their own voices, which loudly reverberated amongst the chill and dreary rocks. After remaining a considerable time without perceiving a single vestige of their missing shipmate, they returned gloomy and sorrowful to the spot where they had made their arrangements to pass the night, and where some of their indefatigable companions had a cheering supper in readiness. Little did they sleep that night — whilst huddled around their small fire, which threw its sickly glare upon their melancholy visages, the probable fate of poor Lowe became the topic of discourse; the most dreadful fears were entertained for his safety; which were anything but diminished when one of the party, to beguile the time, told of a similar adventure which had proved fatal to almost a whole boat's crew.

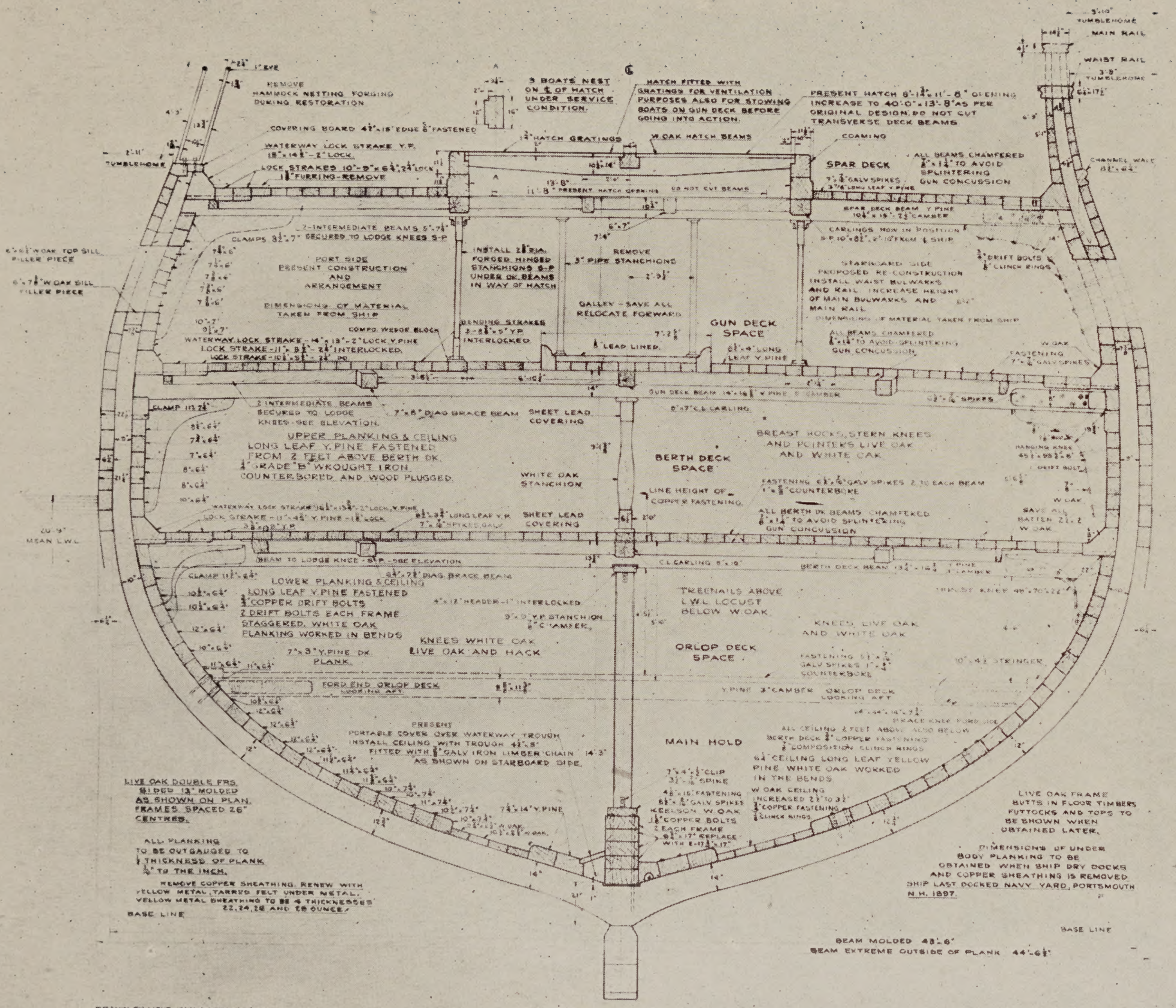
As soon as the first gleam of dawn broke through the haze in the eastern firmament, they again repaired to the mouth of the cavern, to have a more scrutinous search for their lost comrade; and as the damp vapours gradually dispersed before the cheering rays of the rising sun, their unfortunate shipmate was discovered on the beach at the foot of the precipice, lying on his face; and from the appearance of the body as the surf occasionally touched it, no doubt whatever remained but that life was long since extinct. They now with precipitate haste embarked on board the boat, and repaired to the spot where the unfortunate fellow had the evening before landed, for the purpose of obtaining even his dead body, but the weather was if possible worse than that of the preceding day, and though they tried their utmost they could not obtain a landing. Finding all their endeavours of no avail they returned on board the ship and made known the circumstance, which as soon as related caused ten or a dozen fearless and enterprising individuals to volunteer their services, despite every obstacle, to obtain the body of their shipmate. They started with as little delay as possible, accompanied by our first lieutenant, taking with them life preservers, coils of rigging, &c., to aid them in their undertaking; but when they arrived at the fatal spot, not a vestige was to be seen of the unfortunate Lowe, the surf no doubt having carried him away; and they returned to the ship brooding deeply over the melancholy excursion of the day before, that was the means of consigning the body of a lamented friend to the fierce rapacity of the ravenous birds of prey, that continually hover with ominous scream about the drear and arid Isle of San Lorenzo.

THE GALLEY POLITICIANS

> "Their only labour is to kill the time —
> And labour dire it is, and weary woe;
> They sit, they lounge, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
> Or saunter round with loitering step and slow."

By some knowledgeable and efficient authors, who are but little acquainted with the class of mortals whose feelings they endeavour to pourtray, sailors have the repute of being rude, eccentric, unpolished characters — possessing none of those fine qualities which grace and adorn the children of Adam who pursue their vocations on the shore. They consider poor Jack has no thought whatever beyond his glass of grog or his *pigtail* — but alas! they are egregiously in error; for believe me, you will find a heart as sensible to the dictates of true probity and honour, and as rife with those fine feelings of disinterested friendship, and unalloyed philanthropy, beating beneath the coarse blue jacket of the bronzed weather-worn tar, as you will beneath the gaudy trappings of granduer's haughty son. 'Tis true they are somewhat reckless in pursuing their orgies when on shore; but their close and restricted situation on shipboard for months and months together, ought, I should imagine, be some palliation for the fierce vigour with which they enter into their wild carouses.

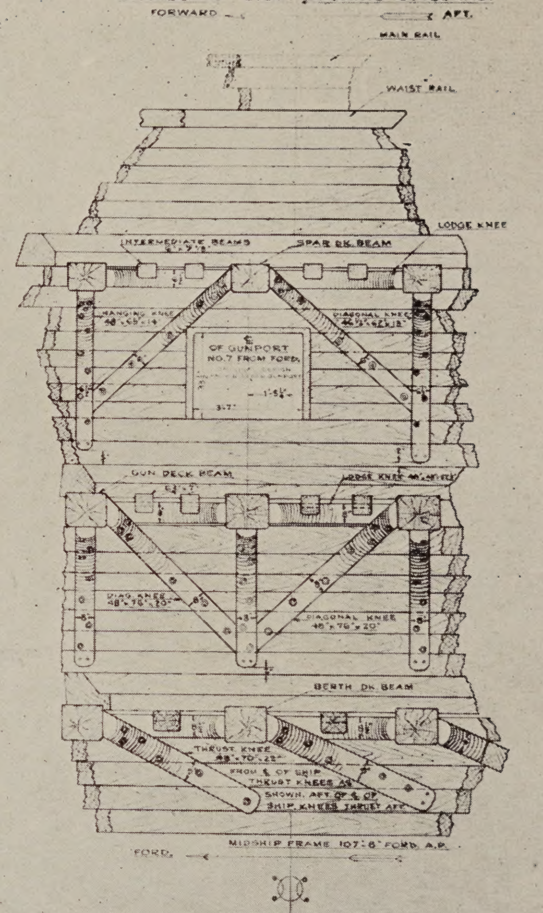
The crew of a Yankee man-of-war, presents as curious an amalgamation of Adam's descendants as can be well imagined — amongst them, you may perceive mechanics of every sort — from the unsophisticated tippling son of Crispin, to the loquacious wit-cracking setter of types — from the sinewy iron-framed son of Vulcan, to the cadaverous pale-faced maker of muffins and crumpets — from the prodigal, broken down blower of glass, to the rough-spun slayer of sheep and oxen. The articled clerk, tired of wielding his "gray goose-quill" — the fashionable black-leg, completely "done up" — the quibbling pettifogger, whose chicanery had become odious to the public — the hero of the sock and buskin, whose benefits had


1" EYE
REMOVE HAMMOCK NETTING FORGING DURING RESTORATION
4'-3"
2'-11" TUMBLEHOME
COVERING BOARD 4½"×15" EDGE ⅝" FASTENED
WATERWAY LOCK STRAKE Y.P. 15"×14½"-2" LOCK.
LOCK STRAKES 10"-9"×6¾", 2¼" LOCK
1½" FURRING-REMOVE
6"×8¼" W.OAK TOP SILL FILLER PIECE
6"×7¼" W.OAK SILL FILLER PIECE
2-INTERMEDIATE BEAMS 5"×7⅜"
CLAMPS 8½"×7" SECURED TO LODGE KNEES S-P
PORT SIDE PRESENT CONSTRUCTION AND ARRANGEMENT
DIMENSIONS OF MATERIAL TAKEN FROM SHIP
COMPO. WEDGE BLOCK
WATERWAY LOCK STRAKE-14"×13"-2" LOCK Y.PINE
LOCK STRAKE-11"×8½"-2¼" INTERLOCKED.
LOCK STRAKE-10½"×5½"-2¼" DO.
3 BOATS NEST ON ℄ OF HATCH UNDER SERVICE CONDITION.
HATCH FITTED WITH GRATINGS FOR VENTILATION PURPOSES ALSO FOR STOWING BOATS ON GUN DECK BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION.
1½" HATCH GRATINGS
W.OAK HATCH BEAMS
13'-8"
11'-8" PRESENT HATCH OPENING
DO NOT CUT BEAMS
PRESENT HATCH 8'-1¾"×11'-8" OPENING INCREASE TO 40'-0"×13'-8" AS PER ORIGINAL DESIGN. DO NOT CUT TRANSVERSE DECK BEAMS
COAMING
SPAR DECK
7"×⅞" GALV SPIKES
3"/8" LONG LEAF Y.PINE
ALL BEAMS CHAMFERED ⅞"×1½" TO AVOID SPLINTERING GUN CONCUSSION
SPAR DECK BEAM Y PINE 10¾"×15"-7½" CAMBER
CARLINGS NOW IN POSITION S-P 10"×8½", 2'-10" FROM ℄ SHIP
INSTALL 2¾" DIA. FORGED HINGED STANCHIONS S-P UNDER DK. BEAMS IN WAY OF HATCH
REMOVE 3" PIPE STANCHIONS
GALLEY-SAVE ALL RELOCATE FORWARD
⅛" LEAD LINED.
BENDING STRAKES 3-8¾"×5" Y.P. INTERLOCKED
GUN DECK SPACE
6½"×4" LONG LEAF Y PINE
STARBOARD SIDE PROPOSED RE-CONSTRUCTION INSTALL WAIST BULWARKS AND RAIL. INCREASE HEIGHT OF MAIN BULWARKS AND MAIN RAIL
DIMENSIONS OF MATERIAL TAKEN FROM SHIP
ALL BEAMS CHAMFERED ⅞"×1½" TO AVOID SPLINTERING GUN CONCUSSION
¾" DRIFT BOLTS & ⅞" CLINCH RINGS
W.OAK FASTENING 7"×⅞" GALV SPIKES
3'-10" TUMBLEHOME
MAIN RAIL
WAIST RAIL
3'-8" TUMBLEHOME
CHANNEL WALE 8½"×6¼"
GUN DECK BEAM 14"×16½" Y PINE 5" CAMBER
8"×7" C.L. CARLING
6½"×⅞" SPIKES
CLAMP 11½"×7¼"
2 INTERMEDIATE BEAMS SECURED TO LODGE KNEES-SEE ELEVATION.
7"×8" DIAG BRACE BEAM
SHEET LEAD COVERING
UPPER PLANKING & CEILING LONG LEAF Y.PINE FASTENED FROM 2 FEET ABOVE BERTH DK. ¾" GRADE "B" WROUGHT IRON COUNTERBORED AND WOOD PLUGGED.
WHITE OAK STANCHION
BERTH DECK SPACE
BREAST HOOKS, STERN KNEES AND POINTERS LIVE OAK AND WHITE OAK
LINE HEIGHT OF COPPER FASTENING.
FASTENING 6½"×⅞" GALV SPIKES 2 TO EACH BEAM 1"×⅝" COUNTERBORE
ALL BERTH DK BEAMS CHAMFERED ⅞"×1½" TO AVOID SPLINTERING GUN CONCUSSION
HANGING KNEE 45½"×93½"×8"
DRIFT BOLT
W.OAK
SAVE ALL BATTEN 2½×2 W.OAK
WATERWAY LOCK STRAKE 16½"×13¾"-2" LOCK Y.PINE
LOCK STRAKE-11"×4½" Y.PINE-1½" LOCK
8½"×3½" LONG LEAF Y.P. 7"×⅞" SPIKES GALV
SHEET LEAD COVERING
20'-9" MEAN L.W.L.
BEAM TO LODGE KNEE-S-P-SEE ELEVATION
C.L. CARLING 8"×10"
BERTH DECK BEAM 13¾"×16¼" Y PINE 4" CAMBER
CLAMP 11½"×6¼"
9½"×7¼" DIAG. BRACE BEAM
LOWER PLANKING & CEILING LONG LEAF Y.PINE FASTENED ¾" COPPER DRIFT BOLTS 2 DRIFT BOLTS EACH FRAME STAGGERED. WHITE OAK PLANKING WORKED IN BENDS
4"×12" HEADER-1" INTERLOCKED
9"×9" Y.P. STANCHION ⅞" CHAMFER.
TREENAILS ABOVE L.W.L. LOCUST BELOW W.OAK
THRUST KNEE 48"×70"×22"
KNEES WHITE OAK LIVE OAK AND HACK
KNEES LIVE OAK AND WHITE OAK
7"×3" Y.PINE DK. PLANK.
ORLOP DECK SPACE
FASTENING 5½"×⅞" GALV SPIKES 1"×¾" COUNTERBORE
10"×4½" STRINGER
FORD END ORLOP DECK LOOKING AFT
Y.PINE 3" CAMBER ORLOP DECK LOOKING AFT
BRACE KNEE FORD SIDE
PRESENT PORTABLE COVER OVER WATERWAY TROUGH INSTALL CEILING WITH TROUGH 4½"×8" FITTED WITH ⅜" GALV IRON LIMBER CHAIN AS SHOWN ON STARBOARD SIDE.
14'-3"
MAIN HOLD
ALL CEILING 2 FEET ABOVE ALSO BELOW BERTH DECK ¾" COPPER FASTENING ⅞" COMPOSITION CLINCH RINGS
6¼" CEILING LONG LEAF YELLOW PINE WHITE OAK WORKED IN THE BENDS
W.OAK CEILING INCREASED 2½" TO 3½" ¾" COPPER FASTENING ⅞" CLINCH RINGS
7"×4"×½" CLIP 3½"×⅞" SPIKE
4⅝"×15" FASTENING 6½"×⅞" GALV SPIKES KEELSON W.OAK 1⅛" COPPER BOLTS 2 EACH FRAME 9¾"×17" REPLACE WITH 2-17½"×17"
7¼"×14" Y.PINE
LIVE OAK DOUBLE FRS. SIDED 13" MOLDED AS SHOWN ON PLAN. FRAMES SPACED 26" CENTRES.
ALL PLANKING TO BE OUTGAUGED TO ½ THICKNESS OF PLANK ⅛" TO THE INCH.
REMOVE COPPER SHEATHING. RENEW WITH YELLOW METAL, TARRED FELT UNDER METAL. YELLOW METAL SHEATHING TO BE 4 THICKNESSES 22, 24, 26 AND 28 OUNCE.
BASE LINE
LIVE OAK FRAME BUTTS IN FLOOR TIMBERS FUTTOCKS AND TOPS TO BE SHOWN WHEN OBTAINED LATER.
DIMENSIONS OF UNDER BODY PLANKING TO BE OBTAINED WHEN SHIP DRY DOCKS AND COPPER SHEATHING IS REMOVED SHIP LAST DOCKED NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH N.H. 1897.
BASE LINE
BEAM MOLDED 43'-6"
BEAM EXTREME OUTSIDE OF PLANK 44'-6½"

DRAWN BY-LIEUT. JOHN A. LORD (C.C.) U.S.N.
TRACED BY-WARREN D. LIEBMANN

MIDSHIP SECTION
LOOKING FORWARD

ELEVATION
STARBOARD SIDE. LOOKING OUTBOARD.


FORWARD
AFT.
MAIN RAIL
WAIST RAIL
LODGE KNEE
INTERMEDIATE BEAMS
SPAR DK. BEAM
HANGING KNEE 48"×65"×14"
DIAGONAL KNEE
℄ OF GUNPORT NO.7 FROM FORD.
1'-5¼"
3'-7"
GUN DECK BEAM
LODGE KNEE
DIAG. KNEE 48"×76"×20"
DIAGONAL KNEE 48"×76"×20"
BERTH DK. BEAM
THRUST KNEE 48"×70"×22"
FROM ℄ OF SHIP THRUST KNEES AS SHOWN. AFT OF ℄ OF SHIP KNEES THRUST AFT.
MIDSHIP FRAME 107'-8" FORD A.P.
FORD.

ELEVATION
STARBOARD SIDE. LOOKING OUTBOARD.

NOTE
RESTORATION 1926.

THIS PLAN HAS BEEN DRAWN AFTER CONSIDERABLE RESEARCH, EXAMINATION OF OLD DRAWINGS AND TRACINGS, ACTUAL MEASUREMENTS OF AND KIND OF MATERIAL AT PRESENT INSTALLED AND ENTERING INTO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE U.S. FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION." EXAMINATION OF OLD MODELS, WOOD CUTS, OIL PAINTINGS DESCRIPTIVE DATA, BUREAU C.&R. NAVY DEPT. MODEL SCALE 1/4" = 1 FOOT. REPORTS AND DISCUSSIONS ON FRIGATES AND LINE SHIPS SIGNED BY COMMODORES AND CAPTAINS HULL, BAINBRIDGE, STEWART, COMMANDING THE U.S. FRIGATE CONSTITUTION DURING THE WAR 1812-1815.

REPORT AND RECOMMENDATION OF MATERIAL INSPECTION OF THE U.S. FRIGATE CONSTITUTION HELD FEB. 19TH, 1924, BY THE BOARD OF INSPECTION AND SURVEY FOR U.S. NAVY.

U.S. FRIGATE CONSTITUTION
MIDSHIP SECTION

NAVY YARD, BOSTON. JAN. 1926
SCALE ½" = 1 FOOT

APPROVED FOR MANAGER
John A. Lord
[illegible] RESTORATION

NO.34535

produced but "a beggarly account of empty boxes" — the ignorant quack, whose multitudinous hyperbole in the columns of the daily papers, could not procure him a single patient of respectability — as well as the little gad-fly of fashion, pursued by hungry and remorseless creditors — fly to the confines of a man-of-war in their several difficulties; and here, in the friendly society of the rough, unpolished sons of Neptune, and amidst the unceasing turmoil of nautical life, forget in some measure the disquietudes and perplexities that assailed them on shore. Wonder not, then, that politics engross some part of their attention — that the affairs of the nation become an interesting topic, or that the debates of Congress are severely scanned and critically analyzed by the *quidnuncs* of our ship, at meal-times, or when enjoying the luxury of the well-filled pipe.

At this distant corner of the globe, communications from friends or acquaintances in the happy land of Columbia, are like angel's visits, "few and far between;" and poor Jack, if he can but get a glance at a small batch of newspapers, *twice* within the twelvemonth, blesses his stars for his literary treat. On the tenth of August, a couple of large bags well filled with letters and packages of journals, arrived at Callao, (where we were then lying,) and were quickly distributed to their several owners. In a little time, in every part of the ship you could perceive our frigate's newsmongers on the alert, reading aloud Heralds, Suns, Expresses, and Brother Jonathans, to attentive crowds, who were swallowing with true relish their precious contents. The Boundary question, and the prospects of an approaching war with England, as well as the claims of the venerable Hero of Tippecanoe for the Presidency, were talked of loudly in every circle. Now on board a frigate, the precincts of the galley on the gun-deck (the only part of the ship wherein they are allowed to smoke,) is the regular news-room; and here during meal hours, the events of the passing day, the nation's rise and fall, shinplasters and the banks, and the political state of our beloved country, are as eagerly and enthusiastically argued, as if tens of thousands of dollars depended upon the issue of the debate. This spot was crowded more than ever upon the day I have above adverted to, and as it was the first news they had had of the *serious* appearance the boundary question had taken, they gave forth their opinions upon the subject loudly and emphatically. "So the lads in Maine are determined to stand Johnny Bull's encroachments no longer upon their property," broke forth a serious looking old tar, after reading a leading article from one of the journals just received on the subject of affairs in that state, written with true Yankee spirit; "them *ere* down-easters are not to be fooled with I tell you, and as for old Governor Fairfield, he's as hot as Chili pepper on anything that touches the privileges of his state; they're at loggerheads afore this, I'd bet my breakfast-grog." — "I don't believe a single word of it," cried old Bowser, the forecastleman; "believe me, 'tis all *flummery*, I've heard the same old story afore I shipped this time; do you think for the sake of a few acres of land they're going to have another war with England, with whom you may say we're now on the same footing as brothers? for my part I never wish to see it." — "Why, you're not showing the *white feather* already I hope, Bowser?" remarked Flukes, the maintop wag; "damme, if they do come to the *brush*, we'll give as good as they'll send, I promise you." "You're mighty fine at pitching a galley yarn, I hav'nt the least doubt, Mr. Flukes," replied Bowser; "and as for being scared at a mouthful of smoke or gunpowder, I've took too many doses of that stuff on this same old craft's gun-deck last war, to be frightened at its spoiling my complexion this time of my life."

"Aye! aye! 'Old Ironsides' was *on hand* them times, mates; she done her share of the work in that last scuffle; and if things come to the *push* again, I'll risk my life, young as the crew are, she'll never tarnish the name she so gloriously gained in the last war; my eyes! do you think we'd let 'em take the Old Constitution from us; oh what a glittering bauble 'twould be in England's cap should such an event take place; no! no! shipmates, we've got a captain now, I can tell by the flash of his eye, that would clap a lighted match to the magazine and send us all to eternity together, rather than the 'nation's favourite' should become a trophy for the aristocrats of Britain to point exultingly their fingers at; and I say I glory in the 'down-easters' for upholding their rights; — you say 'tis but a trifle of land; but if proud, luxurious, selfish England once finds she can put her insatiate clutches upon that moiety whilst brother Jonathan looks on an idle spectator, she will not be satisfied; but still encroach inch by inch, and by-and-by may endeavour to *dance* into the middle of Maine, expecting the soft green Yankees to *pay the fiddler*." The above pithy remarks were launched forth by an old quartermaster, who had the repute amongst the ship's company of being a *bit of a scholar;* and of course anything emanating from his lips was listened to with mute and serious attention. "But do you think, Binnacle, there's any prospect of a war?" enquired one of the smokers addressing the sea-orator. "Indeed I don't think you'll smell gunpowder in anger this cruise matie, believe me, for all the newspapers make such a fuss about it; the efficient individuals who have the management of those affairs will examine every particle of the question scrutinously and seriously ere they sanction the declaration of war; for the sword once drawn from the scabbard where it has slept undisturbed, and where every one of sound policy ought to wish it to remain, may be crimsoned with the life-blood of some of Columbia's bravest and dearest warriors, ere it is again replaced in its peaceful sheath."

"Well, old soap-suds, what is your opinion of *matters and things* in general?" broke forth Pat Bradley, addressing himself to our ship's sable barber, who, ensconsed behind the galley funnel, was eagerly conning over the contents of a Weekly Herald, taking ever and anon a slight whiff of a "Spanish wrapper," which he held between two fingers of his dexter hand, with all the air of a Broadway man of *ton;* "what think you of this *rumpus* they talk so much about? — you had better look sharp old boy, or you may lose that woolly *cocoa-nut* of yours before you reach *Yankeetown;* those twenty-four and thirty-two pound shot are not very pleasant things to be *whistling* about a fellow's *countenance*, I tell you." "I don't think such a *thing* will ever occur," responded the man of the razor, "for in my opinion Britain and Columbia are so *concatenated* by the ties of ancient *consanguinity*, that I don't think 'tis *consentaneous* to the rule of nature to have recourse to a *sanguinary* conflict; for although they are endeavouring, I may say, to *extravasate* us from the land which it is our bounden duty to keep *inviolate* and *unapproachable*, yet I think when some of our members of Congress *equiponderate* the affair with due attention, it will be brought to an *amicable adjustment;* that's my opinion on it." "Well done, *Snowball!*" cried our old friend Garnet — "If that ain't going the whole figure on *dick* I wonder at it; 'tis a pity you didn't study divinity in your young days, instead of learning how to scrape the *bristles* off the human countenance; my eyes! what a *moving* discourse you could *pitch* forth to a congregation." — "Aye! you say true, Bill," cried Flukes; "such *jaw-breakers* as he's let out just now would have a very *moving* effect certainly; for if he preached in that style, precious few would remain to hear the *last* of his sermon."

"What about the election?" enquired old Bowser of our fashionable barber; "I see you've got all the news there to yourself; do you think old Tippecanoe will rouse Van Buren out? — from what I've heard, I think he'll be President in spite of everything." "And the fittest one in my humble opinion," responded the old quartermaster; "I don't see how they could do less for General Harrison than place him in the Presidential chair, after wasting the pith and sap of his sturdy limbs in his strenuous exertions to drive the rash-led minions of England's glittering diadem from our invaded shores; after blanching the ruddy glow of his manly cheek in pursuing the ruthless blood-thirsty Indians, whose scalping-knives were reeking with the life-blood of the tender mother and her innocent offspring; after undergoing all those privations and hardships which fall to the lot of a brave and daring soldier, whose only aim is his country's prosperity, and though now furrowed o'er with honourable age, every throb of his heart still for that country's weal; why should not the American people then, calling to their recollection his former achievements, place him Chief Magistrate over the nation? the rights of which he so fearlessly endeavoured to uphold. I say William Henry Harrison for President."

"I second the motion, Binnacle," responded old Bowser; "I hav'nt the least doubt but what he'll do something for the blue jackets when he becomes President." "Faith then, maties, I think 'tis about time they did do a little for them, in all conscience," remarked Pat Bradley; "they've talked about it long enough in Van Buren's time; and if I thought General Harrison would be that way inclined, he should by all means have my vote." "I hope he ain't a cold-water man," cried Garnet," or he may be for *clapping a stopper* on our whiskey." "You'll find," remarked the old quartermaster, "that Harrison can take the nation's helm, and steer as good a *trick* as any of his predecessors." "The *nation's helm* — what do you mean? I never thought we had a ship in the Navy of Uncle Sam by that name before," cried old Shakings, the captain of the hold; "but I suppose she's one of them new ones as was launched since we left." "You mistake me, Shakings," replied the political man of bunting; "let me tell you, placing a President at the head of the nation, is like putting a man at Old Ironsides' *wheel* when running in for a dangerous anchorage, with a lubberly helmsman; it is first *hard a-starboard,* then *hard a-port,* and perhaps before you know it you are plump in the mud or slap on the rocks; the President of the United States has to *humour* the nation, as a good steersman would a ship in a time like this; he has to *luff* and *keep her off*, as occasion may require; he has to keep his eye continually ahead to avoid all shoals and breakers; and when he finds she won't *lay her course*, or that she has stood long enough on *one tack*, he must without more ado *brace up the yards* or *heave her in-stays*, and try every means in his power to steer clear of the difficulties that may surround him; and I think, maties, old General Harrison is the man that can steer our glorious Republic clear of the political mercenaries and cringing hirelings, who, like rocks and quicksands, encompass our nation on every side, without *yawing* one quarter of a point from the true course."

Thus did our tars expatiate with fervent zeal in their own trite and unsophisticated manner, upon the present state of affairs in our beloved country, until the sharp clang of two bells, together with the reverberating voices of the boatswain and his mates, quickly dispersed the several knots of galley politicians.

THE BARBER'S SHOP

> **"Rove not from place to place, but here step in,**
> **Where they *cut* damn'd good *jokes* as well as your skin."**

A FASHIONABLE barber's shop in some of our populous cities, is a place wherein an hour may be passed very pleasantly when labouring under the effects of *ennui;* it is a sort of *diminutive* exchange; a *miniature* news-room, where the transactions of the week, or the *on-dits* of the day are talked over with a regular *gusto*, by all who chance to enter the *sanctorum* for the purpose of getting their countenances freed from the superfluous *bristles* that may have accumulated since their last visit. The proprietor, too, of one of those establishments is generally a flippant, talkative fellow, possessing a fund of ancedote and repartee; whose tongue moves faster than his razor, and *cuts* occasionally as *keen*. He is never at a loss for a subject to start upon; he will give you an outline of the plot of Knowles' last play; whilst at intervals in a *sotto* voice he is endeavouring to make the individual whom he may at the time have by the nose, acquainted with the *moving* eloquence of Parson So-and-so's last sermon. He will at one moment describe to you with a face as solemn and lengthened as an undertaker's, some dreadful accident that took place in the *purlieus* of the city; whilst at the next, or almost in the same breath, he will throw himself into some comical attitude — screw his mouth into a thousand contortions, and drawl forth a sentence with a nasal-twang, which he will assure you was exactly the way Hill spoke it when he drew forth such plaudits from the gallery, pit, and boxes. He will quote Scripture to please the palate of the religious bigot; and at the next moment will coincide with the bloated debauchee in lauding the virtues of the inspiring beverage. To this sanctorum hundreds repair for the purpose of hearing the idle gossip of the day; many a reputation is torn piecemeal; many a luminary in the political firmament, whose eloquence awes and astonishes his hearers, is unsparingly cut up; many a popular Roscius, bending beneath his well-earned laurels, is vigorously criticised; and many a plain-dealing unsophisticated citizen, whose kind-hearted benevolence may have gained him the esteem of his large circle of acquaintance, is fiercely villified by a dozen slanderous tongues, within the precincts of a barber's shop.

Our barber's shop on shipboard, resembles those establishments on shore in some measure, for here, after the nine o'clock inspection on shaving days, (Wednesdays and Saturdays,) crowds may be seen around the two guns on the main-deck, between which the man of soap-suds performs his operations; and the anecdote and *bon mot* are bandied about with avidity, little caring at whose expense. The general rule is, "first come first served," and so in rotation they fill the chair; occasionally a dispute arises between a couple of worthies respecting the priority, and not unfrequently they have recourse to blows to settle the point in question; in this case, the weakest goes to the wall. — Here, as at the galley amongst the smokers, the passing events of the day, our ship's movements, the probable time of our return to the United States, together with the proceedings in the political world, gleaned from some eight-months-old papers, become at one and the same time, from fifty different tongues, the topic of conversation; our curly-headed knight of the razor occasionally gives his opinion on affairs of moment, unasked, and many a sharp rebuff he receives from our ship's wags in consequence. — Fancy to yourself Saturday forenoon then; yonder on the starboard side, immediately abreast of the scuttle-butt, is our man of lather and his assistant, with sleeves uprolled to the shoulders, as busy as busy can be,

Making their razors move with easy grace
Over each son of Neptune's sun-burnt face.

A more than ordinary crowd is assembled on this occasion around the shaving establishment, and each one is awaiting with Job's patience, for his turn to come. There stands an old quarter-gunner, seemingly in deep cogitation, his eye intently fixed upon the countenance of the individual upon whom Strap is operating; he keeps edging closer to the barber every moment, fearing some one amongst the crowd will endeavour to supplant him; behold what an austere, solemn countenance he has; the jokes and repartees bandied about on every side, pass by unheeded, for not one smile do they draw forth from his iron muscles:

> "He would not ope his mouth by way of smile,
> Though Nestor swore the jest be laughable."

Near him is a wild devil-may-care mizen-topman, playing his pranks indiscriminately upon all who may chance to come in his way; he is one of those fellows

> "Whose laughing features wear a constant grin."

Fun and frolic are his delight, and to indulge in his humorous vein, he will occasionally risk a slight punishment with the *colt:* close by are a couple of galley-cooks, their appearance as grim and sooty as can well be imagined, their loud *yaw, yaw, yaw,* when applauding the wit of some of our wags, re-echoing loudly along the deck; and as they distort their risible muscles, their white *grinders* forming an elegant contrast to their well-greased ebony skin. "Come, Patterson," cried old Bowser, the forecastle-man, doffing his *tarpaulin* and relieving his mouth of a huge and well-saturated lump of the Virginia weed, which he stowed for safe keeping in the capacious pocket of his jacket, "I want you to give me a tolerable decent shave this time, last Wednesday you left more hair *on* than you took *off*, and you put your red mark on my cheek in the bargain." — "You must recollect, Bowser," cried the barber, "that we were at sea last shaving day, and the ship rolled and pitched dreadfully; I defy the smartest operator in New York or Boston to work round a man's countenance as I can; I believe I can safely say that, and not brag either; isn't that the truth Bradley?" he continued, appealing to our Hibernian, whom he perceived amongst the crowd. — "Well, to give my opinion on it," responded Bradley, "I must say the last time you brought one of your imperial razors, as you call them, to bear on my *chops*, 'twas damn'd sharp work for the eyes, as Spritsail the maintop-man said, when the marlin-spike fell from the crosstrees and hit him on the nose — why there's scarcely a time you operate on me but what you make me shed more tears than if all belonging to me were dead; you might have the conscience to call it *shaving*, but in my opinion *skinning* would be nearer the mark." — "You should'nt speak in that style, Bradley," remarked Shakings, the captain of the hold, with a knowing wink at the assembled crowd; "folks might think that Patterson's tools were no better than they should be." — "Po! po! nonsense, nonsense," replied the shaver with a short laugh, "I know you're only *poking fun* at me." — "I tell you what it is, old fellow," cried Flyblock, the captain of the forecastle, whom he was operating upon, springing hurriedly upon his feet, his face besmeared all over with soap-suds, "if you don't keep your weather eye open, and mind how you cut your hair-strokes, I'll be for *poking* this fist at you, and you'll find there won't be much *fun* in that; damme, you've almost made an entering-port in my right cheek with your infernal razor." — "Come sit down again," cried the barber in quite a soothing tone, "'tis but a slight scratch; you dodged your head, or it would'nt have occurred at all." — "No, no," replied old Flyblock, "I've had enough of your skill for this time, I'll try and finish the job myself." — "If that's the case, the next man take a seat," sung out Strap in an audible voice: at this intimation two or three of the crowd began to push violently towards the chair, and amongst them a Johnny Raw, belonging to the after-guard, who, by some means or another gained possession. — "I say Dobbs," bellowed out Flukes, the maintop wag, "who told you 'twas your turn next? top your boom now in short order; I'd have you to know I stand before you in this shop." — "Oh! Flukes," quickly returned Dobbs, "I reckon as how I'm next on the list." — "Then you reckon too fast, matie," responded the maintop-man; "if you hav'nt learned the ropes since you joined the Constitution, I wonder at it; come, haul your wind, or I'll be for trying whether you or I are the strongest;" at this hint Dobbs vacated the chair, and the old grum quarter-gunner placed himself immediately into it. — "I believe you'll find it's my turn," drawled forth the old sea-dog; "I was just laying back to see how far *you* *would go.*" "You were, eh?" replied Flukes; "then my old sea-fencible," continued he, catching this disciple of Neptune by the back of the neck and flinging him into the middle of the deck, "there, you've seen *how far I went*, now see *how far you can go yourself.*" This little rumpus caused a laugh at the expense of old Cylinder, for he was anything but a favourite with the ship's company; and he walked away muttering curses between his teeth, and mentioning the word "report" pretty audibly.

"Flukes," cried Bill Garnet, "I'm afraid the old fellow will have you at the *bull-ring*, he looked marlin-spikes at you as he picked himself up." — "Well, suppose he does," replied the maintop wag, "I'll have to *back it off*, that's all; I'd take a dozen any time without winking, for having the pleasure of swabbing the lee-scuppers up with such snarling grumbling old customers as Cylinder; but come, blue-skin," continued he, addressing himself to the knight of the razor, who, with his brush in one hand, and mouth wide open, was swallowing every word of the present colloquy, "spring your luff, and bring those pretty tormentors of yours to bear on my *phiziog;* if I have to go to the mast, let me go there *clean-scraped* any how:" — At this hint Strap lathered away in great style, and soon sent the maintop-man about his business, "new reap'd;" but his ideas respecting being reported were incorrect, for the old quarter-gunner, after cooling his fiery temper a little on the spar-deck, became somewhat mollified — perhaps fearing he'd obtain but little satisfaction; at all events he let the matter rest as it was, and in a few days him and Flukes became as intimate as any two in the ship.

As soon as Flukes departed, Swampseed, one of the *ebony gemmen wot cooks* at the range, placed his unwieldy body in quite a stylish manner in the chair, brushed up his wool, and signified by divers movements that he was impatient for the operator to commence on him. Strap had scarcely time to lay down his razor, and repossess himself of his brush, ere Garnet was at the elbow of the man of grid-irons and frying-pans. "Ho! ho! Mr. Bonepolisher," cried Bill, "you make yourself quite at home, as the gentleman said to the loafer when he found his hand in his coat pocket; just be kind enough to shift your quarters as quick as possible; if you'll but take the trouble to overhaul a range of those bright ideas of yours, you'll find I was here when you first showed your pretty figure-head." "I deny dat in toto, Garnet," rejoined our galley-cook, "I tink at all ewents people ob business ought to be attended to first; my time is uncommonly precious."

"Now I tink, Mr. Snowball!" replied Bill, imitating his *refined* pronunciation, "if you don't make yourself scarce out of that chair, I'll be aboard of you; you talk about denying it *in toto;* look out I don't be for bringing my *toe toe* in contact with your stern-post." Garnet's peculiar gestures at this moment, he appearing as if about to suit the action to the word, caused our cook to vacate the disputed place forthwith; and he hastily retreated to the confines of the galley, muttering as he went, that "de white trash would take de ship by and by." Strap and his assistant in spite of all these little annoyances, which took place almost every fifteen minutes, continued to ply the razor and brush with complete good will, and ere the drum beat to evening quarters, every one throughout the ship (to use an old sea phrase,) "had their muzzle lashings taken off."

THE SHABBY RECEPTION, OR JACKO DISCARDED

A TALE OF A MAN-OF-WAR

List! shipmates, list! I'll tell to you
A joke, tho' comical yet true,
   For lying ain't my bent;
Which shows as plain as mid-day sun
That *monkeys*, when imposed upon,
   Will give their feelings vent.

It was September, 'Twenty-eight,
I really believe that was the date,
   I can't exactly say:
For lately my memory, I find,
Has got so bad I scarce can mind
   Which was last *banyan day.*

But curse the date — 'twas in September,
That every one can well remember,
   We in Puna lay moored;
The awnings were fore and aft hauled out
That every tar might lounge about,
   From the hot sun secured.

Puna is but a wretched spot,
Where oysters, guanas, can be got,
   Besides some savoury fruit;
But still it is a paltry hole,
Surrounded too by many a shoal,—
   My taste it does not suit.

Our officers they could not find
Amusement *there* to please their mind,
   So up to Guayaquil
Repaired our captain, commodore,
Besides of *reefers* half a score,
   To have of mirth their fill.

What kind of place 'tis, don't ask me,
For I have never been there to see;
   But what I've heard them tell,

When they returned, 'bout the low price
Of *hats*, *grass hammocks*, *melons* nice,
They must have liked it well.

Some of our tars, too, had a run,
And joined in all the vulgar fun
Which Neptune's sons delight in —
As dancing with the *Cyprians* fair,
And swilling *steam* to banish care,
With a slight dash of fighting.

But to our tale: amongst each *notion*
Brought down by our hard sons of ocean,
And they were not a few,
A long-tailed, chattering monkey came,
A fellow, anything but tame,
Popped in amongst the crew.

The reason I can't exactly tell,
But *monkeys* and *rats* agree quite well: —
And on that self-same night
When Jacko he made his *debut*
On the gun-deck amongst the crew,
They hailed him with delight.

And the next morn when they "turned out,"
The talk in every group about
Was of the monkey's fame;
How his wild antics, day by day,
Would lightly make time pass away, —
They lauded high his name.

But alas! the Fates did not ordain
That Jacko should on board remain,
For ere the breakfast hour
Our first lieutenant's falcon eye
Did our poor chattering favourite spy, —
His brow did quickly lower.

His mandate soon was heard around,
The monkey trembled at the sound,
On shore he quick must go;
Each tar looked quite dejected now,
And sorrow dampened every brow,
But who would dare say "no?"

"Well, well!" cried Jacko, sobbing low,
"I little thought they'd serve me so,
When I formed the resolution
Of leaving behind my friends up-town,
And coming with jocund spirits down
To join the Constitution.

"I heard of *her* fame when I was young —
Her deeds were praised by every tongue;
And oftentimes I sighed,
That ere to this world I'd bid adieu,
I might once chance to have a view
Of *her* — Columbia's pride.

"And when I saw her tars on shore,
My heart yearned towards her then the more.
I struck a bargain quick, —
And left my every thing behind,
But little thinking in my mind
They'd serve me this sad trick.

"I thought I'd have a glorious chance
My *sailor knowledge* to advance;
But alas! 'tis all in vain;
For I must leave this sturdy frigate,
My disappointment how they'll rig it,
When I join my friends again.

"So fare you well, you sons of ocean,
You can't imagine what emotion
Fills my poor heart just now;
But though I'm started off this fashion,
Don't, my dear friends, fly in a passion,
'Twould only raise a row.

"You know, yourselves, the commodore
Knows nothing 'bout my going ashore;
Hold on — he'll soon be here,
And *I*, to some folks' damn'd confusion,
On board the frigate Constitution
Will *then* once more appear.

"Won't that be one great satisfaction
For this low, spiteful, shabby action;
The thought most makes me grin —

And when again on board I skip,
The strut I'll take about the ship,
I'm sure will be a sin.

"Officers, sailors, or marines,
They then can't do me even *beans;*
Whilst I've the commodore
To stand my friend — I wonder who,
Amongst the *officers* or *crew*,
Dare *then* send me ashore?

"No, no, — I reckon some of those
Who *now* at me turn up their nose
Will *then* be mighty civil,
And try my friendship to regain;
But all their talk will be in vain,
I'll pitch 'em to the devil.

"But here's the boat — adieu! adieu!
I can't stay longer now with you,
I've time to say no more."
And in the boat he quickly hied,
And hundreds flocked to the ship's side
To see him reach the shore.

But mark the upshot — Jack was right —
The commodore arrived next night,
Enquired for his baboon;
And when they found 'twas really his,
How disappointment stamped each phiz —
They quickly changed their tune.

My tale is done in few words more —
A boat was quickly sent ashore,
Jack was brought off that night;
And as he stepped on board the ship,
He nimbly o'er the decks did skip,
And grinned with fair delight.

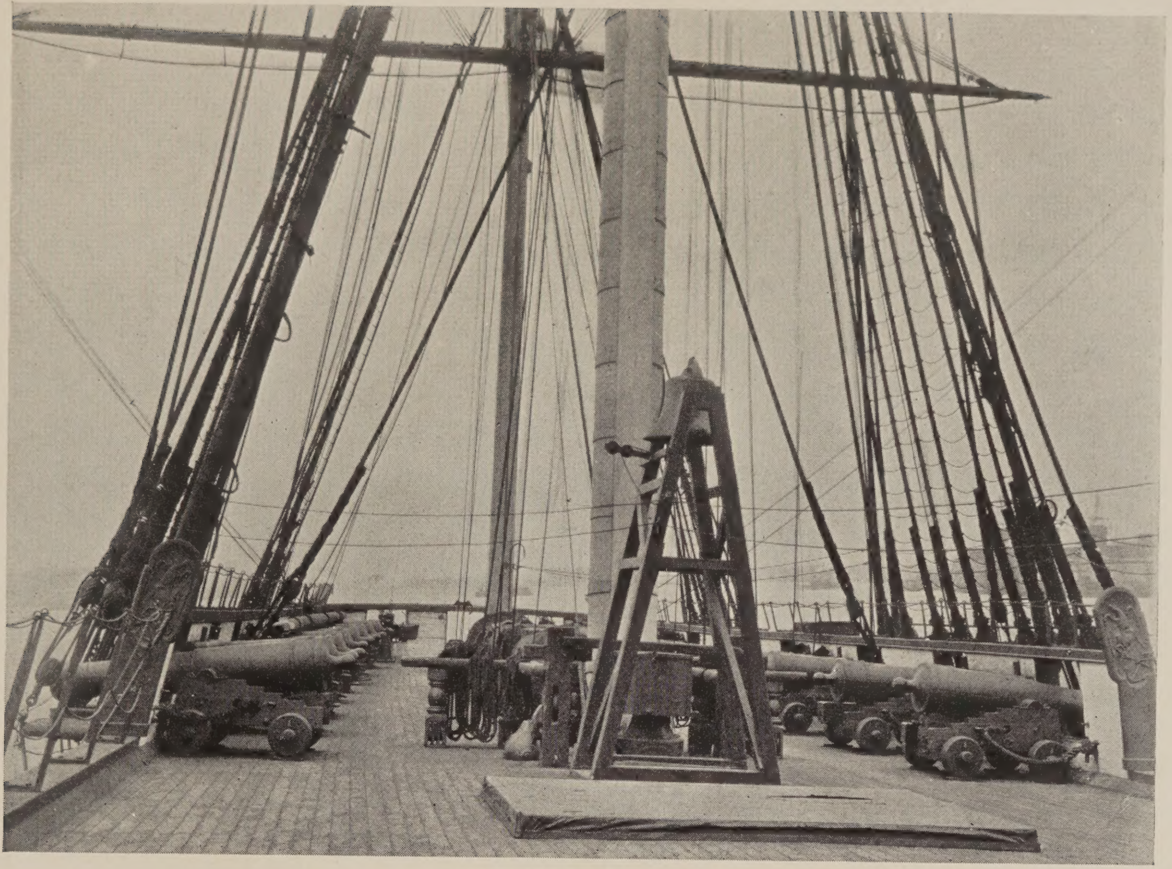
THE LOST FAVOURITE

"His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl."

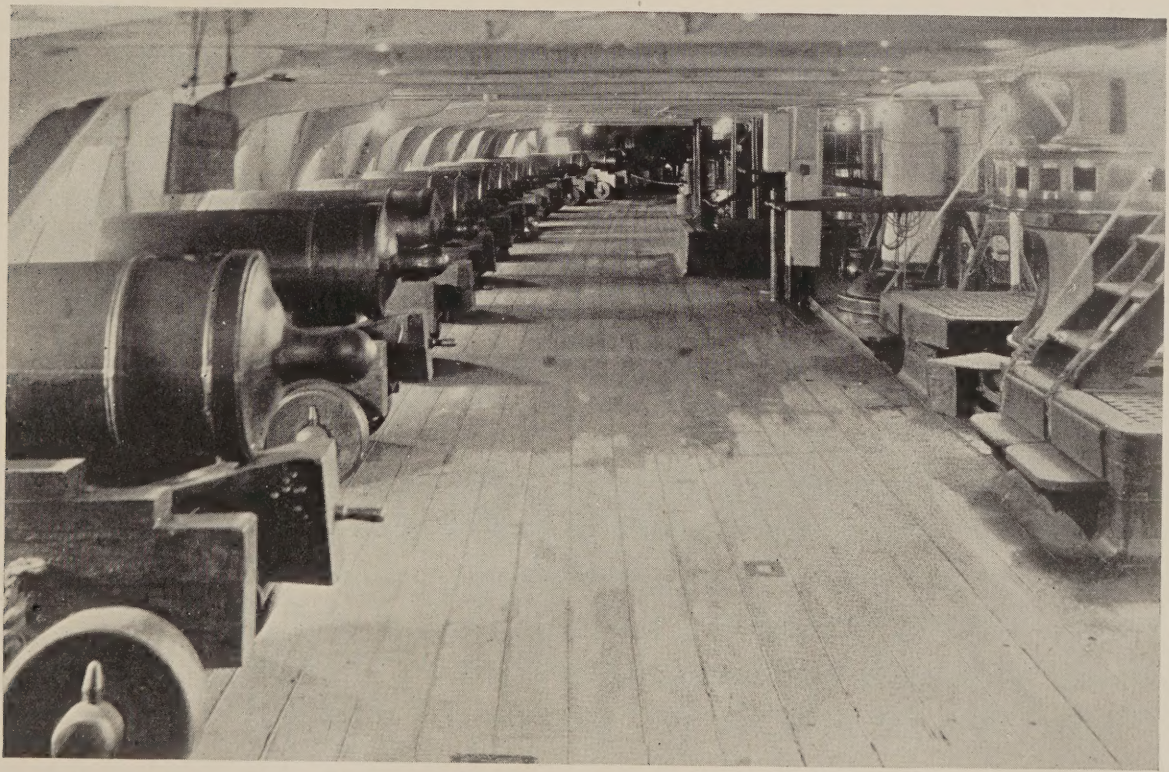
THE inimitable Scottish bard made use of the forcible lines in the above motto when speaking of one of his "twa dogs;" blame me not then, gentle reader, if I express myself in like manner, when recording the virtues of a canine favourite — when lauding the worth of a lamented dog; yes, reader, a *dog;* and such a one, on board our trim frigate, I'm sure "his like will ne'er be seen again."

There is no quadruped in any part of the habitable globe, that by his sagacity entwines himself so strongly around the affections of man, as the dog: — he is the only friend that remains steadfast and unshrinking when dangers appal, or difficulties surround us: — he is the only companion whose affection no adverse turn of fortune, however severe its consequences, can estrange: — he is the only associate whose caresses are as pure and unalloyed in poverty as in prosperity: — he is the only servant that will follow his master's footsteps, when the chill hand of penury bows his frame with famine, and wrings his heart with bitter anguish: — yes! in sunshine and in storm, in affluence and distress, in danger and in safety, the dog remains still man's unalterable friend and protector; and even after the spark of life may have fled its tenement of clay, his piteous whine and sorrowful visage, plainly betoken that the faithful creature's love has remained immoveable and unshrinking until death, and that his affections are still wrapped up in the inanimate body that lies before him.

If then on *terra firma* the dog, surrounded by hundreds of his fellow quadrupeds, ingratiates himself into the favour of his master, and wins by his docility his love and friendship, how much stronger must that chain of affection be, which binds the wanderer upon the mighty deep to the canine favourite — that traverses



SPAR DECK OF THE CONSTITUTION, LOOKING AFT
1925



GUN DECK OF THE CONSTITUTION, PORT SIDE, SHOWING 24-POUND LONG GUNS
1925

with him in storm and in tempest the expansive deep blue ocean, that enlivens the same few feet of plank upon which they both tread, with his merry friskings! On shipboard, where four or five hundred souls are crowded together within the confines of a narrow space, communing with none save themselves for months and months, the wild antics of a monkey, the pert jabbering of a parrot, or the friendly pranks of any four-footed animal, quickly wins upon the feelings of Neptune's son in his confined state, and the creature in a short time becomes the idol of the ship's company; and when bereaved of this favourite, when a vacuum takes place in the playful gambols with which he was wont to enliven the scene, his absence is severely felt, his loss becomes a matter of universal regret.

Whilst we lay at Callao in the month of July, previous to our cruise to Puna, Mr. C——, our carpenter, was presented by the captain of the American brig Corsair, with a full grown dog of the half-spaniel breed, and brought him on board our frigate, with the intention of taking him to the United States. On board vessels of war, where they act up to the regulations strictly to the letter, the reign of four-footed favourites is of but short duration; for when they once chance to come under the quick detecting gaze of the first lieutenant, but two alternatives remain, proscription or banishment; — to parley is of no avail; at the first mandate they must vacate the ship, or tremble for the consequences. Now, *Dick* (the familiar cognomen by which Mr. C——'s dog was addressed by our tars, upon his first stepping aboard,) became almost *instanter* a favourite with both officers and men; perhaps it was the *nonchalance* with which he tripped about the several decks, or the swaggering air with which he carried his tail curled over his back, as he appeared to claim the acquaintance of all whom he approached, that gained him a friendly greet from every one; but at all events he had not been half an hour on board, before he became universally admired, and his permanent stay was a consummation devoutly to be wished by all in our trim frigate, from the first lieutenant down to the most diminutive side-boy. Every one wondered how it possibly came to pass, that Dick had not some gentle hints given him, that his presence was not at all desirable on board; but no, week after week he remained, without a murmur of disapprobation being breathed — a month or two passed over, and not even a look of displeasure was cast on him by the occupants of the cabin or wardroom; and he appeared to be aware of the esteem in which he was held, for when the drum beat to quarters, and the crew silently assembled, and ranged themselves up in front of their several guns, he would trip jauntily around the precincts of the quarter-deck, looking familiarly up into the faces of the officers, and wag his tail with as much effrontery and seeming confidence, as if pursuing his gambols on the forecastle amidst the noise and outcry of our happy tars. What he was deficient in with regard to cunning, and mischievous adroitness, he very soon imbibed under the tuition of some of the wags of the larboard gangway; indeed he appeared to have quite a partiality for that part of the ship, for whatever little movement took place, either of duty or amusement, that chanced to call together a bevy of fore-topmen, Dick was to be perceived in the midst of the throng, apparently enjoying the scene with regular gusto, and joining his harmonious bark to the general noise. The longer he remained on board, the more he became beloved; and as our wags expressed it, "he learned the ropes pretty fast," for whilst lying at the Island of San Lorenzo, the moment any of the boats were called away (which sometimes was the case every fifteen minutes,) Dick would prick up his ears, curl his tail over his back, give a bark of delight, and scamper away to the accommodation ladder, stow himself securely in the bow of the boat, and when she shoved off from the ship he would plunge into the briny element, swim to the island, and wait on the beach with a countenance all meekness for her arrival, and then return on board again highly delighted with his frolic. One day we exercised our lads with the long guns and carronades, firing shot at a target erected on shore. As soon as Dick perceived Mr. C—— and some of the carpenter's crew about to leave the ship, for the purpose of being convenient to re-erect the target should it chance to be shot down, he scampered into the boat, and before they were at all aware of the fact, he was on the beach close to the scene of action. At the discharge of number-one gun, away he flew pell-mell after the shot, which was curveting up the hill, tearing the sand with fierceness in its ascent. As soon as the expended shot became stationary, our long tailed hero stopped also, placed his paw upon the circular piece of iron as if to assure himself of its quietness, started back again to the beach, and there awaited, his eager sparkling eyes fixed upon the deadly engines as their frowning muzzles peeped through the ports, until the next discharge, when he would again scamper off and amuse himself as before.

Whether tacking ship, or reefing topsails, holy-stoning decks, or mustering around the capstan, Dick was sure to be perceived in his accustomed resting-place on the booms, watching every movement going forward as if with the eye of a critic; the spar-deck was his idol, day or night, at sea or in port; in the hot sunshine, as well as when the unpleasant heavy dews added a dreary chillness to every thing around, Dick still kept possession of the upper-deck, scarcely going below for his meals; but oh! the uncertainty of existence: — On our passage from Payta to Callao, the word was whispered around the ship that our four-footed favourite was missing. If, readers, a man had fell from the mast-head, and became engulfed in a watery tomb before the straining eye-balls of the ship's company, it would not have produced a greater sensation than did this intelligence. "What has become of him?" — "When was he seen last?" — "Perhaps he's asleep in one of the tops;" was repeated over by a dozen different tars, every one of whom were solicitous to obtain all the information possible respecting his disappearance; some searched the boats, some the tops, others the berth-deck, sick-bay holds, &c.; in fact not a part of the ship, where it was supposed he could possibly stow himself, but what was scrutinously overhauled, but without avail; poor Dick was no where to be found, his disappearance was an enigma which no one could solve; that he must have slipped overboard accidentally from the fore-chains, during the hurry and bustle of putting the ship about, was the general opinion, and he was consequently put down by all hands as *expended.* "Confound the stupid fellow," cried Bill Garnet, addressing himself to a crowd that were assembled around the after-bitts on the main-deck, talking over with serious faces the probability of his being picked up by some vessel astern, "I thought I poked *savey* enough into that fellow's brain-box to sing out when he should chance to make a *slippery bend* of it; but you see he's gone to Davy Jones' locker through his own foolishness." — "You talk like an ass, Garnet," remarked old Flyblock; "he must have got overboard whilst we were in stays, and the *shindy* we kick up at such a time as that would drown your cries for help, if you chanced to turn turtle, let alone the bark of that poor dog: well, we'll miss him for a time at all events, for a more wide-awake animal, or one that knew the *moves* of a man-of-war better for his short acquaintance, he has'nt left behind him, either on board of ship or on shore." — "You say true, matie," chimed in Bowser, the forecastle-man, "he was indeed a dog of *parts;* why two or three nights ago, while putting the ship about in our watch, in the hurry and bustle they forgot to send a man to the jib-sheet; at the word, 'helm's-a-lee,' not perceiving the jib fluttering, I ran to the lee-side, and there was Dick, as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, clearing away the sheet with his mouth; he had all the turns off the pin but one; now isn't that nature? if 'taint, I don't know what is." — "Bowser, I don't know how to swallow that yarn," cried Flukes, "I know Dick was pretty wide-awake, but I can't hoist that *gas* in no how." "Yarn eh," cried the old forecastle-man, a little put out at the idea of his veracity being called in question, "'tis no yarn at all, but as true as to-morrow is *banyan* day; why last Thursday, when they passed the word for holystoning decks, the captain of the foretop began to curse and swear because some one had stolen all his holy-stones: Dick, who was standing by, no sooner heard it than off he starts full trot, dives down on the berth-deck, and *muzzles* two belonging to some of the cooks, and though the master-at-arms and ship's corporal chased him hard, armed with a couple of *squilgees*, he reached the gangway in safety, with the articles in his mouth; and the most curious part of it was, the holy-stones were marked *fore-top starboard* too — what do you say to that?"

Bowser could have related a dozen more little incidents, which would fully prove the superiority of Dick's abilities, but the last was sufficient; they one and all proclaimed him the most inimitable of quadrupeds, and they retired with heavy bosoms and sorrowful faces, occasioned by the absence of their favourite; and for weeks, aye months, after his sudden disappearance, many a group, when huddled together under the lee of the boats, or enjoying the luxury of their pipes around the confines of the galley, would expatiate in glowing terms upon the vast acquirements and rare qualities of *poor Dick.*

LAMENT ON THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE AND PREMATURE LOSS OF THE DOG DICK, WHO, IT IS SUPPOSED, FELL OVERBOARD ON OUR PASSAGE FROM PAYTA TO CALLAO

Adieu, old favourite! now adieu!
With brimful eye the spot I view
Where you, amongst our jolly crew,
  Skipped blythe and gay, —
And every moment swiftly flew
  From day to day.

I think on deck I see you now,
And hear your musical *bow wow,*
Whilst pleasure beamed on every brow
  To see you there;
For in each skylark, game or row
  You had a share.

Of mornings now when decks are dry,
And brooms and squilgees all put by,
To sport or play no one will fly
  With motion quick,
And very plain the reason why, —
  They miss *you,* Dick.

Yes, Dick, we miss your gambols gay —
Your sportive mirth, your jocund play —
Your merry antics day by day
  Are now no more;
To think the waves snatched you away
  It grieves us sore.

At evening, in some favourite port,
When in the gangways all resort,
Those who did oft your friendship court
With frowns look on;
A dullness seems to cloud each sport
Because you're gone.

The life-boat may be called away
Aye, twenty times within one day,—
Who'll now upon the ladder stay
'Till she draws near?
For you at her call with spirits gay
Would cock each ear,

And as she shoved from the ship's side,
You'd curl your tail with haughty pride,
And plunge into the briny tide
And lightly float;
And towards the beach you'd swiftly glide
Before the boat.

And as you'd reach the sandy shore,
Your joyful bark would echo o'er
In concert with the surf's dull roar,
From hill to hill;
But now, alas! 'tis heard no more,
Your tongue is still.

I never will forget that day
Our ship at San Lorenzo lay,
Our cannon-balls did briskly play
Upon the sand;
And surely in that bloodless fray
You were on hand.

To see you chase each angry ball
As they upon the sand would fall,
Regardless of each eager call
From your own master —
You paid no heed to him at all,
But ran the faster.

And when the shot would stop quite spent,
You then appeared to be content,
And to the rocks your steps you bent,

And there remain
Until another shot was sent —
You were off again.

To show you were loved by not a few,
That fatal morn when they missed you,
Both fore and aft our whole ship's crew
Did sore bewail;
And young and old by turns look'd blue
When they heard the tale.

Our hard old salts they tore their hair,
And loud and deep were heard to swear,—
Cursing themselves for not being there
At that same minute;
For they would save you, foul or fair,
Or the devil's in it.

Yes, when you made that *slippery bend,*
Had you but gave one bark, my friend,
You'd found each tar with a rope's end
To heave to you;
And every one their aid would lend
Amongst our crew.

In midst of all the fuss and rout,
When putting our old ship about,
Had we but heard the slightest shout
To tell your state,
We'd got *launch*, *barge*, and *cutters* out
To avert your fate.

But, alas! no helping hand was nigh,
No friendly shipmate standing by,
No ear to catch your drowning cry
Or plantive moans;
For if there were you would not lie
With Davy Jones.

For believe me, Dick, the slightest word
That you had tumbled overboard,
Aye, though the tempest loudly roared,
Waves mountain high,
To save you, all with one accord
Would quickly fly.

Our reefers and lieutenants too,
As well as our stout jolly crew,
Would, from your fate to rescue you,
  Great efforts make;
You'd find them *then* both stout and true,
  And no mistake.

But, alas! my words are all in vain,
Each thought but gives me greater pain,
For we can ne'er behold again
  Thy honest phiz;
From weeping I can scarce refrain,
  To think of this.

Alas! you've run your mortal race,
You've gone and left a vacant space,—
What favourite now can fill your place
  So well as you;
No other dog dare show his face
  'Mongst our ship's crew.

So once again a long farewell!
No other cur could you excel,
That all on board our ship could tell,
  Whilst you were here;
At *sailor tricks* you bore the bell
  Both far and near.

And when some future years pass by,
And other ships our tars may try,
Your praise from group to group will fly,
  And that full quick;
And many a *salt* will mournful cry
  "Alas! poor Dick."

CAPTURING A WHALE

"Unerring aimed, the missile weapon flew,
And plunging, struck the fated victim through;
Awhile his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills."

WELL, here's "Old Ironsides," just returned from the little towns of Payta and Puna, the former celebrated for its cloudless skies, pretty, agreeable women, profusion of onions and scarcity of water, and the latter for its blood-sucking, relentless mosquitoes, trees loaded with delicious oysters and guanas, paroquets and alligators in no small quantity; lying once more at her accustomed anchorage in the harbour of Callao, and presenting, to the gaze of the citizen who should chance to bend his steps towards the *mole* to enjoy the salubrity of the cheering sea breeze, as well as to the inmates of the other vessels-of-war that are at anchor adjacent, as neat and faultless a hull, as elegant a symmetry of spars, as systematically squared yards, as delightful a contour of standing and running rigging, from her truck to her dead-eyes; aye, and as briskling a set of *teeth*, ready at a moment's warning to bid defiance to a saucy foe; as any other floating structure that ever fluttered a pennant.

I like Callao better than any other port on the coast, and I believe so does nineteen out of every score of man-of-war's-men who come on this station. Valparaiso may have its attractions on shore amongst its dizzy *tops*, to please the reckless tar when pursuing his orgies on liberty, yet still the heavy-armed ship lies not half so secure there with her ponderous anchor ahead; nor does she float on the briny element with that placid stillness, that swan-like buoyancy, as when riding gracefully upon the bosom of the tranquil waters of Callao's harbour: — "Yes, Callao, country of earthquakes and revolutions, market of fleas and cheromoyas, and rendezvous-general of commissioned man-of-war smugglers," the preference to you I must give; and spite of the chill heavy dews which wend their sluggish way from thy barely moistened soil, ascending like the murky clouds of a burning forest, obscuring the horizon within the narrowest limits, still the tranquillity of thy commodious harbour, formed by that natural breakwater, San Lorenzo, together with the numerous shoals of delicious fish with which thy waters abound, serve to raise you in the opinion of every candid tar who has ever, whilst at anchor, enjoyed the serenity of the one, or whose stomach has ever felt the luscious effects of the other: — And thy *bum-boats*, too, here is another attraction, frivolous perhaps in the eyes of many, but to the son of Ocean, undergoing the rigid confinement of a man-of-war, the summit of his hopes, the *ne plus ultra* of his desires; with what anxious expectancy will he not look towards the shore, as the sharp rap tap-tap of the rattling drum proclaims that eight bells is on the eve of striking; and as he perceives the indefatigable and plodding *bumboat-man* pulling vigorously towards the ship, a smile of gratification o'erspreads his bronzed features, his eye sparkles with happy delight, the word is quickly passed to the occupants of the *gangway*, who are anxiously awaiting the result of his glances shoreward that their *desideratum* is approaching, and in a few minutes (breakfast having in the interval been piped) you perceive crowds, both young and old, ascending the ship's side, bearing in their hands tin pans of no trifling magnitude, plentifully heaped with smoking *fried liver*, together with a due proportion of its *accompaniment*, onions and gravy.

Ah, *Hill* and *Antonio*, how often have our epicures, as they'd reach their messes at breakfast-time, curled their noses with disdain at the appearance of perhaps a prime piece of raw salt pork, or a smoking bread *scouse*, which their indefatigable cooks had in readiness for their morning's repast, and all because their nasal organs inhaled the delicious smell of your savoury, well-seasoned liver. — How many small, flat, circular pieces of silver, known amongst our lads by the name of "York shillings," have you dropped into your capacious purses by the sale of this article? But no matter, continue your present course of traffic, you aquatic hawkers, and when old age, or an accumulated heap of glittering dross causes you to renounce your calling, drop the hint to your successors to follow in your footsteps; for believe me, the dreary and sterile Isle of San Lorenzo will float like a gossamer in the air, before the happy inmates of one of Columbia's ships-of-war on this station will cease to purchase their darling *liver*, whilst they have a shot in the locker.

It was upon the first of November, our ship lay as before adverted to in the harbour of Callao; a more delightful day one could scarcely desire; the sun beamed forth in all its splendour, not emitting that fierce, sickly heat, that in southern climates so overpowers the frame, but diffusing a gentle and soothing warmth around, which, contrasted with the heavy, chill dews so prevalent in this port, was doubly agreeable to all those who were enjoying its cheering influence. There was just breeze enough to slightly ruffle the surface of the waters of the surrounding bay; and as the several ships at anchor, with their national banners floating aloft in graceful wantonness, met the eye, the sight was one pleasing and interesting. It was Sunday; and as is generally the case upon the Sabbath, the interior of our ship, from the lower to the spar-deck, was cleansed with the most scrutinous care, and everything was arranged in its proper place with the nicest precision and exactitude. Our crew were uniformly dressed in blue jackets and trowsers and snow-white frocks; the rules for the regulation of the Navy had been read, and each one had passed around the capstan, undergoing the criticising glance of our commander; and they were now scattered in different groups about the several decks, endeavouring as they best could, to beguile the time 'till the boatswain's shrill pipe would proclaim the noontide meal.

Whilst things were thus situated, the attention of the quartermaster on the look-out, was attracted by an unusual noise in the water a short distance from the ship, and upon having recourse to his spy-glass, two whales were perceived pursuing their gambols in the bay, making rapid tracks towards where the merchant vessel lay at anchor; their clumsy, powerful bodies one moment disappearing from the sight, and the next forming a glowing foam on the face of the sparkling waters as they raised with a sudden breach to the surface. The circumstance was soon known throughout the ship, and all were immediately on the alert, repairing to the spar-deck with precipitate haste to feast their eyes upon the disportings of those huge inmates of the deep. The fore, main and mizen-rigging, poop, forecastle, and every other part where a good view could be possibly obtained of those finny monsters, were literally crowded with individuals; for to a great many of our crew the sight was as novel as unexpected; — their sports however were but of short duration. The inmates of a French whaling vessel lying in the harbour, soon beheld those noble fish; and after casting many an eager and covetous glance upon their giant carcasses, as they rolled and tumbled about with all the playfulness of porpoises; they lowered a boat, and with a stout, athletic crew and all the several implements necessary for this peculiar warfare, they pulled vigorously in pursuit.

It could be very soon perceived, from the wariness and caution with which they proceeded, together with the skill and tact evinced in the management of the boat, that the Frenchmen were no novices at this business; and as they pursued their prey, one moment pulling with unabated vigour and the next lying silently on their oars, awaiting for the fish to rise to the surface, their movements called forth the applause or censure, as the case might be, of our "old salts," who, from their different elevated stations, watched the progress of the chase with keen and criticising glances.

"Now *Crapeau*, is your chance," broke forth a green horn belonging to the after-guard, who from the starboard fore-rigging with mouth wide open, was viewing the scene, as he perceived one of the noble fish lying almost motionless upon the water but a few feet from the boat, completely unconscious of the glittering instrument of death that was poised with fatal aim over him — "By golly, what a slick time for a *dart;* I reckon I could put an *iron* right clean through him, lying as he does now; them ere fellows are *scared*, they know nothing about killing a whale I see."

"Look here, Tubbs," cried Bradley, the maintop-man, addressing the quarter-deck swab-wringer, "just clap a stopper on that *red rag* of yours; you are giving your opinion in this affair as if you were some old Nantucket whaler; and I know you hav'nt been many months from behind a *clam cart;* let somebody pass their remarks that know more about it than you do." "Do you think I hav'nt been whaling?" responded Tubbs — "I reckon if you ever fall in with captain Seth Handy, of New Bedford, and ask him who pulled the after oar in his boat, I guess he'd mention my name. That was the man for turning up a fish; he made no more of *lancing* a whale in a *flurry* than others would of hooking a mackerel."

During this little colloquy the whale once more *sounded*, and the inmates of the boat conjecturing by some means or another that his stay below would not be of long duration, remained lying upon their oars adjacent to where he went down, the harpooner, with his keen instrument balanced above his head, awaiting his re-appearance with breathless anxiety. Their expectations were quickly realized — the huge creature in a few moments made his appearance above the surface, throwing the water up to a considerable height, with a noise resembling the escape of a heavy pressure of steam. The hardy crew now pulled fearlessly towards him; the noise of the oars attracted his attention for a moment, and before he could avail himself of the only two alternatives left him, viz. flight or diving once more to the bottom, the harpooner, with a powerful effort, launched his javelin, and in one second the barbed steel was quivering in his life-blood. "That's just as it ought to be," cried Bill Garnet, rubbing his hands with delight — "I tell you, the fellow that heads that boat has fastened to a whale before to-day; he sent that *iron* in the right place, or I'm much mistaken; two or three darts of a lance now will make him as still and motionless as our figure-head." "But he's not as far gone as you think for, Bill," remarked Bradley; "the way he's walking off with the slack of that boat is nobody's business; my eyes! how she's flying through the water." Bradley was right — the finny monster rendered furious by his wound, was dragging the boat along with a velocity almost incredible, the crew remaining perfectly motionless, taking advantage of every opportunity that offered to gather in the slack of the line so as to enable them to finish the work of destruction with the lance, which was used with great activity by the person in the bow; and its fatal effects were soon perceptible, from the sanguinary streams which the infuriated animal threw up into the air, colouring the water around with the same crimson tint.

"There's a pretty touch; go it my hearties, he's all your own. I tell you *Johnny Crapeau* is no *slouch* at killing a whale; he's worked that fellow's *old iron* up in as pretty a style as any Nantucketer could do it. Don't you think he has, Dobbs?" ejaculated Garnet, addressing himself to a fellow at his elbow, who from the earnestness with which he riveted his staring eyes upon the boat, appeared to be completely absorbed in the probable issue of the contest. "Why, they've done pretty fair, considering once or twice they did'nt bring the boat on to him as they ought; for if he happened to get into his *flurry* then, he'd knocked them all to eternity before they could say *starn all;* but they've done his business — for there he heaves the blood up as thick as mush; they need'nt lance him again, he'll turn over in a short time."

The unwilling fish now began gradually to slacken his pace, thus giving his pursuers a fair opportunity of irritating him with the lance, which they used unsparingly, and which, as its keen edge entered with cruel force his already lacerated body, caused him to belch forth complete streams of the crimson fluid. His last moments now approached — he rolled and plunged into the blood-stained waters with an impetuosity almost fatal to the boat, forming a complete sea of foam all around him — one moment would he lift his enormous head several feet above the surface, as if seeking out his tormentors, and again bring his huge tail down with a sudden crash, making the whole harbour resound with his fearful bellowings. His struggles were soon over — he rallied all his remaining strength for a last effort, raised himself almost completely out of the water, and came down again with a force almost capable of destroying a ship; — then all was still — the noble animal had breathed his last.

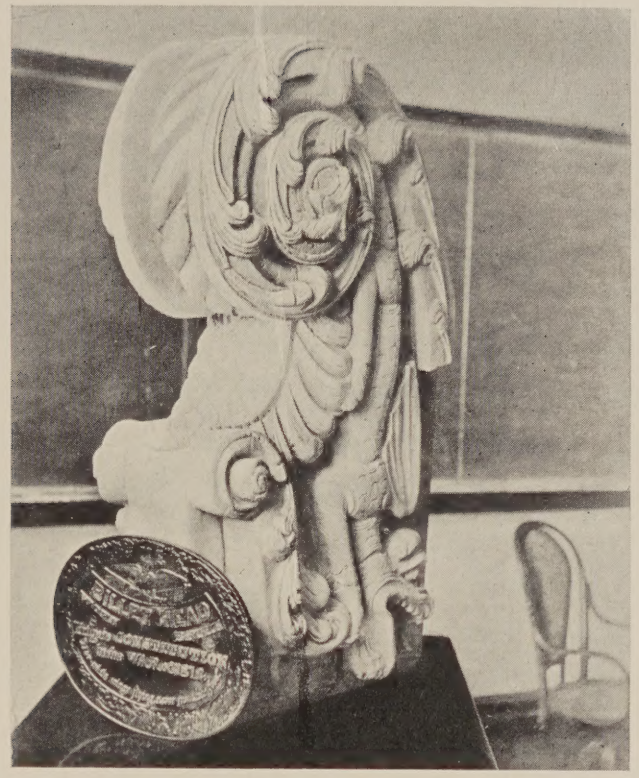
Our lads in the rigging were so taken up with the affair, that they remained bending their eager eyes towards the scene of action, long after the fish became lifeless; and they would have kept their stations till he was towed in shore, did not the shrill dinner-pipe and the roll for grog (that quick disperser of every crowd on shipboard) cause them to repair to their several messes; and the theme of conversation during the meal hour, was the gallant conduct evinced by the French boat's crew when "capturing the whale."

THE UNEXPECTED SEIZURE

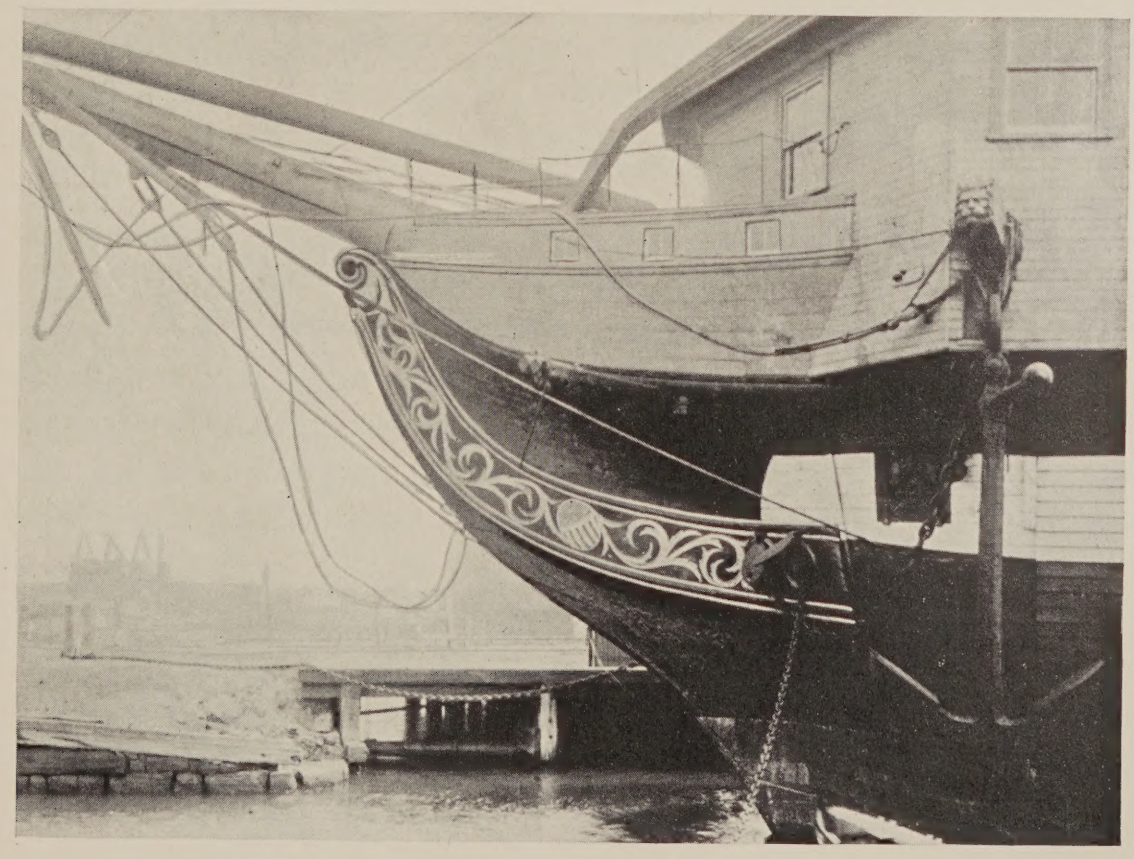
> "Dearest of distillation, last and best,
> —— How art thou lost."

SMUGGLING liquor is a crime rarely forgiven on board an armed ship, and why? Because it is the source from whence emanates every breach of discipline, every act of insubordination, every crime; and though in many instances the individual who should chance to be arraigned at the *mainmast* for intoxication, might possibly escape with a slight reprimand, yet should suspicion but point its finger at the luckless wight who sold him the liquor, no pleading can palliate *his* offence, no excuse can save *his* back from the lacerating *cats*. Severe and doubly certain though the punishment of this crime is, still there is none so prevalent, nor any prosecuted with greater vigour; and however strict they may be in their search after this prohibited article, they will smuggle it, despite all their injunctions, all their watchfulness, all their precautions.

How often have I seen some case-hardened, determined boatman, after receiving his *quantum* at the gangway for being guilty of bringing the *ardent* on board, in the short space of half an hour, when his boat would reach the shore again, and with his back even then smarting from the effects of his late castigation, return to the ship with another load of the ill-fated, prohibited liquid! The individuals who come under the denomination of "smugglers," are not, as may be supposed, inveterate drunkards; it is not to satisfy the cravings of their own appetites that they so fearfully risk corporal punishment. No; — 'tis to replenish their pockets with the *needful* — 'tis to gain for themselves the glittering dross — that they deal so indefatigably in this contraband business; and that more enormous profit accrues from it than can be well imagined, I have only to mention that the quantity of liquor which on shore would cost but *twenty-five cents*, is here quickly sold to hundreds, quite elate at their *bargain*, for *two* and *three* dollars; and when a scarcity takes place, *five*, *six*, and even


BILLET HEAD
CONSTITUTION

BILLET-HEAD OF THE CONSTITUTION (?), 1812
Lossing's *History of the War of 1812* attributes this to the Cyane



BILLET-HEAD AND TRAIL-BOARDS ON THE CONSTITUTION
AT BOSTON NAVY YARD, 1900

ten dollars, in money or its value, have often been given without a moment's hesitation for a bottle of the deleterious stuff.

What contrivances will not the smuggler of liquor have recourse to, in order to get his *cargo* on board in safety? I have seen a fine, tempting roasting pig or plump turkey, the property of one or other of the messes, brought on board upon some festival day, pass by the master-at-arms without the slightest suspicion, which savoury articles as soon as they reached their destination on the lower deck, were quickly embowelled, with the help of a sharp knife, the interior presenting to the gaze of the delighted owners, a couple of bladders well filled with the inebriating nectar. — The old frigate that I was an inmate of last cruise, came to anchor one morning at the Island of Madeira; as is customary the *bum-boats* came alongside with fruit, bread, eggs, &c., and amongst other things they offered for sale some very handsome covered straw baskets; — it was astonishing to see how great was the demand for those articles, although the price was a dollar each; but straw baskets were the rage from the mizen-top to the berth-deck; three times a day would the boats come alongside, half-full of those fragile things, and as quick as lightning would they be all disposed of: for know, gentle reader, half a gallon of liquor was stowed securely in the inside; — and we left the Island without an officer on board having the slightest suspicion how well those baskets were lined.

One fine afternoon, lying in the harbour of Callao, our master-at-arms was seen to emerge from his *sanctorum* on the lower-deck, fly up the ladder with precipitate haste, and with a countenance betokening information of the greatest magnitude and importance, whisper something confidentially to the officer of the deck; at the same time looking around him with the air of one who is fearful some eavesdropper is on the alert to endeavour to catch his secret. As soon as the little affair was perceived, curiosity was excited to the highest pitch to know what could possibly be the cause of this colloquy; for they were well aware when this individual made his appearance at the *mainmast*, it was to make some *report* or other, which generally had the effect of consigning some poor devil to "durance vile;" all those therefore, who had been *bowsing their jibs up* during the morning began to arrange their disordered appearance somewhat, fearing the information might in some measure affect themselves.

"My eyes!" cried old Bowser, joining a little group that was now assembled in the starboard-gangway, directing their keen glances towards the precincts of the quarter-deck, endeavouring by every means in their power to fathom the affair — "there's a *move on the board,* I tell you. Joe has scented rum somewhere; see what a nasty twinkle he's got in that weather eye of his; if there are any smugglers about, they had better look out for their cargoes; for, believe me, there will be a *dead set* made." "Pshaw! nonsense," rejoined Flukes; "'tis nothing more than some berth-deck cook that he's reporting for not having his *spit-box* in good order." "'Tis something more serious than that," replied Bowser — "just mark my words now if there ain't a *whack* of rum somewhere about the borders; I know his manœuvres like a book; many a good skin he has cut belonging to me before this cruise; he can ferret liquor out, where you'd never expect it to be stowed." A boat was ordered to haul up to the gangway, and into it stepped the master-at-arms and an officer, and shoved off from the ship; and now indeed was the curiosity of our lads increased four-fold, and an anxiety pervaded every mind to ascertain where the boat was possibly bound to.

"Why, damme I don't know what to make of this *move* no how," cried Pat Bradley, addressing himself to the crowd, which had considerably augmented, in the maintop-man's gangway — "the master-at-arms can't possibly have gone ashore for *French* liberty men, for he has'nt his jacket on; besides, I don't believe there are any ashore that fashion just now; it puzzles me altogether, I tell you." "Well mates, it don't puzzle me a mite," cried the all-knowing pragmatical Garnet; "I can tell to a *ravelling* where he's bound to, and mark me if he don't bring a pretty cargo alongside; he'll go as far as our *buoy* and no farther; and he'll find enough there, I'm thinking, to give every one in this gangway a good *tuck out.* As far as the *buoy* — what mean you?" enquired one of the crowd. "What do I mean?" retorted Garnet; "why, I mean that some two-faced rascal — I can't call him sailor — has *let the cat out of the bag* and turned states' evidence; he'd never know it else." "Curse me if I know what you are driving at, Garnet," remarked Flukes; "you are speaking in problems altogether." "Well then," continued the loquacious foretop-man, "the fact of the matter is (for it's no use keeping it a secret any longer, since the *gaff is blown*) old Tubbs has got a *ditty-bag chuck* full of *red-eye* moored to our starboard *buoy*, and that's what they are in chase of."

Before they had time to vent their imprecations upon the wretch who had turned informer, (a name odious to a sailor;) the boat came alongside, and in a few moments the master-at-arms ascended the accommodation ladder, a glow of satisfaction illumining his features, bearing in his insatiate clutches a ship's bag, which he laid with a smile of triumph at the feet of the first lieutenant, who had just arrived on the spot to investigate the affair. Our lads flocked in crowds around the mainmast to hear the proceedings; and many of our topers no doubt sent forth desponding sighs, to think this unfortunate seizure should have taken place, thereby depriving them of the glorious guzzle they had so anxiously anticipated.

The bag was carefully overhauled, and twelve or fourteen large skins of liquor held up to the gaze of the crowd, which called forth many little remarks in an under-tone from some of the individuals present. "What a pity all that precious stuff must be *started* over the side," broke forth a liquor-loving forecastleman, with a look which spoke volumes and a sigh which plainly betokened how much he was interested — "It almost brings the tears in my eyes to think of it; — curse the fellow that gave the information say I; if I had my will with him, I'd feed him on the sweepings of the gangway and salt-water grog for a Greenland winter." "And good enough for him," reiterated a dozen voices; "damn a fellow that would inform on his shipmate; he'd let the *guts* out of your bag just as quick." "Aye! and swear your life away for a five dollar bill," chimed in Flukes. The bag was examined very scrutinously, to see if they could find any *clue* as to who might be the proprietor thereof; but without avail. It belonged to an adept at the business, however; so compact was every thing about it arranged, being provided with weights, &c., to prevent it from floating to the surface; and no doubt but what the enterprising individual, whoever he was, had profited pretty considerably by the contrivance prior to this unfortunate development.

As suspicion could not be fixed upon any one particularly, the affair was brought to an issue by the master-at-arms taking possession of the *skins* and emptying them overboard; and as each one was perceived to belch forth its precious contents and mingle with the briny element, heartfelt ejaculations might be heard issuing from the lips of many of the by-standers, for what they considered such an unprecedented waste of Heaven's choicest gifts; and the abject wretch whose information led to this seizure, received the maledictions of many a "hard old salt."

FRENCH POLISH

"They order those things much better in France."

In the course of a vessel-of-war's sojourn on a foreign station, there is no scarcity of matter to constitute sketches such as the foregoing: for not a day passes over the heads of the devotees of Ocean, but what some occurrence or another takes place of sufficient moment, and amusing enough, to be worthy of preservation; and were I to note all the several incidents, "from grave to gay — from lively to severe," that have daily come under my observation; I would swell our "sayings and doings" to a much greater magnitude than my arrangements would sanction.

When up the Mediterranean in the "last ship," cruising with us was all the go, and the different ports that we visited were numerous in the extreme; but on this station the case is materially altered, for from Callao to Payta or Talcahuana, and occasionally to Valparaiso and back to Callao again, constitute the sum-total of our ramblings. Callao being our rendezvous, of course our tarry there is of longer duration than at any of the other mentioned harbours; and like Port Mahon to the tars of the Mediterranean squadron, so is this place to our jolly lads; it is their second home, endeared to them by some tie or another, in such a manner as to cause their hearts to pant with gladness when San Lorenzo presents its sandy pinnacles to their sight.

There is no part of the equipment of a man-of-war that greater pains are taken with to have its appearance strike the beholder with delight, or that the first lieutenant is so particularly anxious about, as the battery; those ponderous thirty-two and twenty-four pounders daily, aye hourly, receive the fostering attentions of the quarter-gunner, to endeavour to give their huge bodies a smooth ebony gloss, to catch the eye and rivet the attention of transient visitors. Our guns in my humble opinion, when we got our ship to rights upon our arrival on this coast, looked as well as any person could wish such ponderous engines to look, particularly when we run them in and out in the way of exercise so often; well, then, they did present a fine warlike appearance to the stranger, who would walk fore and aft the main deck; and such is the appearance they should present, on board of such a time-honoured, war-worn craft as "Old Ironsides;" the first lieutenant was proud of them, and no doubt thought them the *ne plus ultra* of ordnance, until, (oh! unlucky day,) he chanced to step on board the French frigate Thetis, lying adjacent to us in the harbour of Callao, when, horror of horrors, he found to his chagrin the glittering lustre of her battery o'er-shadowed ours, as the high polish of a modern exquisite's boot would the embrowned *sapata* of a tavern loafer.

Here was a damper! the guns we had taken such pains with, and which we viewed with such pleasure and delight, to be thus in one moment eclipsed by the infernal polish of "Johnny Crapeau!" What was to be done? why we must endeavour to *outshine* them without a doubt, and so thought our first lieutenant; he at first imagined the high polish on the Frenchman's guns was accomplished by the application of some novel composition, for which the inventor had perhaps received a medal of the order of St. Louis; but no, he was informed that it was caused by nothing more than *black paint*, laid on by hand; this was the whole and sole secret. Rumor, with her hundred tongues, soon spread through the ship the superiority of the Frenchman's battery in lustrous appearance, with a slight hint at the same time, that we were about to adopt their mode of proceeding, to endeavour if possible to bring ours to the like glossy condition. This discomfited our tars not a little, and many condemned such a mode of proceedure as foolish and nonsensical in the extreme; for it was well known, were we to rub ours till our hands were laid bare to the muscles, we could not make them look anything like the Frenchman's, for the surface of their guns was as smooth as glass, whereas on the contrary ours were in their original rough state as they came from the hands of the caster; still they were determined to try the experiment; and fearing our lads were not sufficiently initiated in the peculiar movement of the *hand*, requisite for laying the paint on the proper style, *Française*, and imagining that any bungling on their part at the first onset, would counteract the delightful effects so anxiously anticipated, they engaged the services of a couple of quarter-gunners belonging to the French frigate, to commence operations upon two or three of our quarter-deck carronades. To work they therefore went, and though at first the greater part of our crew darted at them glances significant of envy and disapprobation, yet when they had given the guns they were at work upon, two or three *coats*, they quickly perceived how different they were in appearance from the others adjacent, and they acknowledged the *hand work* was as effective as it was novel.

So pleased was the "fountain-head," at the jetty brilliancy of the guns that had been *Frenchified*, that our entire battery was ordered to undergo a similar operation; and they did not stop here, for *match-tubs*, *shot-boxes*, *pump-gear*, in fact every piece of wood or iron work in the ship, received diurnally their due proportion of this celebrated composition; in a word, "French polish" became the order of the day, and our wags let off their witticisms on the occasion in every corner. "I say Sam ?" cried a rough old customer belonging to the third division, addressing a gun-mate at his elbow, "what do you think of this *here move?* in my opinion, *Johnny Crapeau* must be confoundedly short of *brushes*, when he started this curious plan for putting on paint." "You may well call it a curious plan," replied the man addressed, "and a damn'd nonsensical one too; in my thinking we might rub on these here guns this fashion, for the standing part of a Dutch dog-watch, every day in our three years' cruise, and we could'nt make them look like theirs." "A precious good reason, mates," cried old Flyblock, "their guns are smooth, and why should'nt they be ? they are not left lying about a navy-yard when a ship goes home off her station, half buried in the sand as ours are; no, you'll see some twenty or thirty convicts around each of them, with a lump of holy-stone in his fist, and they don't give up the job till they grind them down as slick and as bright as one of our marine's ramrods; no wonder then, that paint laid on this fashion makes them look so stylish; we can't come it though on those rough customers of ours." "You've just called them by the right name, Flyblock," rejoined Bowser, the forecastle-man; "*rough customers* they are without a doubt, our enemies found them so also, I imagine; and even now, though they don't *shine* as well as the Frenchman's guns, yet believe me they can *bark* and *bite*, too, in the proper Yankee style, without the aid of any of their foreign polish." "Still this plan is a good one, for all it works up a fellow's old iron," remarked one of the by-standers — "it lays the paint on much smoother than a brush would." "Oh! damn all such outlandish compositions I say," chimed in Flukes; "our guns looked well enough before we ever heard of it, in all conscience. I've been handling the cursed stuff so much for the last week, that yesterday I undertook to scribble a note to the bumb-boat man ashore, for some washed clothes, and curse me mates, if I did'nt slap the three first words down in *French*." "Pshaw! that's nothing," rejoined the incorrigible Garnet, determined not to be outdone by the maintop-man, "I tried some of this fancy composition on my new hat; I had scarcely given it the second coat, and had laid it on the booms to dry, before it took *French leave*, and I hav'nt set eyes on it since — what do you think of that?"

Thus every day, whilst engaged on the *rubbing* system, would our lads bandy their jokes about from gun to gun, until at length, like every other affair on board a man-of-war, the "French polish" ceased to be a novelty.

THE GALLEY MARAUDERS

"Truly, mine host, I must indeed confess
This is forsooth a curious, novel mess."

Hail to thee, galley of a man-of-war, — place of frying-pans, gridirons, and tea-kettles, — *sanctum sanctorum* of thick lips, woolly heads, and countenances as multiform and varied in their hues, as the tints of the dying dolphin, — thou club-room of a tight Yankee frigate, wherein are discussed not only the past and passing events of yesterday and to-day, but where also the coming incidents of futurity are sagely analyzed, — thou inexhaustible mint, wherein is coined news the most preposterous that imagination can possibly devise, — thou storehouse of falsehoods, from whence emanates fabrications so barefaced, as to be sufficient to put Munchausen or Major Longbow to the blush, — thou haunt of the happy tar, whilst anxious to while away the watch below in sweet forgetfulness, — thou resort of story-tellers, within whose precincts *yarns* are spun of such durability and toughness, as to have a complete somniferous effect upon the orbs of the most attentive auditor, — thou elysium of the lover of the Virginian weed, wherein he puffs away all his cares in smoke: Thus do I apostrophize thee, and indeed thou art all I have mentioned; for the jokes, witticisms, twisters, hair-breadth 'scapes, slanders, and lies of the most enormous magnitude, that are daily sent the rounds of the ship from the confines of the galley, would furnish in themselves, without embracing any other topic, matter sufficient to form two or three sizeable volumes.

The disciples of the *range*, vulgarly called galley-cooks, are oftentimes tormented to a great extent by the frequent petty depredations of a wild, *harum-scarum* set of mortals to be met with on board every man-of-war; who, by the aid of a no small stock of bare-faced impudence, and the expert agility of their fingers, monopolize to themselves without the least scruple divers little *tit-bits*, which the man of gridirons and stew-pans might chance to have laid by, to regale himself with after his culinary duties were concluded; or, mayhap, a nice delicious morsel reserved to satisfy the inner man of some assistant or *chummie*, who, for their little services around the environs of the galley, were daily in the habit of receiving such gifts, became alike the spoils of those remorseless plunderers. To detect them would be almost a matter of impossibility, for their sallies were generally made after the hammocks had been piped down; the whole affair being arranged with such complete generalship, that pursuit was of little or no avail, so well would the marauders have their retreat covered; and the lower deck of a frigate, with two or three hundred hammocks pendent over one's head, together with a due proportion of mess-chests, clothes-bags, and loafers lying around, is certainly not the most favourable place in the world, for one to overtake a fugitive, who has had the odds of the first start in his favour. The plan they generally have recourse to, in order to effect their purpose, is as follows: — One of the gang engages poor quashee the cook in conversation upon some subject or another, and endeavours by every means in his power to divert his attention from the oven, wherein lies warming, in all its savoury richness, the delicious morsel they have doomed to be their own; and whilst poor Snowball is showing his ivory at what he considered to be his own wit, and his sonorous *yaw yaw* re-echoes loudly around the deck, completely unconscious of the unseen dangers that lurk near him, another lays violent hands upon the smoking delicacy, passes it into the insatiate clutches of a third, and by the time our galley-cook becomes sensible that his *sanctorum* has been violated, our lads are securely seated in some dark and distant corner of the ship, devouring with the greatest *gusto*, the well-seasoned dish they have procured so easily.

It happened upon one delightful *dog-watch*, in the month of November, whilst on our passage from Callao to Valparaiso, as I was listlessly lounging upon the booms, thinking perhaps of days that had long passed, and scenes that I had but a glimmering hope of ever again beholding, or perhaps pondering upon the many dull and tedious months I had yet to drag my weary existence along in my present monotonous thraldom, of which I was almost surfeited, or perhaps — but no matter what I was thinking of, there I lay stretched out at full length, gazing intently upon the setting sun, as his departing rays threw a halo of rich light upon the face of the deep-blue waters, over which our lofty frigate, as if proud of her speed, was bounding merrily, — my attention was directed towards a crowd, that I perceived accumulating around the mainmast, (that tribunal of justice in a man-of-war,) and knowing that some affair or another was about being investigated, I wended my way aft, to hear the particulars. A laughable scene now presented itself: Nathan Dobbs, a green Vermonter, whose name has appeared more than once in some of the foregoing Sketches, was making dolorous plaints to the first lieutenant and officer of the deck, concerning the loss of a panfull of a most novel delicacy, and of pure sailor origin, ycleped *dunderfunk*, which some evil-disposed shipmate or shipmates had unceremoniously abstracted from the interior of the oven, without caring a single whit whether the owner's stomach became the loser thereby or not. The individuals whom he suspicioned for purloining the same were also in attendance, as well as a whole *posse* of witnesses who stood ready to corroborate our Vermonter's assertions. "Well, Dobbs," cried our first lieutenant, suppressing a smile, "what's the difficulty now?" "Why, sir," cried Nathan, with a piteous whine, and a countenance as bland and innocent as that of a new-born babe — "these here fellows, Flukes and Bowser, walked away with an elegant pan of *dunderfunk* out of the oven, as slick as grease, and had it all devoured up before I could say beans." "A pan of what?" inquired the first lieutenant, the name of this mess sounding as strangely in his ears, as would a sentence of cramp Chinese. "Why, *dunderfunk*, sir a cruel nice dish as ever man put inside of him, I swear." "Well, I've followed the sea these many years," remarked the first lieutenant, "and I thought I was pretty generally acquainted with all the several dishes that are held in repute by the Sons of Ocean, from a *dogs-body* to a *lob-dominion*, but such an affair as this dinde — dun — don" — The jaw-breaking cognomen got the better of his gravity, and he burst out into a hearty laugh, which the crowd, although infringing in some measure upon the *etiquette* of the quarter-deck, joined heartily in. "But what is this *dondledunk*, or whatever you call it, composed of," continued the first lieutenant, when he had again resumed a serious countenance — "what *ingredients* are in it?" "No '*gredients* in it at all sir," replied Bowser, the forcastle-man — "nothing but molasses and bread, and a little *dab* of slush, to give it a *flavourality* like; then shove it in the oven, and 'tis fit for *scoffin* in less than no time." "Bread, molasses, and slush," soliloquized the first lieutenant, "and this is what you give such an infernal hard name to, eh — what do you call it, again?" "*Dunderfunk*, sir," replied a dozen voices from amongst the crowd. "Aye, *dunderfunk*, a mighty mellifluous name truly; but Bowser, how came you and Flukes to meddle with his pan of *dundle-clump*, eh? You know monopolizing any article to yourself, which is not lawfully your own, is in direct opposition to the rules laid down for the salutary benefit of the Navy; what have you to say to this charge?" "Why, the fact of the matter is, sir," remarked Flukes, the sharp-witted, long-tongued sea-lawyer, "that myself and Bowser had as much *concern* in the pan of *dunderfunk*, as Dobbs." "I have no doubt from the statement that has been made," remarked the first lieutenant, with a humorous smile playing around his otherwise serious countenance, "but what you were *more concerned* in it, for you had the satisfaction of staying your stomachs with the delicious morsel, whereas Dobbs, by his own assertion, never had the pleasure of putting a single particle within the portals of his mouth." "I mean we were on the *shares*, sir," cried Flukes — "I found the molasses, Nathan found the bread, and Bowser found the slush." "Yes, sir, that's correct," chimed in Bowser, "I found the slush, Flukes found the molasses, and Dobbs found the bread."

"Not at all, sir! the way them 'ere fellows are lying now, is a caution to hardened sinners," broke forth poor Nathan, in a complete ferment — "Swampseed, the cook at the *range*, knows that I *found* every thing, and cooked it in the bargain." "If I were to investigate the affair thoroughly," remarked the first lieutenant, "I think it would appear that all those articles were *found* before they were *lost;* but send Swampseed here, and let us hear what he has got to say about it." The "coloured gemman" alluded to accordingly stepped forth, doffed his hat, scratched his wool, turned up the whites of his eyes, and looked unutterable things. "Well, Swampseed, what do you know about this scrape between Dobbs, Bowser and Flukes?" "Why, Mr. C——, sir," stammered forth our galley-cook, "dat dere Flukes is de slickest feller at *hooking* any ting dat ever I seed in all my born days; he'd steal de coppers off a dead man's eyes — he is de jackall, and Bowser is de lion around de galley, after de hammocks are down; and de way dey overhaul a range of every pan, dish, and kettle, to find de *manavalins*, is nobody's business." "I don't ask you what their general character is," cried the first lieutenant, "I merely want to know about this *dunderfunk;*" here his gravity again gave way, and he broke forth into another laugh. "Well, sir, it strikes me werry forcibly," responded the sable witness, "dat both Flukes and Bowser, *mittened* on to de article in question, wid de rapidity of greased lightning. — You have no conception, sir, of dere audacity in affairs of dis nature; many a good panfull of delightful *manavalins* have dem same fellers deprived me of — many are de pots of coffee dey have *chiseled* me out of, and I am certain, sir, dey are de depredators." "If I had you out of the range of the quarter-deck," muttered Flukes, in an under tone, which he was not disposed should reach the ears of the officer of the deck, or first lieutenant, — "I'd *strike you werry forcibly*, as you call it, Mr. Snowball, and so confounded sharp at the same time, that you would'nt feel disposed to shove your lip in amongst white folks again." "But did you see them take this pan of duff?" enquired the first lieutenant. "'Twarnt duff, sir," replied Dobbs, 'twas as elegant *dunderfunk* as ever man put inside of him, I swan." "Well, well," cried Mr. C——, somewhat impatiently, for he was growing tired of the colloquy, "*dunderfunk*, or whatever it may be, did you see those men take it Swampseed?" "No, sir, I did'nt see dem take it, but I've a kind of conclude like, dem 'ere are de criminals." "I want none of your conclusions, I want you to be certain; by-the-by, I see but little probability of bringing this affair to a *conclusion* at all;

have you any more witnesses Dobbs?" "Why, sir," replied Dobbs, glancing his eye around the crowd, "Spindle, there, the steady-sweeper, says as how he knows considerable about it." "Send Spindle here then," cried Mr. C——. The crowd made way, and a long cadaverous-looking Johnny Raw presented himself. "Well, my man, you know all about this affair I suppose," enquired the first lieutenant; "let us hear the particulars." "When I was stowing my spit-boxes away, sir, after the hammocks were down," proceeded our knight of the broom, "I heard Bowser, the forecastle-man, whisper to Bill Garnet, to let Shakings, the captain of the hold know, that he wanted him to tell Tubbs, the birth-deck scavenger, to ask Firehawk, the foretop-man, if he would'nt just speak to the cook of number-six mess, and say it *was all right.*" "I declare," cried the officer of the deck, suppressing a laugh, "your intelligence is of the most vital importance in this affair, it throws great light on it, I must confess." "Well, well," cried the first lieutenant, good-humouredly, and smiling at the circumlocuitous manner in which Spindle delivered himself, "I find I can make neither head nor tail out of this, so go about your business all of you; and for the future Dobbs, instead of using your molasses, butter, and bread, in making those novel compositions, take my advice and let your messmates have the benefit of them; and after all," he continued, addressing himself to the officer of the deck at his elbow, "I have gained some information by this affair however, for never till this moment have I heard amongst all a sailor's vocabulary, of a compound with such an infernal cramp, out of the way name as *dunderfunk.*"

NEW YEAR'S DAY

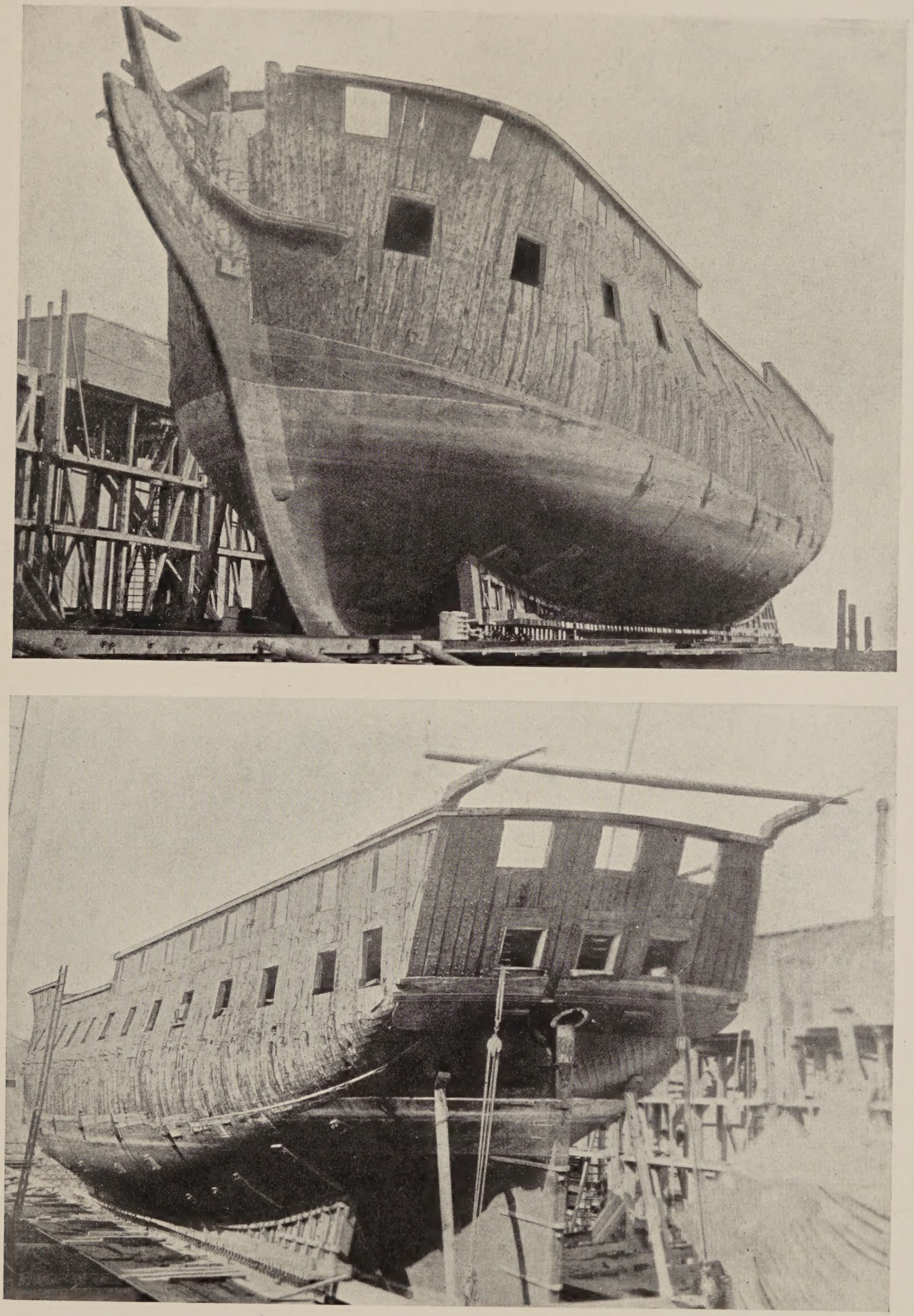
"Come, chaunt the song and trowl the bowl,
Let revelry draw near;
And with a merry heart and soul
All hail the good New Year."

There is nothing that awakens with so much force in the bosom of the hardy tar, when wandering in far distant climes, the recollection of those endearments that bind him to his home, as the annual return of those festival days which he was wont to celebrate with the companions of his infancy in joyous pastime. New Year's day — the glorious Fourth of July, or the anniversary of the birth of the immortal Washington, are therefore hailed with rapturous delight by the son of Columbia whose home is upon the mighty deep; and though thousands of miles of a wide waste of unfathomable waters intervene between him and the happy land wherein he has many a time and oft joined in all the various festivities the return of those days bring about, yet still they are revered and held sacred by him as ever; and celebrated by every means within his reach, without lacking one jot of that ardour and patriotism which fired his bosom when in the land of liberty.

What remembrances do not those days bring with them to the hardy sailor, when braving the icy perils of the poles or the scorching influence of the tropics? The happy fireside — the table spread with its good cheer — the smiling faces of youthful companions — the mild looks of fond sisters and doating mothers, as well as the arch-playfulness, beaming eyes, and silvery tongue of the heart's first choice, are all conjured up in glowing colours, and brought before the "mind's eye" with such forcible reality, as to make him feel with a double pang his isolated condition and the distance that severs him from the joys and comforts of his happy home. On the thirty-first day of December, eighteen hundred and forty, we let go our anchor in the harbour of Valparaiso, having had a tedious time beating up from Callao. As soon as the sails were furled, the caterers of the several messes flocked into the bum-boats, with anxious haste, to procure some little delicacies to regale their messmates with upon the approaching New Year's day, and legs of mutton, geese, turkeys, roasting-pigs, &c., became quickly in high demand; and every culinary article that could possibly be procured around the environs of the galley, were forthwith set to work towards cooking the viands that were to grace to-morrow's dinner.

As soon as the hammocks had been piped up on New Year's morn, it was soothing to hear the congratulations pass between the rough sons of Neptune; and "I wish you a happy New Year" might be heard bandied about in audible voice throughout every part of the ship. "Two years ago to-day," cried old Grummet the mastman, as he passed his hammock to the quarter-gunner, who stood in the waist-netting ready to stow it, "two years ago to-day, I was doing the genteel thing amongst the country folks in New Jersey; and if I did'nt sit down to a dinner, I wonder at it." "If that's the case then, Grummet,"cried that inveterate wag Flukes, "you must have had the most difficult job that ever came your way in the whole course of your life. Doing the genteel thing, eh! I'd like to know how you made a beginning; — you don't appear now as if you had gentility enough about you to pick up a lady's handkerchief that she might chance to drop on the side-walk, and present it to her without first bringing it in contact with that pretty carbuncled *conch* of yours." "You mus'nt take a fellow by his looks on board ship," replied the hoary mastman; "when I get my long togs bent, I'm *there*, I tell you." "Yes," returned Bill Garnet, who at that moment made his appearance, "I have no doubt but what you are *there* as you say sure enough, in your old resting place, flat in the mud, with your *sombrero* for a pillow."

"You are too hard upon Grummet altogether, maties," remarked Bowser, "and as for talking about his gentility and all that, I can say that he's as *polite* an old customer as you'll find here and there; — why, man, as he walks along the streets he bows and nods his head to every one that comes in his way." "A precious good reason, I expect," chimed in Flukes, "he's generally so *top-heavy* with



THE CONSTITUTION REBUILDING AT OLD PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD, 1874–1876

liquor, that his head is continually *bobbing* up and down like a dog-vane in a light baffling wind." The conversation was here interrupted by a fellow coming hastily up the ladder leading from the main-deck, exclaiming, "Come, boys, 'tis worth your while to step down to the barber's shop, and see Patterson's address." "Patterson's what?" exclaimed a dozen voices at the same time. "Why, his New Year's address," replied our tar; "something like what the newspaper carriers send round every year. This was sufficient — the group quickly repaired to the barber's shop, where sure enough a no small congregation was already assembled, reading aloud the following, which was pendent from one of the beams:

PATTERSON'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO HIS FRIENDS AND PATRONS

"My Patrons, shipmates, friends and all
  This morn I'm glad to meet you here,
I wish you with a fervent heart
  A pleasant, prosperous, happy year;
And may the present forty-one
  Pass calm and smooth as did the last,
And may the balance of our cruise
  By no dark clouds be overcast.
For your support the year that's gone
I thank you kindly every one;
For since my little shop I started
I found you generous and kind-hearted,
And ready to pardon with good grace
Whatever *faux paux* might take place;
For which I will exert each nerve
The present year your wants to serve;
And if my razors won't cut keen,
If every towel is not clean,
My looking glasses ''bout the border,'
And brushes, combs, and all, in order,
And if my lather will not cope
In smell with Windsor scented soap,
In fact if you don't chance to find
Each item suited to your mind,
Each scissors sharpened with great care,
Ready to clip your curling hair, —
You may proclaim the ship around
That I am an ungrateful hound. —

As our main-deck has got fresh painted,
And all our guns have got acquainted
With the *French polish* which we use
Each morning with a hand profuse,
And as we got them by this knack
To look a shining jetty black,
And as we don't at quarters use them
We should not otherwise abuse them;
I therefore wish that you'll attend
To this advice from me your friend: —
When you on shaving days should pop
Into my little barber's shop,
Pray have a care you Neptune's sons,
Be sure and do not touch the guns:
Lay nothing on them for your life,
Or else 'twill cause a bitter strife;
For they've been polished up so much
They will not bear the slightest touch.
The white paint, too, of that keep clear,
Do not abuse it whilst you're here;
And when around this place you sit,
Be sure and in the boxes spit;
For if within my little shop
The *master's mate* should chance to drop
And find the paint work or the deck
Defiled by any filthy speck,
I guess there'd be a glorious squall, —
Poor *Strap* would have to pay for all.
All you who wish the present year
With fancy whiskers to appear,
Take my advice and start them soon,
They say we'll leave for *home* next June;
And I will promise great and small
Old men and smooth-faced boys and all
That with my skill I will produce
A growth as solid and profuse
As e'er on board a ship did grace
A Yankee sailor's honest face.
So come, all you with faces bare,
Of *homeward-bounders* raise a pair;
And when amongst your friends at home
From scene to scene you idly roam,
They should admire in every place
The hair that then adorns your face;

And should some flippant, brainless spark,
Perhaps to raise a foolish lark,
'Mongst other matters but enquire
Who *raised* those *things* that all admire,
Just tell him, to his damn'd confusion,
'Twas Patterson, of the Constitution.
So, shipmates, these few hints I give
I hope with kindness you'll receive;
And when another year flies by
I hope you'll not have cause to cry
That 'Patterson, the lazy curse,
Is getting daily worse and worse.'
No! — I'll exert each muscle still
To gain your favour and good-will;
My razors they will be as keen
As any you on shore have seen;
My brushes, glasses, towels, soap,
With any others they will cope;
I'm sure when things are in this style,
Your patronage on me will smile.
So, hoping our old Frigate's sails
Will soon be spread to favouring gales,
Wafting us swift the waters o'er
Towards Columbia's happy shore;
And that we all our friends may find
In perfect health we've left behind,
Is my fond wish; — I also hope
  That all on board in spirits gay,
May live to taste the pleasant joys
  Of many a happy New Year's Day."

"Bravo, Strap," cried Bill Garnet; "who ever thought you had so much poetry in that woolly nut of yours; now if you only keep things in the same order you mention here in this address, your old customers won't desert you, depend upon it." "I think you'll find I'll be a man of my word," replied the knight of the razor; "only give me half a chance, shipmates, and attend to the little directions laid down in that paper, and if I don't scrape your countenances on a plan superior to that of any other aquatic razor-stropper that ever graced the gun-deck of a Yankee man-of-war, say I don't know soap-suds from bear's grease, that's all."

"But about those whiskers you make mention of, do you think you can raise a purchase upon my *chops* before we reach home?" enquired an effeminate, smooth-faced mizen-topman, placing his hand upon that part of his physiognomy which is generally the site of those bushy articles. "Why don't you try some of that elixir old Joe Millet, the boatswain's mate, brought from Lima the other day?" remarked Flukes; "that's the stuff will fit you out with a pair of homeward-bounders in short order I warrant." "What sort of stuff is it?" enquired our mizen-topman; "do you think it will have any effect on my face?" "Well, I don't know about your face," continued the facetious wag with a serious look, "but last night it chanced to get *capsized* in my *ditty-bag*, where I had stowed away, amongst other things, some nice *clamps* already bored to fill with coir the first opportunity, and curse me if it did'nt convert one of them into as pretty a soft *hair-brush* as the purser has got in his store-room." "I suppose then," chimed in the pragmatical Garnet, with a knowing leer, "if a fellow was unlucky enough to spill any of that precious article upon one of our mess-chests over night, 'twould be changed into a *hair-trunk* before morning, only lacking the brass nails." "By golly, I should like to get some of that ere stuff most cursedly," remarked Dobbs, the Vermonter, who gulped down all Flukes' flummery as complete gospel: — "I wonder if Millet has any to spare?" "I reckon he has," rejoined Flukes, "for as I came from the spar-deck, I saw him as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, applying some of it to that old *rum-beaver* of the boatswain's that is so chafed about the rim; he says he can fetch the *fur* on it before they pipe dinner."

Thus throughout the day were the jokes and witticisms bandied about amongst the various groups whom the novelty of the barber's address had caused to congregate around the shaving establishment; and it was not until the drum had beat to evening quarters that the man of soap-suds was left to his own solitary cogitations; when he took advantage of the opportunity that then offered, of putting out of sight the little affair that had furnished our tars such an interesting topic for conversation and remark upon this New-Year's day.

THE JOCKEY AFLOAT

Bob Snaffles was a jolly soul,
Loved brandy, rum, and gin;
Indeed, he thought like many more,
That drinking was no sin.

He was a dapper little blade,
Of height about five-foot three,
And for to try a horse's speed,
His like you'd seldom see.

Yes, Bob he was a jockey,
And he rode at many races;
And who so well as he, could put
A horse through all his paces.

In fact he was so great a "whip,"
And strode a horse so well,
From every rider round about
Bob Snaffles bore the bell.

But Bob, as I have said before,
Was very fond of liquor;
For show him but a glass of grog,
And he would bolt it "quicker."

This habit he could ne'er give o'er,
It grew with him apace,
And very often was the cause
Of losing many a race.

But yet he did'nt care a cent
As long as he was mellow;
He gloried in the epithet
Of *rum* and jolly fellow.

And spite of all his friends' advice,
He'd still the *ardent* drink,
Although he knew 'twas bringing him
With speed to ruin's brink.

One luckless day, a heavy sum
Was staked upon a race
Between two "bits of blood," which on
The Union Course took place.

Now Bob, he rode the favourite horse;
This pleased the gaping crowd,—
And "ten to one on Snaffles' head,"
Re-echoed long and loud.

But oh! the ever-cursed rum,
Bob drank too deep that morn,
And just before he backed his horse,
He took another *horn*.

He mounted, wildly gazed around,
With fierceness clutched the rein,
But ere he reached the starting post
The liquor fired his brain.

The signal's given: away! away!
The horses onward flee,
Just like an arrow from a bow;
But Snaffles, where is he?

Behold him stretched upon the earth,
Quite dizzy from his fall;
He lost three teeth; he lost the race,
His character and all.

He left the course in foul disgrace,
With sore and aching bones,
And e'en his friends, as he withdrew,
Assailed him with their groans.

And finding that his patron's smiles
He could no longer win,
To help to keep his spirits up
He had recourse to *gin*.

But soon (to use a seaman's phrase)
He was on his *beam-ends*,
With not a stiver in his purse,
Not one of his old friends,

To give him e'en a cheering word,
Or yet one fault excuse;
So with a heavy heart and sad,
He sought the *rendezvous.*

"I want to join a man-of-war,"
Our hero anxious cried;
"Indeed, what trade are you, my man?"
The officer replied.

"I am a rider," spoke up Bob,
"But I've given up that notion;
I wish to try my luck upon
The wide expansive Ocean."

"We'll ship you then," the other cries,
"Here's a glorious chance for you:
The Constitution's waiting now, —
She has not all her crew.

"So I will send you straight aboard, —
Next week I think she sails;
And that's the frigate, believe me,
That can weather well the gales."

Bob heard all this, and signed his name
As pleased as pleased could be: —
The *crimp* now came, took him in *tow*
To fit him out for sea.

He soon was rigged *a la Jack Tar,*
Black hat and jacket blue,
And went on board "Old Ironsides"
As landsman 'mongst her crew.

As soon as Bob stepped on the deck,
He opened wide his eyes;
The ponderous guns, the stately masts,
All filled him with surprise.

An eager crowd soon flocked around,
And twigged our hero's mien,
For though he was dressed up in *blue*
They knew that he was *green.*

"I guess," cried Bob, "I'll like this life;
Have they *horses* here-about?"
"Why no," cries one, "but plenty *colts*,
And that you'll soon find out."

"*Colts!*" cried our hero, "I'm at home,
I'll tame them critters quick:"
"I reckon," cried a tar, "of that
You'll precious soon get sick."

"What, are they restive?" Snaffles asked —
"Then I must *whip* them well:"
"They're *whipped* already," one replied,
"And that my back can tell."

The boatswain now came up to Bob
With a piece of nine-thread stuff,
Saying, "this will *lash* your hammock up,
You'll find it long enough."

Says Snaffles to the boatswain,
"You'll excuse me sir, of course,
For I never *lashed* a thing before
Except it was a *horse*."

"You're a jockey then," old Pipes replied,
"A pretty thing to ship;
But come, I'll suit you in a trice,
Lay aft, clap on that *whip;*

"And when the beef is hoisted in,
Just step you down below
And holy-stone them forward *bitts*
'Till they're as white as snow."

The captain of the mizen-top
Came up with manner soft,
Saying to our hero, "come old boy,
I want you up aloft.

"You're stationed on the topsail-yard,
So *marvle* now up there;
I've got a little job or two
Will suit you to a hair.

"There's the *flemish horse* wants tarring —
Besides the *stirrups* too;
You need'nt mind the foot-ropes,
For I guess them ere'll do.

"And tell the topkeeper to send
On deck that *bowline bridle,*
I want to get it put to rights;
Move quick — we can't be idle."

Now Bob he stared with open eyes,
He thought (as well he might,)
That he had got amongst those things
In which he took delight.

And hearing talk of *bridles, bitts*
And *horses,* and such stuff;
He chuckled with delight, and thought
That he was right enough.

But he was quickly undeceived;
Before three days flew o'er,
He found the *bitts* was quite a *bite* —
The *colt* was quite a *bore.*

The *horses* to our hero proved
A precious sight too *high,*
For Bob could never mount them,
Though he often times did try.

Their *stirrups* and their *bridles* too,
They puzzled sore his nob;
And often to clap on the *whip,*
They had to *whip* poor Bob.

In fact, the *cats* and *colts* so plagued
Our hero, that he swore
Such scratching, kicking critters, he
Had never seen before:

And growing sick and tired out,
He said aloud one night:
He'd *run a race* against the ship,
And leave her *out of sight.*—

One day to dig a messmate's grave,
  Our hero he was sent;
Not one of his companions was
  Aware of his intent.

As soon as he completed it,
  He cried, "my lads, adieu!
I'm sorry that I cannot be
  One of your jolly crew.

"But I'm something like a *rat*,
  I hate them *cats* I swear;
And though brought up amongst *horses*,
  Your *colts* I cannot bear.

"So tell them, though their boatswain's mates
  Have *cut* me to the quick;
I'll not exactly *cut my throat*,
  But I will *cut my stick.*

"And when to-night an anxious group
  Shall stand around the galley,
And laugh within their sleeves, to think
  They soon will make my tally,

"Just tell them that I think I've done
  The thing complete and neatly;
And say that Bob, the *jockey man*,
  Has *jockeyed* them completely."

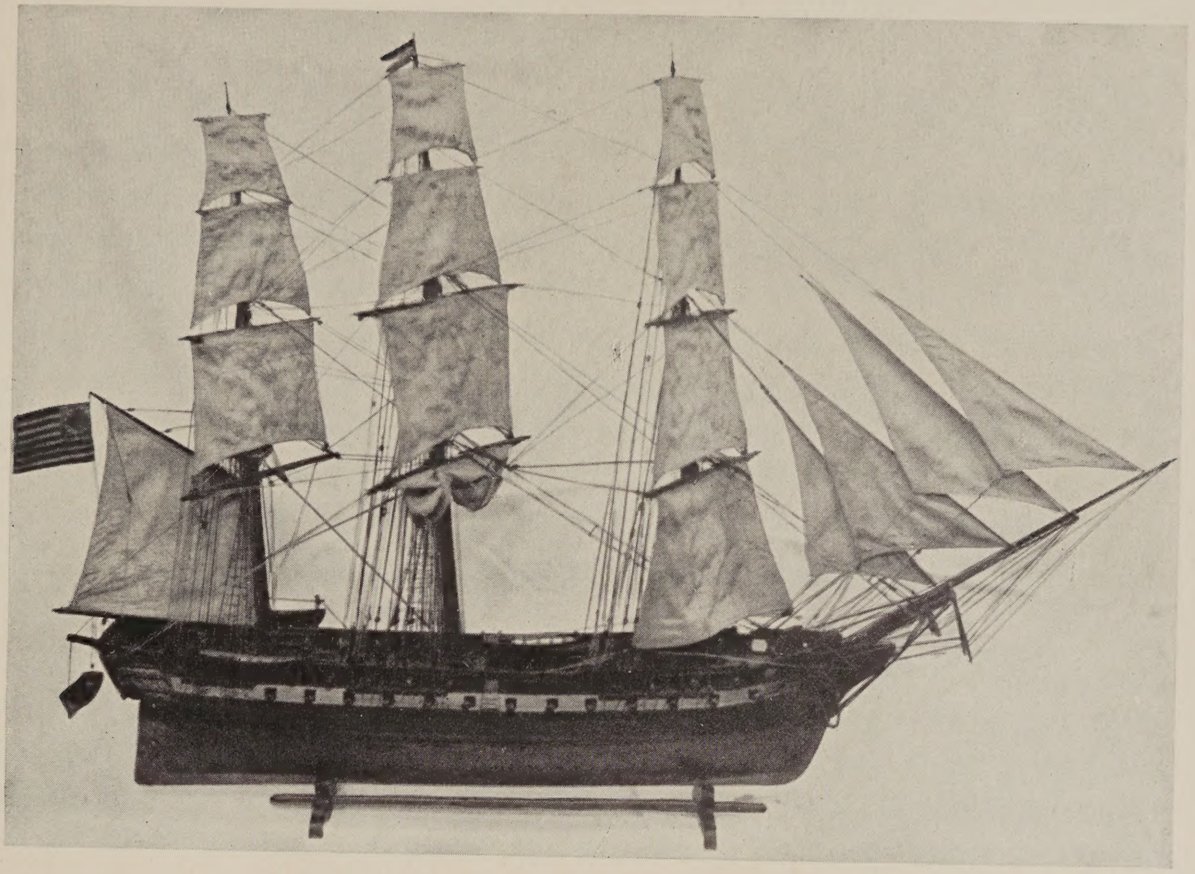
THE AFFLICTING BEREAVEMENT

"Oh! why has worth so short a date,
Whilst villains ripen gray with time;
Must then, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!"

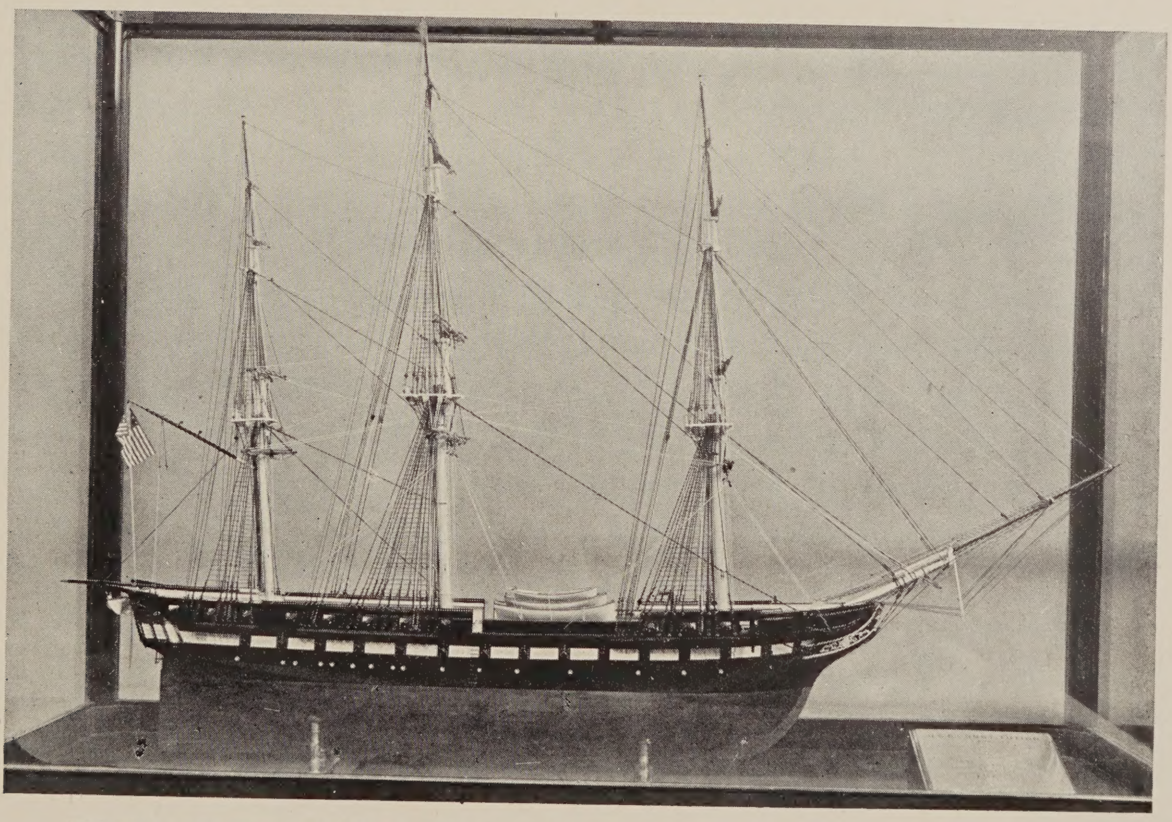
"WELL, well," cried an old weather-worn forecastle-man, looking over the lee bow, as our gallant frigate was standing out of the Bay of Conception, "thank God we have bid adieu at last to Talcahuana; and may curses light on it say I; I hope these eyes of mine will never behold the infernal *dog-hole* again." This malediction was re-echoed by the voices of a dozen individuals standing at his elbow; and I believe the feelings of every person on board were in perfect unison therewith; and why? Upon our first visit to that place, about twelve months before, whilst running in with a stiff-breeze for the anchorage, we lost one of our ship's company, a quiet unassuming coloured man by the name of Anderson, who fell overboard whilst prosecuting some piece of ship's duty over the bows; and although a boat was lowered away almost instantaneously, not a vestige of the unfortunate fellow could be perceived. We again visited the ill-fated place on the fourth of February, eighteen hundred and forty-one; and whilst lying there, the relentless and unerring shaft of death was levelled with too certain aim amongst our crew. On the night of the second of March, a young fellow belonging to the afterguard, by the name of Gibbs, whilst attempting to enter a boat moored to the starboard swinging-boom, was precipitated into the water, and never rose again. This melancholy accident, coupled as it was in the minds of our superstitious tars, with the sudden fate of poor Anderson, some months before, caused a gloomy sensation throughout the ship; and Talcahuana was looked on with feelings of as great awe as if it were affected with some dreadful epidemic. In two days after, the chill hand of death was again laid upon another inmate of our frigate, in the person of William Leeds, quartergunner, who fell a victim to that dreadful malady, dysentery. As soon as it was spread through the ship that Leeds had departed, the most dreadful forebodings took possession of every bosom, knowing that our beloved Commodore lay stretched pallid and care-worn upon the bed of sickness; the same fearful scourge, dysentery, making fatal inroads day after day upon his portly and athletic frame.

How many were the prayers that were offered up to the dread tribunal of the Almighty by the rough sons of Ocean, in their own rude though fervent style, that the Great Disposer of Events would be pleased to let them retain amongst them Commodore Claxton, the beloved of every bosom; their friend, their benefactor, and their more than father! How many were the enquiries that were made every moment respecting the condition of the individual whose worth was now doubly appreciated, fearing they were about to lose him forever! But alas! all, all were in vain; the unsparing hand of death had singled out its victim, and no human aid could prevent the remorseless conqueror from grasping his prey. Up to the sixth of March he became gradually worse and worse; and even then, although the medical gentlemen attending him gave it as their opinion that nothing but a miracle could save him; still our hard old tars, as with blank and discomfited countenances they gathered together in silent groups upon the several decks, were buoyed up with the hope that he would soon become himself again, and would once more continue those exertions for the benefit of the much-wronged sons of Ocean, which he had been unceasingly engaged in up to the very moment of his confinement.

Our ship was now truly a place of disconsolate sadness. No rattling drum and shrill fife warned us to quarters; the firing of the morning and evening gun was discontinued; the lively strains from the instruments of our musicians, no longer broke upon the ear; the ship's bell instead of proclaiming each half hour with its accustomed reverberating clang, sent forth in its muffled state a chilling, death-like sound; in a word, the whole aspect of things on board our heretofore lively frigate, had undergone a complete change; and at one glance a stranger could tell, that something of the most serious moment had occurred to affect so severely, and prey so deeply on the



THE CHAMBERS MODEL OF THE CONSTITUTION



MODEL OF THE CONSTITUTION MADE AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD

minds of a whole ship's company. The first streak of light in the eastern horizon that ushered in the seventh of March, beheld the inmates of the war-worn frigate, "Old Ironsides," more sad and disconsolate than the day previous; their Commodore was fast reaching that "bourne from whence no traveller returns;" and young and old, from the rough hoary mariner whose furrowed cheek had been fanned by the ocean's breeze for some fifty or sixty winters, down to the juvenile apprentice, as yet but a novice upon Neptune's boundless highway, forcibly proclaimed, by the solemn and downcast appearance of their countenances, that a revered and treasured object, which they wished to retain, was about to be snatched from them.

As soon as the decks had been swabbed up dry, a more than ordinary crowd assembled around the *pantry*, watching with eager eye the countenances of every person that entered or returned from the cabin; and to the oft-repeated inquiry of "how is the Commodore?" a melancholy shake of the head was all that was returned. Further forward towards the galley, another group was assembled, listening with mute attention to some old Triton, who with moistened eye repeated some oft-told anecdotes of Commodore Claxton, whom he had served under in his youth; and which proved that during the naval career of that illustrious and exemplary officer, the welfare of the hardy sailor was the desired object of his heart, and the beacon he never for one moment lost sight of.

"Well Sam!" cried an old forecastle-man, addressing himself to one of the Curricle's crew, who, with a troubled look and watery eye, at that moment joined the little group assembled around the confines of the galley — "what news from the cabin? are there any hopes?" "I'm afraid," returned the man addressed, with a shake of the head and a deep-drawn sigh, which spoke volumes; "'tis a clew up and a furl with the old man; believe me, he's at the last ebb; had he the constitution of a giant, he could'nt hold out much longer; you have no idea shipmates, what that infernal disease is, when it once gets a severe grip on a person." "My eyes!" chimed in Bill Garnet, "who would have thought ten days ago, to behold his fine, handsome, commanding figure, as he stood on the forward gun-slide on the quarter-deck, smiling at the lads skylarking in the gangways, that he'd be at this time on his death-bed; but damme, lads," continued the kind-hearted tar, a tear starting in each eye as he spoke; "I can't believe he's going to slip his cable yet, for all they say he's so bad." "I wish, Bill!" remarked Binnacle the quartermaster, "it was as you say, but I'm afraid Uncle Sam's Navy will soon lose a distinguished and valuable officer, and poor Jack, the best and most unshrinking friend he has ever had since the death of Commodore Decatur." "Have you sailed with him before?" enquired one of the crowd, addressing the quartermaster. "I have indeed," returned Binnacle; "and the man that once sailed under him, will remember it the longest day he lives, if he went in fifty ships afterwards; for such officers are not to be found with two epaulets, in every craft, these days. I was with him ten or eleven years ago, on the West India station, in the poor little Hornet, that since became the coffin of so many American tars; and afterwards, I had the pleasure of sailing under him in the Natchez, on the Brazils; and he was then the same upright, kind, affectionate commander, that he has proved to us this cruise." "If it pleases God to take him from amongst us," cried old Bowser in a solemn tone, "every man and boy on board will feel his loss severely the remainder of the cruise; I wish to start for home then as quick as possible, for to my thinking the Constitution will be an altered ship." "You're mistaken there old man," rejoined Binnacle, "you do our captain injustice, if you think for one moment the ship will be altered for the worse; I'm sure we've all sailed long enough with him to know him by this time; believe me he is one of the Commodore's most zealous assistants in every thing tending to better our condition; Captain T—— is a sailor himself, not one of your milk sops, but a roughspun, thorough salt-water sailor; and if he does not keep the ball rolling that our excellent Commodore has put in motion, I'm much mistaken in the man; but," he continued, glancing his eye aft, as a crowd was observed gathering under the half-deck — "I'm afraid the game is up, there appears to be considerable of a *muss* around the cabin door; I'm afraid, shipmates, our best friend has left us." The quartermaster's conjectures were but too true, for during the above colloquy, and whilst the boatswain and his mates were holding themselves in readiness to pipe to breakfast, Commodore Alexander Claxton resigned his spirit into the hands of his Maker.

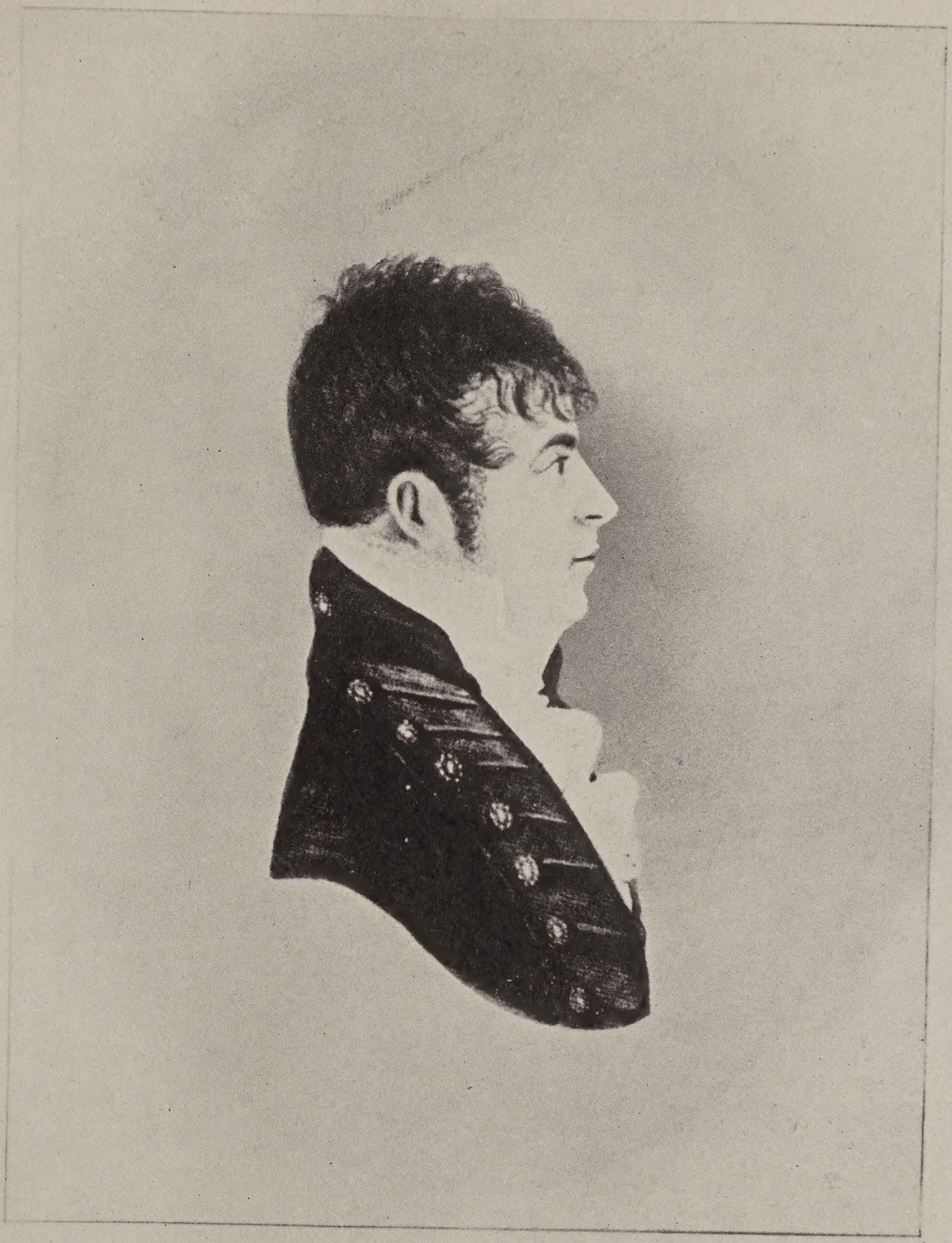
Let it not be deemed hyperbole, when I say, that the news of his death came with the astounding effect of a thunder-clap amongst the ship's company, for though they were well aware that his malady was of the worst kind, and they had seen several of their shipmates consigned to the grave by the effects of the same fell-disease, still they put the flattering unction to their souls — glimmering hope, bade them look forward to the time when he would again appear amongst them as he was wont, in the full enjoyment of health and activity; but now, that they were doubly certain, their cheering anticipations had become so fearfully frustrated, that their heart's idol was thus snatched from before their eyes, their leading star had thus forever set; grief, sincere, forcible, unalloyed grief, such as seldom affects the hardy sailor, took possession of every bosom. Silent and sorrowful passed that breakfast hour. Never, I believe, since the star-specked flag of Columbia first waved over an armed ship, were the inmates of a National vessel so deeply affected at the loss of their commander, as in the present instance. There was no childish whimpering — no violent outpourings of grief amongst our hardy crew; but each down-cast countenance, each melancholy visage, each sad and silent movement, told but too forcibly how closely the individual just departed, had entwined himself around the hearts of his ship's company. In the course of the forenoon, the remains of the illustrious deceased were tastefully laid out in the main-deck cabin, and as soon as it was intimated to the men that they were at liberty to take a last view of their departed benefactor, young and old, with one simultaneous movement, were urging their way to the half-deck; two or three messes were permitted to enter together; — and here was a scene that could not fail to affect the most callous and adamantine bosom, to behold the uncouth, reckless son of Neptune, who, perhaps, during his wanderings on the mighty deep, had beheld with unblanched cheek and unmoved countenance, Death hovering around him, in all its most fearful and terrific shapes; and now, as he gave a "longing, lingering gaze" upon the cold, stiff corpse of him, whom he knew to be his unalterable and unshrinking friend, and for whose recovery his humble, though ardent prayers had been offered up unceasingly; his hard, rough nature became softened, and tears streamed down the furrows of many a cheek, that had perhaps never before been watered by such drops of affection. Turn your eyes to this scene, officers of Columbia's Navy: place your hands upon your hearts, and ask yourselves, whether your conduct, to the hardy class of men under your command, when braving with you the perils of the unfathomable deep, would call forth a like tribute of warm and disinterested respect to your memories, should the dread fiat of the Almighty snatch you from amongst them. Oh man! proud, haughty man! "dressed in a little brief authority;" how erroneous are thy conceptions of what constitutes true greatness. Would not your spirit, I would ask, feel more supreme delight, as it took its departure from its frail tenement of clay, to think that the tears of five hundred of your humble followers would bedew the sod that covers you, than that of the cruel, abject, domineering wretch, who was conscious of deserving nought, but the bitter maledictions of the thousands he had in his lifetime fearfully injured!

Preparations were immediately entered into for conveying the remains of our late commander-in-chief to Valparaiso; knowing we could inter him at that place in a style more suited to his rank than at Talcahuana; and on the morning subsequent to his death (the inanimate clay having been previously enclosed in a compact, hardwood coffin, lined with lead) we stood out the Bay of Conception, and moved smoothly and silently along with our melancholy burden. To show how unalloyed and sincere was the affection that each and every one on board bore for the deceased, the evening prior to our departure from Talcahuana, a letter was sent to Captain T——, containing the simultaneous request of the whole ship's company, that he would use his influence at the Navy Department, to endeavour to gain their sanction towards having the remains of their beloved commodore conveyed to the shores of America, in the same time-honoured craft that fluttered his pennant whilst living; which Captain T——, with his usual frankness agreed to forward. Upon the evening of our departure, the all-engrossing topic in every group was the resplendent virtues of the individual that had been thus so suddenly snatched from amongst us, and every tongue had some little incident to relate of his good nature and affability. "Do you think we'll have the pleasure of taking the commodore's body home in our old frigate?" enquired a maintop-man of Binnacle, the quartermaster; who, by a crowd in the starboard gangway, was descanting with the greatest fervour upon the character of the illustrious deceased. "I don't know how that will be, Ben," returned the quartermaster; "they may not have him removed for two or three years to come, perhaps — but if the folks at Washington only knew how anxious we all are to pay even this little tribute to his memory, I don't think they'd refuse our request." "Well, he's worthy of it, if ever an officer was," remarked Flukes — "I'm sure, not only our ship's company, but every sailor in the American Navy, has lost a good main-stay when he slipped his cable." "You may well say that, Flukes," rejoined Binnacle, "I know him perfectly; was'nt I with him as far back as eighteen hundred and twelve, in the little Wasp, when we took the Frolic; and in that same action, though he was on the sick list, low enough too, I tell you, in spite of all the captain or doctor could say to the contrary, he fought his division — aye, and fought it in a way that showed there was no white feather in him. Why, mates, to prove his good nature, look at that liberty scrape at Talcahuana last year, when so many of our chaps, a little hard up, shoved their jackets and trowsers *up the spout* for a mere trifle; did'nt he himself, with one or two of his boat's crew, board every *shanty* and *pulpería* in the infernal place, and make them *poney up* all the clothes they had in pawn, and brought them off in his own gig. I've sailed with many a commodore, but never seen one of them do anything that could touch that, yet."

On the eleventh — sad and disconsolate was the appearance the gallant and far-famed frigate Constitution presented, with her flags hanging listlessly at half-mast, as she dropped anchor in the harbour of Valparaiso; a boat had been sent in the previous evening, mentioning the melancholy object of our present visit; and as we drew up to our berth, we had the pleasing gratification of beholding every man-of-war and merchantman, of five or six different nations, with their banners suspended at half-mast, as a tribute of respect. The news of Commodore Claxton's death, at Valparaiso, was as an electric shock; they could not for one moment believe, that the roseate, healthy individual, who but a few short days before was participating in their festivities, the gayest of the gay, and whose affability and courteousness had the effect of winning upon the hearts of all those with whom he chanced to commingle, was now lying a cold, stiffened corpse, a lump of inanimate clay; his once vigorous limbs palsied by the cruel hand of Death; — but such is the mutability of every thing human; for life is but

> "A tale told by an idiot,
> Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

In accordance with the customary regulation of the place, at once superstitious and ungenerous, which prohibits the dead body of any person, how exalted soever his rank, from being paraded through the streets after sunrise, we were constrained to send the remains of Commodore Claxton on shore to the dead-house at day-break, on the morning of the twelfth; but still this observance of their frivolous custom did not debar us from paying him, ere he was consigned to his mother earth, all the respect his high station and exemplary virtue so well entitled him to. At eleven o'clock, our boats, containing the officers, musicians, the entire marine-guard, and about two hundred and fifty of our hardy tars and apprentice boys, neatly and uniformly dressed in blue jackets, tarpaulin hats, and snow-white frocks and trowsers, left the ship's side; and following each other in graceful rotation, they pursued their solemn and almost noiseless course towards the shore, impelled by the slow and measured minute-stroke. Upon the mole they were met by a numerous assemblage of the *élite* of Valparaiso, together with the officers from the British frigate President, the French frigate Thetis, the Danish frigate Bellona, the Chilian frigate Chilia, and the French sloop-of-war Camille, as well as the masters, supercargoes, &c., of every vessel in port, and a detachment of Royal marines; and as the first minute-gun from our ponderous thirty-two pounders boomed over the waters and reverberated amongst the distant hills, the soul-thrilling anthem of the Dead March in Saul, from the instruments of our musicians, arose upon the balmy breeze; and the procession began its silent march towards the sanctuary of mortality, in the following order: — First, came out the band dressed in their plain, neat uniform — the sombre drapery of death pendent from each instrument; followed by our marine-guard, whose firm measured tread, erect stature, and glittering appendages, formed a sight truly martial; — the Chaplain of Her Majesty's ship President followed next in order; after whom, eight American Naval Officers as pall-bearers; next, dressed in suits of deep mourning, came the body servants of the deceased — their downcast countenances proclaiming how severely they felt this sudden and unexpected bereavement; foreign Consuls and foreign Naval Captains followed next; after whom, Rear Admiral Ross, accompanied by the French and Chilian Commodores; and now came Captain T——, our respected commander, accompanied by the United States Consul, as chief mourners; and his moistened eye and sorrowful visage, told but too plainly how sincere was his affection, and how deep-rooted was the grief he felt for the individual he was now paying the last tribute of respect to. Next in order came foreign and United States Naval Officers — two and two — according to rank; followed by some hundreds of merchants, merchant captains, and citizens dressed in deep mourning; immediately after, the most interesting part of the procession, came the United States apprentice boys — two and two — dressed in their neat naval uniform, and moving with the most perfect order and decorum; they were followed by about two hundred of the petty officers and seamen belonging to the Constitution; who, from their quiet, orderly, and solemn deportment during the obsequies, reflected credit upon themselves as well as upon the ship that was manned by such a specimen of the Yankee sailor. Bringing up the rear, and closing this mournful train, came a detachment of the Royal marines from Her Majesty's ship President, with arms reversed — their bright scarlet coats and glittering accoutrements, forming an elegant contrast to the short blue jacket, lined frock, and flowing trowsers of our tars. In the order I have endeavoured, but feebly, to describe, did they bend their slow and melancholy steps up the winding declivity, at the summit of which was located the small though neatly laid-out burial place; wherein many a gallant son of Neptune lay mouldering into dust, far, far, from the shores of happy Columbia or merry England. The narrow path, together with every pinnacle of rock, or dizzy precipice, as well as the windows and verandas of the houses adjacent, were literally swarmed with individuals of every age and sex, for their eyes were never before greeted with such an imposing spectacle; — and to view the solemn train wending its way along the circuitous and craggy road, whilst the plaintive and soul-touching strains of the Dead March from the instruments of the musicians, and the death-like sound of the muffled drum, were borne upon the pinions of the breeze, ever and anon accompanied by the booming sound of the minute gun; it was indeed a scene long, long to be remembered. At length we reached the sanctuary of the dead, and the capacious coffin containing all that was now left of the once humane and indulgent officer, sincere and devout Christian, generous and upright man, was borne from the dead-house by ten of our ship's company, and laid upon the brink of the yawning and insatiate cavity that was soon to swallow it from our sight forever. A death-like stillness prevailed; not a whisper was heard from the surrounding crowd; — every eye was bent in the direction of the grave — every ear was inclined to catch each word that fell from the lips of the devout minister; who, in an audible and harmonious voice, read the burial service. — Here was a scene worthy of contemplation; to behold the Naval officers of four different nations, throwing aside every feeling of ancient malignity, reli-



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DANIEL TURNER, U.S.N.

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gious enthusiasm, or political prejudice, coming forward simultaneously — their bosoms in perfect unison with the mournful occasion — to pay the last sad tribute of respect to a brother-sailor in a far foreign land. The funeral service ended, and the coffin lowered into its dark, narrow resting-place; it was gratifying in the extreme, as our marine-guard discharged the three customary volleys over the grave, to behold the detachment of Royal marines from the British frigate President, form into line and pay our deceased commander-in-chief a like farewell tribute; the circumstance made a deep impression upon the minds of our men; and it spoke loudly for the kind-heartedness and generosity of Rear Admiral Ross, and showed plainly that his friendship for the deceased during their short intimacy, had become strongly cemented.

The mournful train now retraced their steps towards the mole, in the same quiet, orderly manner; and as our tars vacated the burial place and cast a long, last, lingering look upon the silent grave that held in its cold damp embrace their revered commander-in-chief, many an humble prayer was breathed forth from the lips of those hard, reckless sons of Ocean, for his future happiness, as pure and holy in their import as any that ever ascended to the throne of the Most High. As the boats shoved off from the mole to return to our bereaved frigate, the reverberating sound of the minute-guns, fired from every vessel of war in port, added another link to the chain of gratitude that already so closely bound us to our foreign naval friends. As the boats reached the ship's side an alteration was perceptible to the quick detecting eye of the sailor as he glanced aloft — there fluttered the *coach-whip* where the broad blue pennant was wont to expand to the breeze, and which every eye daily gazed on with feelings of delight. On the *twelfth of March*, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, in the harbour of Norfolk, it first gladdened our sight; and on the *twelfth of March*, eighteen hundred forty-one, in the harbour of Valparaiso, it disappeared from its towering height. On the *seventh of March*, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, our regretted commodore first presented his smiling countenance upon the decks of "Old Ironsides," and on the *seventh of March*, eighteen hundred and forty-one, his spirit winged its flight to the mansions of immortality.

Such is a slight, feeble outline of the death and obsequies of Commodore Alexander Claxton; an individual who possessed every qualification of an officer, every attribute of a Christian, every tenderness of a parent, and every feeling of a man. Peace, peace to his ashes; — may the green turf press lightly on his bosom; — long, long will his exertions for the weal of the hardy sons of Ocean, be held in remembrance by that grateful class; long, long will the inmates of the Frigate Constitution treasure up in their memories his watchfulness over their interests and attention to their comforts; his exemplary virtues will be the theme of the rough, untutored sons of Neptune, upon the forecastle or in the gangway, for years to come.

"And the tear that is shed, though in silence it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF COMMODORE ALEXANDER CLAXTON

"All that's bright must fade:
The brightest still the fleetest."

Columbia's tars who plough the trackless main
In sadness view yon melancholy bier,
And o'er the ashes of an upright man
Let fall with one accord a pitying tear:
For you have cause most deeply to deplore,
Since your most zealous advocate's no more.

Of every attribute that could adorn
The Christian and the man, he was possess'd; —
An officer devoid of haughty pride,
Each moral virtue glowed within his breast;
And he has proved unshrinking to the end
The much neglected sailor's steadfast friend.

When first his keen perception brought to view
The many grievances we long had borne,
His honest heart beheld them with disgust,
And to redress them he was pledged and sworn;
And from that pledge he never did depart —
That object still was nearest to his heart.

The sneers of ignorance, the frowns of power,
Could ne'er estrange him from his steady aim;
Promotion did not mar the great design,
For first and last he still remained the same;
And with untiring energy and zeal
His latest throb was for the seaman's weal.

Oh! cruel Death! remorseless conqueror —
Why did you point your keen, unerring dart
Against the bosom of a man so loved —
Why did you pierce so noble, kind a heart;
Oh! why so soon call Claxton to his urn,
And leave so many hardy tars to mourn?

Why not seek out your victim 'mongst the crowd
Of domineering tyrants on the main,

Whose bitter cruelty and demon guile
   Cause many a son of Ocean to complain?
And who full many a noble heart have broke,
So doubly galling they have pressed the yoke.

Could you not such a victim single out
   Whose death one heartfelt sigh would not attend,
And leave to future years the virtuous man,
   The humane officer, the unshrinking friend,
To finish out his plans so well begun,
Which would so benefit each Ocean's son?

Yes! future years will show the good effects
   Of his exertions for the sailor's weal;
Some other cruise the wanderer of the deep,
   The happy change he struggled for will feel,
And every hardy tar his voice will raise
And echo loud with one accord his praise.

Peace to your manes, illustrious mortal, peace;
   Though in a far and foreign grave you rest,
Your worth both as an officer and man
   Will long live treasured in each sailor's breast,
And many a tar will point with tearful eye
Unto the mound where CLAXTON's ashes lie.

THE NIGGER PUGILISTS

"He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day."

On board a man-of-war a pugilistic encounter is contrary to the rules and regulations of the Navy; and when one of those affairs comes directly under the gaze of an officer, ten chances to one but what the *gangway*, the *grating* and the *cats* bring it to a conclusion; still such things will take place, despite the *after-claps*, for scarcely a week passes but what some hot-brained tars will come in collision for a mere trifle; in these instances two or three blows only are interchanged, ere an officer heaves in sight, at which intimation from one of the by-standers, the combatants *make themselves scarce*, not knowing which is the best man; and perhaps here the matter will rest till they meet on *terra firma*, and then, their brain fired with the delicious nectar so loved by the sailor, they renew the fight until one or the other is declared conqueror. Sometimes a difficulty will arise between a couple of worthies, stationed perhaps in a different part of the ship from each other, respecting their pre-eminence in some nautical evolution; mayhap *reefing*, *loosing* or *furling*, and for the honour of the top he belongs to, each will spit forth all his spleen; — words follow words, contradiction brings on contradiction, until overwhelming passion usurps the place of reason; — the lie direct is given, together with an epithet or two quite common in sailor phraseology, and like to our fire-eaters on shore, the consequence is a challenge is given to meet each other after the hammocks have been piped down, and thus that point is settled. The forecastle is generally the field of combat, and here with a due proportion of topmates on each side, together with a few on the *qui vive* to give notice of an officer's approach, does this encounter commence. It is only nine cases out of ten in which one of those pitched battles is sufficiently prolonged to ascertain who is the conqueror; for the crowd assembled on the occasion, together with the encouraging words by which the combatants are urged on, spoken in anything but a low tone of voice, such as "Go it, Ben, my hearty;" "Give it to him, Sam;" "That's your sort, Jack;" "Touch him there again, Bill;" &c., quickly attract the attention of the officer of the deck, who arrives at the scene of combat very often too late to ascertain who the parties may be; for upon the first intimation, the pugilists disappear, and not one of the crowd will let a word drop that may lead to their detection. I have seen several of these conflicts on board our ship, but will merely take notice of one, which, from its bloodless and laughable nature, is the best adapted to eke out my random sketches.

It was a lovely night in February, we were lying at Valparaiso; one of those nights so dear to the sons of poetry and romance; the chaste moon threw her silvery beams upon the face of the tranquil waters, with such a dazzling brilliancy, as to bring plainly to view every object that floated upon the undulating waves within the compass of the harbour; from the huge frowning hull of the ship of war with her bristling ordnance peering through the dark port holes, to the long, low sharp-built schooner, with tapering spars and slight tracery of rigging, that sat on the surface of the glassy sea with swan-like grace and buoyancy. Scarcely a sound was heard to break the calm stillness that reigned around, save occasionally the loud baying of a dog from one of the adjacent hills; or the noise of a boat, passing to or from the shore, as her crew with their vigorous and uniform strokes made their oars rattle with one simultaneous movement. Our hammocks had been piped down some time, and the tormentors of cat-gut, who together with the tambarinist, had been "softening rocks," and "bending knotted oaks," with the variety of dulcet and mellifluous sounds which they sent floating upon the balmy breeze, had just unscrewed their instruments, and were preparing to seek their swinging couches, much to the chagrin and mortification of many of our tars, who considered they had not "tripped it on the light fantastic toe," half to their satisfaction. Here and there might be seen a straggling couple pacing either side of the forecastle in deep and seemingly mysterious conversation, forming, perhaps, plans for their future guidance, or entering into arrangements with serious reality respecting a co-partnership in some grog-shop or oyster-cellar, which they contemplated to start conjointly when they obtained their discharge.

At this juncture, as I strolled listlessly in the larboard gangway, enjoying the balmy serenity of the night, I perceived a little crowd collecting on the forecastle; and from a few words of defiance that reached my ears, I had not the least doubt but what a pugilistic encounter was about to take place, and I accordingly bent my steps towards the scene of action; — and here was an affair sufficiently humorous in its nature to distort the risible muscles of the most austere. Caleb Chuffy, a pert, saucy, chouder-headed mulatto; and Sam Grubbings, a slovenly, half dead-and-alive mortal of somewhat darker hue, both ward-room boys, had a serious war of words that morning; — the cause of dispute was as follows: Grubbings, since our arrival at this place, had been paying his *devoirs* to a plump, round-faced, wicked-eyed, red-haired Cyprian, proprietor and inmate of one of those little one story mud edifices situated in that part of Valparaiso, termed by the sailors the foretop; and he had every reason to believe from the glances which she shot on him from her keen eyes, as he spent without a murmur his *pesos* in her company, that his love was returned. Now chance, or Cupid, or Old Nick for aught I know, led Mr. Chuffy to the same house; and as soon as he beheld the lovely *Joppa*, the first glance of her eye done his business; and he returned on board, a love-sick swain. The next day, Chuffy was an altered man; he conducted himself in a manner that proved he was either head over ears in love, or right down crazy. I don't know whether he attempted to stow himself in the netting instead of his hammock, or whether he poured down any libation of brandy from the ward-room decanters, mistaking it for water, but he was continually drawling forth the mellifluous name of Joppa; and the boots and shoes he operated on that morning, had not half their usual lustrous appearance, in consequence of his love-sick despondency. Whilst he and Mr. Grubbings were amusing themselves with the innocent pastime of bringing sundry knives and forks in contact with a long narrow strip of board, well besprinkled with soft brick, Chuffy gave a deep-drawn sigh, and once more pronounced the name of Joppa. "What's dat?" cried Grubbings, discontinuing his operations on the knife-board — "what name is dat, Chuffy?" "Why Joppa, to be sure; what udder name should it be?" returned the love-sick mulatto — "a name, de pronuncification ob which, makes de interior ob my bosom like to de burning Wesuvius! Oh you hab no idear how I lubs dat gal, Grubbings." "What's dat, you black warmant?" cried the now enraged Grubbings, brandishing the fork he had just been scouring, — "do you purtend to insert dat de lubliest, de sublimest, de beautifulest critter in all Valparaiso, would allow you to purfane her sweet name, by habing it bellowed forth from dem tick lips ob yours upon de gun-deck ob a man-of-war; neber, I tell you, she tinks too much ob herself." "Ha! ha! ha! Grubbings, you can't come in dat shop, no how you can fix it!" cried Chuffy, with a malicious laugh, showing his ivory; "not while dis here gentleman is about at all ewents; I've eclipsed you in dat quarter like a knife!" "You lie, you mush and molasses looking scorpion!" responded Grubbings, almost choked with rage, — "if you hab de blood ob de gentleman in your veins, you will gib me satisfaction for dis insult." "I will do dat ting," returned Chuffy, "dis evening, on de spar-deck, when de hammocks are down; and de lubly Joppa, be de conqueror's prize." At this they separated, and it was this redoutable pair that was now about to settle their love quarrel on the forecastle.

Bill Garnet, in consideration of a bottle of rum to be forthcoming the next day, acted as friend and second to Mr. Grubbings: and the well-known, intermeddling Flukes, the maintopman, being promised a certain quantity of the like glorious nectar, led Mr. Chuffy to the field of action, and declared with sundry oaths, to see fair play on both sides. The combatants slowly dispossessed themselves of their jackets, vests, and hats, tied their suspenders around their waists, and went through with several little preliminaries, not at all requisite in affairs of this kind; but the fact is, they wished to procrastinate the *active* part of the business as much as possible, for any one could perceive they were both afraid of coming to the *scratch.* "Come,

come," cried Garnet, placing his man in a favourite position — "damme, I'm afraid this will all end in smoke; make a pass now, and let every blow tell." Grubbings at this reminder, flourished about his long arms, and *did* make a pass, but he was at an awful distance from his antagonist, and his blow only cut the air. "Does you give in," cried the warlike Grubbings, as he retreated to the head-door; "I reckon you'd better 'afore I smash you all to pieces." "What should I give in for?" answered Chuffy, "you hav'nt done me noting yet." "Ah, but I will directly, if you only comes dis way an inch or two," continued the cleaner of knives, bringing himself again to a guard, *á la Jem Ward.* The rivals now stood viewing each other with threatening glances, and appearing to be not at all disposed to come in contact; whilst the two seconds were urging them onward to the conflict, by occasionally poking them in the neck, and by divers applications of their feet upon the seats of honour of those coloured heroes. "Don't hurry me whatever you do," cried the courageous Grubbings, addressing himself to Bill Garnet; who, with one hand, holding a severe grip upon the seat of his inexpressibles, and the other entangled in his wool, was endeavouring to bring him to the scratch, whether he would or not — "I want to take it cool, Garnet; I always take dese sort of tings as coolly as possible." "So it appears," returned Bill, "and I believe by the look of things, the further your enemy is from you, the more courageous you'd feel; damme, you've been squaring for one another almost half an hour, and not a blow struck yet; in my opinion, old bone-polisher, I think you'd sooner run a mile than fight a minute any time." Whilst Garnet was thus arguing the point with his champion, Chuffy, at the instigation of Flukes, made a rush at his opponent, and with one of those elegant and accomplished movements, so peculiarly adapted to the hard heads of the sable son's of Africa, vulgarly termed *butting*, planted his bump of knowledge, with terrific force, slap in the breast of the unprepared Grubbings. "Does you call dat dere fair, gentlemen?" enquired the irritated darkie, glancing his eye around and appealing to the by-standers. — "Now, Chuffy, if dat's your play, I'se a-coming for you; look out for yourself now.— I tell you I'll not spare you dis time; for if I gets you into my clutches, I knocks you into de shape of a boot-jack." And suiting the action to the word, he made a rush forward, clinched his enemy, and in another moment they were both rolling on the deck, in a close, though no very loving embrace. "Go it Chuffy;" "That's your sort Grubbings;" cried the delighted crowd — for they were glad to find they had made some sort of a commencement, and to add the greater force to their words, they planted sundry kicks and blows upon the bodies of the prostrate pugilists. "Oh Lord! oh Lord!" bellowed forth the redoubtable Mr. Grubbings; "de damn'd black nigger has got my nose between his teeth." "Upon my conscience then, Mr. Snowball," remarked Pat Bradley, the Hibernian, who chanced to be one of the spectators, "he must have a strong stomach, and cursedly in want of a delicate tit-bit, when he could find nothing else but that ugly pug nose of yours to operate upon. "Dere, just look at dat dere, now," squealed forth Chuffy, as Grubbings inserted one of his organs of hearing between his teeth; "does you call dat *jonnock?* I wont fight at all, if I does'nt get fair play." "Oh come, come," cried Flukes, dragging the combatants apart, and placing his man once more upon his feet — "drive ahead and settle the business at once." "This fight is something like the Florida war," cried Bradley, "precious little prospect of its coming to a finish." The two rivals by dint of pushing, thumping and kicking, were once more brought face to face; but from their quivering lips, and craven countenances, it could be perceived that they were neither of them particularly anxious to renew the combat. The bystanders too began to grow impatient, and tried every means in their power to bring the coloured heroes once more in collision, but without avail; for Grubbings finding that his nasal organ had become somewhat of a larger quantity since it had felt the effects of Mr. Chuffy's *grinders*, and the said Chuffy, by occasionally applying his hand to his ear, drawing a conclusion therefrom, that one of those useful appendages was considerably the worse, since his friend Grubbings had tried the quality of it, they both felt inclined to call a truce. — "Is you satisfied to beg my pardon, and tink no more of

Joppa, if I lets you off dis time," enquired the chivalrous Chuffy, looking towards his antagonist. "Dere now," returned Mr. Grubbings, "only hear dat, gentlemen, he tinks he's whipped me, but I reckon I'm de old ting yet. I can stand here by golly, till de hammocks are piped up, and not move an inch." "You're right enough there old fellow," responded Garnet, "I don't see that you've moved half an inch yet by way of approaching your enemy, except what pushing and shoving has done; damme, I've seen two old fish-women make a better fight of it." "Oh, we don't fight de common rough and tumble fight," responded one of the boot polishers, a little put out that his courage was called in question — "we take our time to explay de scientific movements, dat's what I calls fighting; it shows what men is." "Yes, it shows what you fellows are to a nicety," returned Flukes, "a pair of as complete chouder-headed, thick-lipped cowards as you could pick up along shore in a month — here, I've lost about an hour's snooze, expecting to see a bit of a set-to, but there's no more likelihood of it now than there was when you first poked your pretty figure-heads upon the forecastle."

Once more did the two seconds, Garnet and Flukes, rally their champions, and once more, by numerous kicks and thumps from the impatient spectators, were the two love-sick rivals brought face to face. "Is you ready?" enquired the renowned Grubbings, glancing his eye at his enemy, who was surrounded by five or six of the bystanders, busily employed putting somewhat in order the tattered remnant of his shirt, which now hung in shreds around him — "I does'nt want to punch you without you knows it, so you see I gives you all chances," continued the generous Grubbings. "I'se on hand, on hand honey, so now come and see me," answered Chuffy, putting himself into one of his favourite positions; but ere a blow was struck, one of the crowd gave intimation that an officer was coming, and the two pugilists, glad of any excuse to bring the affair to a conclusion, without having recourse to any more blows, were the first to make themselves scarce; though the groans and hisses of the crowd followed them as they disappeared amongst the hammocks on the other deck. Whether the affair was amicably adjusted or not the next day, I cannot possibly tell, but having perceived this pair of worthies some weeks afterwards in deep and friendly conversation, as they amused themselves putting a gloss upon some of Rodgers' superior cutlery, in the shape of ward-room knives and forks, I have every reason to believe they are once more upon terms of intimacy, and that the affections of the lovely Joppa are shared equally between them.

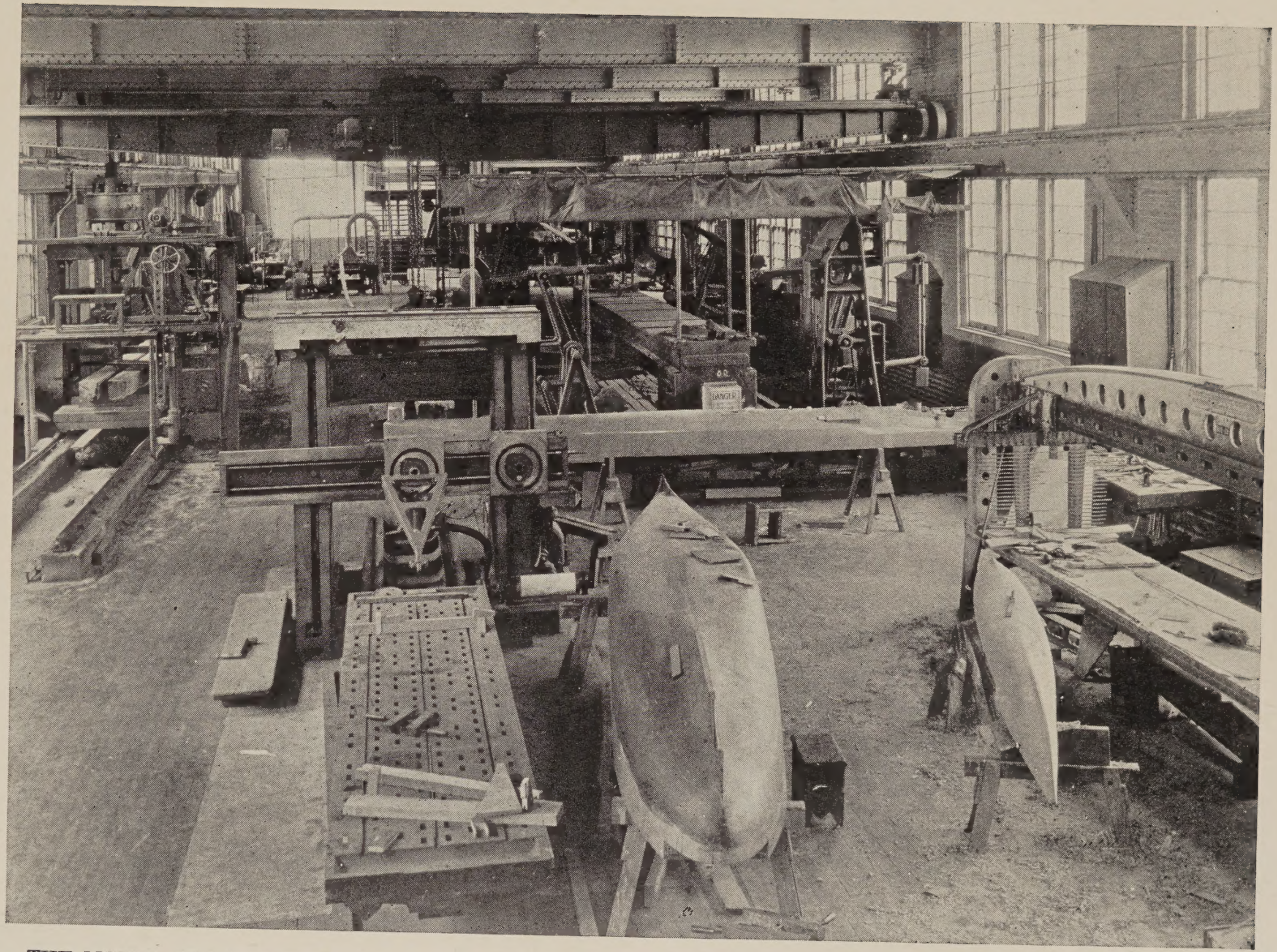
SOIREE ON THE FORECASTLE

"The storm once o'er, the gallant tar
Lets fancy freely roam,
And tho' from many a friend afar,
He sings of those at home."

Well, say what you will, a Yankee man-of-war is a curious place. Some writers expatiate in glowing terms upon the scenes to be met with in a small watering-place, amongst itinerant violin-players, broken down dancing-masters, hard-run black-legs, and pert little misses in their teens — pshaw! take a tight Yankee frigate such as "Old Ironsides," place her on a foreign station, and you will see more diversity of character develope itself — you will see more real scenes enacted to the life amongst the curious medley by which she is manned, in one short week, than the naval novelists, Marryatt or Chamier, could dish up for the public palate in a twelvemonth. We have here on board our old craft, our pugilistic encounters, our theatrical representations, our political squabbles, our literary arguments, our bacchanalian revels, our quadrille and galopade parties, and last not least, our soirees on the forecastle and in both gangways, where all those who have the least pretensions to harmony pour forth their mellifluous strains nocturnally, to the no small discomfiture and mortification of many old salts, who in the wane of life, the current of their blood having become somewhat stagnant, and their tempers like to a well-worn pump-bolt, being considerably chafed from constant friction, condemn such amusements as anything but pleasing, and who *turn-in* the moment their hammocks are down, to put a finishing stroke to the *snoose* they have probably, since the nine o'clock inspection, been enjoying in some snug nook between the guns.

"Music hath charms," saith the Poet, "to soften rocks and bend the knotted oak;" but I never found that our lads' vocal performances could even soften those old Tritons I have just spoken of, much less our *holy-stones*, and their bosoms are of as adamantine a nature as any rock, or our *bitts*, and they are composed of as good and solid oak as ever stood the chafe of a bower chain in the heaviest and most tumultuous sea; nay, even the touching strains of "Home sweet home," thrilled forth with true nautical effect, but brought a malediction upon their heads for ever leaving that much hallowed spot to seek comfort on board a man-of-war; and the elegant song of "They have given her to another," as it re-echoed along the decks, but called forth a little bit of wit from one of those old sea-dogs, "that if he had his will he'd give him (the singer) to another, and that precious quick too," finishing his remark by alluding to a certain gentleman in black; who, folks say, is graced with the appendages of horns and tail; but all their innuendoes, all their grumbling, would not deter our sons of harmony from congregating together of evenings, to lighten their hearts with a merry song; and upon such occasions, if there chanced to be any of the precious liquid so reverenced and loved by the tar, ycleped rum, in the course of circulation, the ship's bell would often proclaim the hours of ten or eleven ere those worthies would seek their several hammocks.

It was one beautiful night, (pshaw! I believe I have used that same hackneyed, worn-out phrase half a dozen times in these little Sketches; but what can a poor devil do when he's at his wit's end? I'm only an author in embryo, and of course a little tautology is pardonable;) well then, it was in the night, about eight o'clock, and I remember perfectly it was beautifully clear and cloudless; and 'twas in the month of April too — if my memory serves me just at this moment; — thus I've got over that much: well, the old frigate Constitution lay at Callao, presenting to the gaze of every eye her usual beautiful warlike appearance; we had but just arrived from Valparaiso, after consigning to the grave with all the honours due to his rank, the remains of our late, lamented commander-in-chief; and had just finished giving our ship a thorough homeward-bound refit; and every bosom was panting for an arrival from the United States that would serve to strengthen the yarns that were already



THE MODEL-SHAPING SHOP AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD, WHERE THE OFFICIAL MODEL OF THE CONSTITUTION WAS MADE

afloat concerning the exact time of our final departure for home. The hammocks were down, and the sons of ease were endeavouring as best they could, to "woo the gentle goddess;" which was a matter of some little difficulty; for directly abaft the *bitts* on the main-deck, a couple of musical novitiates were drawing forth a succession of sounds from their flutes, which of itself were sufficient to put sleep to flight, so delightfully harsh and discordant did they grate upon the ear. On the forecastle, behold a little *coterie* assembled, reclining with as much seeming ease upon the hard planks of which the *trunk* is composed, as if the luxury of an ottoman bore the weight of their limbs; amongst them were the well-known characters, Flukes, Garnet, Bradley, Bowser, &c.; and from the brilliant flashing of their eyes, and the occasional cheerful, careless laugh, which ever and anon broke upon the ear, it was reasonable to suppose they had been imbibing something of a more exhilarating nature than draughts from the clear crystal stream.

"Come, come, Dobbs," cried out Bill Garnet, addressing himself to one of the party who had been for twenty or thirty minutes desperately engaged in drawling forth a song to which there appeared to be no end, the burden of which was the capture of a whale after a severe and bloody struggle: — "Belay all that, matie, and take a severe turn; pawl your capstan now as quick as you please, for I see you are almost out of breath; confound such a long-winded concern; — why, damme man, whilst you have been lowering the boats away in that song of yours, a good smart Nantucketer would have three whale turned-up." "Oh! you'd better let me finish it, Bill," requested the modest ex-whaler; "the *marrow* of the ditty is to come yet — when we get the fish alongside." "I think when you get her alongside, Nathan, 'twill be all *blubber*, and precious little *marrow*," remarked Bowser; "but *spello* say I; — come Flukes, let us have that little song Harry Albatross put together the other day, I know 'twill please the company." "Aye! that it will," repeated half a dozen voices; "let's have it Flukes, by all means." The importunities came so furiously upon our maintop-man to favour them with the song Bowser had made mention of, that he scarcely knew in which manner to *back out;* and, as a *dernier resort*, said that his throat was out of order, having caught a severe cold the last fishing scrape he had went on. "Oh! if that's the case, my honey," cried Pat Bradley, from the land of potatoes; "I've got one of the finest medicines in the four corners of the globe for a sore throat; pass me that tin pot there, and I'll apply a little of that same remedy." So saying, Bradley drew forth from the bosom of his dungaree frock, a large, long, embrowned *snake;* nay! start not, gentle reader, I don't mean to say 'twas a *cobre de cabello*, or a *boa constrictor*, or an *anaconda*, or any of those venomous or terrific reptiles; no! no! 'twas no more nor less than the moiety of an ox's intestines, about two feet long, tied at both ends, and to which our lads have given the name of *snakes;* applicable enough to my thinking, for often their *bite* is severe and venomous in the extreme; this snake then that Bradley produced contained perhaps a quart of as poisonous and disgusting liquor as ever gave a sailor the *delirium tremens;* the article in question was forthwith cut, and its contents poured into the tin pot; and as they were anxious to hear a display of Flukes' vocal abilities, the precious liquid was first put into his hands, allowing him the honour of the *first drink*, (which, let me tell you, in a man-of-war is of great moment.) "Flukes," remarked Garnet, as the maintop-man brought the tin-pot in contact with his lips, "touch her light, and let her go round, there are four or five of us to drink you know." "Oh never be the least afraid to trust me with the first drink," responded the main-top wag; "I never take more than two swallows, and my mouth exactly holds a gill." "Never mind boys," cried Bradley; "go the whole figure on it if you like, I've got a shot or two left in the locker yet," pointing at the same time to a protuberance in the front of his frock; which led all present to suppose that another *venomous reptile* or two lay quietly reposing there. After the tin-pot had made its circuit amongst the group, and the last man having proved its emptiness by turning it bottom side up, together with a few preliminaries generally attending the singing of a song in almost every company, Flukes broke forth with the following:

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS MISTRESS

"Farewell! dear girl, I now must go
On board yon gallant ship,
Her canvass flutters in the breeze,
Her anchor is atrip;
But tho' to distant climes I'm bound,
My heart I leave with you,
I never will forget you, love,
When on the waters blue.

When first, a stranger in your land,
I met your witching smile,
And gazed upon your piercing orbs,
I felt entranced the while;
And listening to thy silvery voice,
Each moment swiftly flew —
Those pleasures I will ne'er forget
When on the waters blue.

Although your parents censured you
With cruel, angry voice,
And disapproved in bitter terms
Your low-born, humble choice;
Yet your fond heart, despite each frown,
Unshrinking still proved true,
And can I ever this forget
When on the waters blue?

Full soon, alas! my bonny bark
Will leave your shores behind,
And track the boundless ocean o'er
Her destined port to find;
And though, amongst the noisy mirth
Of our wild, reckless crew,
Thy form will ever haunt my sight
When on the waters blue.

When wandering on the trackless main
Should storms my bark assail,
And vivid lightnings' awful gleam
Add terror to the gale,
This fearful clash of elements
Will arm my breast anew

With hope, as I lisp forth thy name
Upon the waters blue.

In other climes should I behold
Each beauteous dazzling fair,
Spreading their syren wiles around
Their victims to ensnare;
Their smiles will be of no avail;
In vain to me they'll sue,
For I will still remember thee
When on the waters blue.

And when the mountains of my home
Shall glad my anxious sight,
And kindred ties hail my return
With rapturous delight,
Think not, dear girl, they can estrange
My heart and soul from you —
I never will forget you, love,
When on the waters blue.

And when some few short months fly o'er,
Heaven may perhaps ordain
That I may fix my eager gaze
Upon thy form again;
And should I find your guileless heart
Still constant and still true,
For your dear sake I'll roam no more
Upon the waters blue."

As Flukes concluded, a murmur of approbation ran through the little group, and Nathan Dobbs, whose brain the last drink had considerably disordered, and who, in consequence of which had then a much greater opinion of his vocal talents than he had before, or than any of the by-standers ever had, could not be kept quiet; sing he must, and broke forth with a snatch or two from one of his favourite whaling songs:

"Overhaul, overhaul, your davit-tackle falls,
And launch your boats to sea, my brave boys,
And launch your boats to the sea."

"In the room of overhauling your davit-tackles, matie, you'd better *choke the luff* of your *jaw-tackle;* you'll have the officer of the deck upon us in a moment," remarked Garnet, applying his hand to our whaleman's mouth; and this movement, together with the promise of a *small drop* when they would broach the next skin of liquor, had the effect of pacifying Dobbs in some measure, and caused him to defer the finishing of his song to some more fitting opportunity. "Now then, boys," broke forth Bradley, who acted as master of the ceremonies, "who will follow in Flukes' wake, and give us another ditty, and then for some more of the precious stuff." "Oh, if nobody else will follow suit," responded Bowser, the forecastleman, the idea no doubt of *freshening the nip*, tickling his fancy, "why I'll try what I can do, so here you are;" — and so saying he chanted forth, with a voice considerably above mediocrity,

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND

"Since I left the humble cottage
Where my grandsires dwelt of yore,
I have sailed the world all over,
I have braved the ocean's roar;
And tho' syrens in each foreign port
With all their wiles combined,
They never could estrange my heart
From her I left behind.

I've seen the Spanish maiden
With her piercing orbs of jet,
Who'd so entranced my senses
That I wished we'd never met;
But I snatched the film from my eyes
And brought before my mind
The parting words and promises
Of her I left behind.

The haughty dames of England
I have mingled too among,
And drank deep draughts of flattery
From every flippant tongue;
But their aristocratic smiles
My heart could never bind —

My thoughts would wander spite of all
To her I left behind.

In beauteous, sunny Italy,
I've mingled with the throng,
And gazed on her fair daughters
As they poured the silvery song;
But in the midst of those delights,
My heart it inward pined,
To hear the unassuming notes
Of her I left behind.

In the giddy waltz I've whirled,
And I've trod the mazy dance
With the portly dame of Holland
And the dark brunette of France;
But this only to my memory brought
The time when I had joined
In the humble reel, with heart elate,
With her I left behind.

'Mongst all my many ramblings
My heart it still is pure,
The witchery of hundreds
It unchanging did endure;
For amidst the flash of foreign eyes
I never yet could find,
One who could my affections wean
From her I left behind."

Every one assembled on this occasion, gave their meed of praise to the songster, as the conclusion of the last stanzas was borne away upon the pinions of the night breeze; and to give him more solid proofs than their empty adulations, how much his performance pleased each and every one of the company, the *tin pot* was again had recourse to, and once more went its accustomed round; and at this juncture they were as comfortable and happy a little *coterie* as libations of ardent, good fellowship and friendly feelings towards each other, could possibly produce. "Is that song one of your own making, Bowser, or have you taken it out of some newspaper?" enquired Bradley; "I dont know that I ever heard it before." "I reckon you nor any other person on board has ever heard it before," returned the man addressed, it was only yesterday Harry Albatross composed it; he wrote it expressly for me, in consequence of a little yarn I spun about a girl I left behind in Boston; — I'm going to present it to her when I see her again."

"I calculate I'll get him to do something for me in that line," drawled forth Nathan Dobbs, with an occasional hiccough, each potation making more and more inroads upon his senses. "I left a little girl in Nantucket; I reckon I'll have a song or so written on her; and if she ain't prime cash itself, then I don't know a *humpback* from a *mackerel;* what do you say Flukes, ain't I about in the time of a *flurry?*" "Why when there's any rum on the board you're *about*, Dobbs," responded Flukes, "and I think your brain appears to be in a little bit of a *flurry* just now." "But I mean" cried Nathan, raising his voice to somewhat of a higher pitch than was at all pleasing to the company, or was prudent at the present silent hour of the night, "I mean that I guess I can sing as good a song as any *one* on board, and to prove it, I'll give you one right off the reel;" and here he broke out with

"The first stepped up was the captain of our ship,
And a fine little man was he."

Nathan had got thus far, when the application of a large muscular hand over his mouth, precluded the possibility of his finishing the verse; and after a little reasoning, and a promise of some more *stimulus*, he was again partially mollified. "Now lads," remarked Garnet, "as it has got pretty far into the first watch, being gone five bells some time, I think the best thing we can do, is to *turn-in;* but if you are all agreeable, I'll first strike up a verse or two of a song that I composed myself in the top the other day." "You're right, Bill," answered Bradley, "some of our company have boarded their *sleeping-tacks* already, I see; so let's have your song, afterwards make a finish of the little drop of stuff I have left, and then bear away for *blanket bay;* and to-morrow we'll be as fresh by the time they roll breakfast-grog, as if nothing at all had happened;" accordingly, Garnet struck up the following to the tune of "Yankee Doodle:"

EVERY INCH A YANKEE

"Talk as you like 'bout old Crapeau,
'Bout Portuguese, and Spaniards;
'Bout Danes, and Swedes, and Dutchmen too,
They know the lifts from laniards.
But take a true Columbian tar, —
The lad that loves his swankey;
You'll find him when he's gun to gun,
He's every inch a Yankee.

He's crazy, there is no mistake,
When he ashore is drifting;
He's mostly close-hauled on a wind,
His topsail often lifting;
But should distress heave in his sight,
Our tar though somewhat crankie
Pulls out his wallet, planks, and shows
He's every inch a Yankee.

Behold him 'board of Uncle Sam,
His frock it snowy white is;
For 'mongst his numerous duties there,
To keep clean his delight is;
And for to reef, or loose, or furl,
He's not behind I thank ye,
For at these little *sailor moves*,
He's every inch a Yankee.

I believe he knows a thing or two
When, 'neath the 'spangled banner,'
He sees an enemy draw near
With all *crack* men to man her;
What does he do? he gives three cheers;
And whilst there's left one plank, he
Will show though fed on pumpkin pie,
He's every inch a Yankee.

Another thing, I guess you'll find
In time of greatest danger,
He's cool as tho' a catching clams;
His heart to fear's a stranger.

And neither shipwreck, gales, nor storms,
Can hurt his form so lanky;
For whilst one single hope is left,
He's every inch a Yankee.

Enough I've said, to prove to all
Columbia's tars are willing,
What'er turns up — to spree, or fight,
Or spend their last, lone shilling.
And better shipmates never sailed
Than those true sons of swankey;
For first or last, you'll find that still
They're every inch a Yankee."

The applause that Garnet's song drew down from his delighted auditors, was of such a noisy nature as to awaken Nathan Dobbs, who, during its performance was stretched out on the *trunk* in a deep slumber, the mellifluous music of his nose acting ever and anon as an *accompaniment.* "Bravo! bravo!" shouted our ex-whaleman, raising himself after divers efforts upon his nether parts; "that's what I call doing the thing as it ought to be; here barkeeper, fill up the glasses again, we've set out for a regular row-de-dow;" from these few sentences, hiccoughed forth by Dobbs, it was observable to all present that his brain was in a complete chaotic state,— he fancying himself no doubt in mother Gibson's bar-room, at Callao; having but the day previous returned from liberty, and that hallowed spot on such occasions being his elysium. "Well lads, what say you for a break-up?" enquired Bradley; "pass the pot, and let us put a finishing touch to the liquor, and then we'll try and get Dobbs to his hammock before he makes any more noise." The pot was accordingly replenished; but ere it had made half its circuit, Nathan's olfactory nerves scented the precious elixir, and he entreated pitifully for a small share of the beverage: "Come Pat, give me a little more, and I'll sing you as complete a song as you've heard this cruise, I reckon." "I'll give you some Nathan," returned the proprietor of the liquor, "if you promise to turn in your hammock as soon as you've drank it; and we'll have the song to-morrow night." Dobbs agreed to all this, and a moiety was given him; but he had scarcely swallowed it, ere he gave vent to his musical powers in a voice so vociferous, as to attract the attention of the officer of the deck; and to save him from "durance vile," a couple of his companions lifted him into their athletic arms, and bore him to his hammock; and ere the officer reached the scene of festivity, the whole group had as if by magic disappeared, and nought save the *empty pot* was left to tell the site of the nautical soiree.

THE ROWING MATCH

> "The hardy crew now bent their brawny backs —
> With vigorous force the oars are swiftly plied;
> And like a falcon cleaving through the air,
> The boats with foaming speed did onward glide."

It is an old saying, and I believe no less true, that a sailor is never satisfied. How far this observation is verified in the character of one in the merchant service, I will not presume to say; but this much I will adduce, and I know it from experience, that a man-of-war's-man is one of the most restless, and dissatisfied of God's creatures; there is always a *desideratum* which he is never in possession of — a certain something which he never can attain; — give him roast mutton, he will proclaim it tough; and hint how splendidly he could dine had he but a fillet of veal — regale him with rich old crusted port, or sparkling champaign, he will turn up his nose with loathing, and wish for his favourite beverage, rum; — place before him plump partridges, or well-fed geese, or turkeys steaming with savoury richness, he will soon tire of them, and sign for his salt junk, hot scouse, and plum-duff once more. Even the ship he may chance to be an inmate of, he is never perfectly satisfied with, though she were a paradise; if she is strict with regard to discipline, he curses his hard fortune for being at the nod and beck of such tartars, as he considers her officers to be composed of, and contrasts the usage with that which he experienced on board *last ship;* if, on the other hand, she is lucky enough to be commanded by some of our mild, unassuming captains — their breasts flowing with the milk of human kindness, (plenty of whom are to be found in our Navy,) and the ship in consequence of the kind treatment becomes a mark for other crews to point at with envy — even then, some of our old stagers are discontented; and as they perceive the current of affairs on board gliding along smoothly and peacefully, they condemn her for being so *easy*, and break forth with the snarling expression of — "they hope they'll get in a *man-of-war* next cruise." When on shore, they are all anxiety to try the blue water again, and often seek the rendezvous long before their last *whack* is expended; and to keep up their character for restlessness and disquietude, they scarcely arrive on their station, ere the prevailing topic is, what ship will be their relief, and how soon they will possibly start for home; — such is the true character of a Yankee man-of-war's-man.

Whilst lying at Callao in the latter end of April, rumour with her hundred tongues proclaimed through the ship, that in spite of every obstacle to the contrary, our captain was determined to start for home an early day in June, although we had been scarcely twenty months in the waters of the Pacific; nay, some of our lads went so far as to enumerate the number of days we would take to re-double the dreaded Cape, and wound up their calculations by mentioning the identical week in September they would be in possession of their cheques and discharges; but alas! they were counting somewhat too fast; would we depart from the coast without leaving a sufficient squadron behind us to protect our commerce, — and the aspect of things in Peru and Chili so unsettled? The St. Louis was away on the coast of California, and our only consort was the little schooner Shark; but then we had news that two sloops of war had left the United States for this station; that was some satisfaction, however, and as the topic of homeward-bound began in some measure to subside, waxing gradually less and less fervent, sure enough our eyes were greeted with the pleasing sight of the Yorktown, the Dale, and the store-ship Relief, dropping anchor in our vicinity.

The first boat's crew that came over our gangway, from those ships, were taken forward on the forecastle *nolens volens;* and a no small number of tars were gathered together there, who with hearty shakes of the hand, congratulated them upon their safe arrival; and who assailed them with such a multiplicity of enquiries respecting "matters and things in general," in our beloved country, that the poor fellows scarcely knew which question to respond to first. "Does mother Flint keep that precious boarding-house of hers in Cherry street yet?" enquired a tall raw-boned maintop-man of one of the store-ship's crew. "She does indeed," replied the man addressed.

"I have good reason to know it too; I boarded with her myself, and if she did'nt put the leek into me, when she sent me off on this five years' cruise, I wonder at it." "Five years' cruise!" repeated twenty different tars,— opening their eyes in astonishment — "You don't mean to say they ship men on the five years' act, in Uncle Sam's Navy now?" "They do indeed!" responded one of the Dale's — "I'm on the same scale myself, and plenty more besides me; but you get thirty-six dollars bounty, besides your three months' advance, that's something to look at." "Aye, and so is five years something to look at also," remarked Flukes; "damme, mates, by the time a fellow would make a couple of them ere long tailed cruises on this station, amongst the San Lorenzo fogs and the Peruvian dew, he'd want upon his return home his measure taken for a wig; for curse me, but he'd have as few hairs left between him and the clouds, as old Quoin the quarter-gunner. On the first Sunday a complete interchange of visits took place between the several ships; some going on board the Dale, some to the Yorktown, and others to the Relief, to pass the afternoon away in friendly chat, and also as a matter of course to imbibe potations of the glorious nectar, without which Jack considers no assemblage complete, in his opinion of things, however sociable they might otherwise possibly be. Each Sunday afternoon, the like visits were paid and returned with due punctilio; and a feeling friendly in the extreme, existed between our ship's company and the crews of those vessels; nay, don't smile reader at this remark, for where four or five American men-of-war lay in port together, this is not *always* the case I assure you; there are many little differences which arise, frivolous perhaps in themselves, but which often lead to serious disputes; such as one ship sailing faster than another; another one being more expert at loosing and furling, or crossing topgallant and royal yards. Those affairs cause black looks to take place between the several crews; and when on liberty together, many a time brings them to blows; even we did not part from our friends of the Dale and Relief, without a small touch of emulation springing up between us.

Amongst our boats, we had a regular rough looking one, gooserumped, and strong as wood and iron could possibly make her, known by the name of the "life-boat;" she was as sailors term it, a "running boat;" — now I don't mean by this term to insinuate, that she was of that clipping character, as to bid defiance to anything that wore a keel, although as Firehawk, the foretop-man observed, with one of his knowing winks, "she was something like his old tarpawling jacket, not much to look at, but on hand like Day & Martin's blacking, when put to the push." No, no, the correct meaning of a "running boat" with us, is one that is kept continually on the move, from morning till night; at one time decorated with flashy cushions in the sternsheets, to accommodate some blushing daughters of Eve who might chance to pay our ship a visit; and the next, loaded down to the water's edge with sweet potatoes, fresh beef, cabbages, and all the other *et ceteras* that comprise the ingredients of a man-of-wars-man's Sunday dinner in port; — such was our life-boat. In her intercourse with the shore, of course her crew had frequent opportunities of falling in with some of the boats belonging to the other ships, and occasionally a little contest would take place as to their speed, when returning on board; and after one or two of those trials, they all agreed that our life-boat "pulled well."

One morning a crowd was seen to assemble around the pumps on the main-deck, listening with great attention to one of our literary characters, who with a loud voice read the following flaunting challenge, which had just been brought on board by one of the market boys.

> "*United States Store-Ship Relief,*
> *Callao, 16th June,* 1841.
>
> We the crew of the United States Ship Relief's first Cutter, challenge the United States Frigate Constitution's Life-boat, to run to-morrow at 4 P.M.; for the amount of eleven dollars. Our Commander has granted us his permission.
>
> MARSHALL GARTH, *Coxswain.*"

As soon as this bold defiance had been promulgated through the ship, betting commenced, as far as their means went, with an earnestness and avidity scarcely to be surpassed on the Union Course — upon the competition of two favourite horses. The Relief's first Cutter, was by far the *crack* boat as to looks, for poor "goose-rump" (so was our life-boat familiarly styled by her crew,) looked like any thing else but a racer; and many of our connoisseurs, with a grave and portentous shake of the head, gave it as their opinion, that they thought she would come off *second best.* "Never mind that, mates!" cried Bill Garnet, who in this, as well as every other affair going forward, took an active part — "Worse than lose we can't, and for sake of the old boat I pulled the stroke oar in eight long months; aye, and though she's been the means of getting me more than one *quilting;* here's plank ten dollars on her carcass — whose game to take me up?"

"I can't raise exactly ten dollars, Garnet," replied Tubbs, a broken down whaleman, and an efficient after-guard loafer; "but I've seen the Relief's boat pull, and I reckon I ought to know something about a boat this time of my life; and I'll bet every piece of clothes in my bag, and I imagine you'll find some things there not to be sneezed at, that the Store-ship's first Cutter takes the stakes." "From what I've seen of you, old fellow," replied Garnet, somewhat testily, completely put out at the bare idea of his favourite being worsted; "I think you're a much better judge of a pan of bean soup, or a chunk of duff, than you are of the qualities of a boat; and as for staking all your *donnage*, I imagine your bag is something like that foolish brain pan of yours, precious little in it." This remark of Garnet's caused a laugh at the expense of poor Tubbs, and he was fain to walk away and seek some other person to take him up. Garnet's ten dollars however were quickly covered, for there were plenty of speculative customers on board, who had an idea of the challenging boat's superiority, and thought this an opportunity, too good to be lost, to augment their fund of cash, consequently *planked* their money on the issue of the contest, without a moment's hesitation.

The day of trial arrived, and sometime previous to the appointed hour, the store-ship's boat was observed pulling around the bay with a vigorous stroke, and as she passed in the vicinity of our ship, her crew made divers motions to attract our attention to her speed —

but "nothing loath," our boat was at the starting post at the time appointed, *ponied up*, and every thing ready for a start. Simple as this little affair was, there was scarcely an individual in our ship, from the soot-begrimmed, greasy *darkie* at the range, and the sand-dried steady cook on the berth-deck, to the flippant ward-room, steerage, and cockpit boys, proud of their cast off high-healed boots and *once* fashionable pantaloons, but what presented their forms on the spar-deck, and from some exalted station fastened their eyes upon the rival boats. The *trunk* on the forecastle, the lower rigging, the booms, hammock nettings, poop, and the outside of the ship from the mizen to the fore-chains, were literally swarmed with bright-hearted tars, anxious to witness the coming contest, and the majority of whose bosoms palpitated strongly, fearing *their* favourite should unfortunately become worsted; — now the boats draw near each other bow to bow, the crews place themselves in a favourite position, with their oars in the rullocks ready for the signal; they eye each other with keen and emulative glances; — Away! one vigorous simultaneous stroke, and they are cleaving through the waters of the placid bay with the speed of a greyhound loosed from the slip. What a confusion there was now amongst the spectators on board "Old Ironsides," every one talking at once; and those who had staked their money upon the store-ship's first cutter, rubbed their hands with delight, as they perceived that boat taking the lead at the onset. "I say, Bill," enquired a pragmatical mizentop-man of our friend Garnet, who, perched upon the sheer pole of the larboard fore-rigging, appeared somewhat cast down at perceiving his darling life-boat a little behind — "Ain't you sorry now you bet on old *goose-rump;* what would you give to draw the stakes." "Look here, my little sea fencible," replied the now irritated foretop-man, "you had better button your lip, or keep a civil tongue in your head, for if I strike soundings upon that half-starved carcass of yours with this hard lead of mine," shaking his fist at the mizentop-man, "I'll make you think a Rhode Island horse kicked you, with *four shoes on one hoof.*" "But she is ahead though, by jolly," chimed in Nathan Dobbs, "I thought that 'ere boat was a peeler the first time I saw her, — aha!" he continued, jumping about on the trunk in complete ecstacy, "I'll win my soap and tobacco next month as sure as my name is Dobbs; I'm sorry I did'nt bet my tea and sugar also, and I should have done the thing slick." "If you depend upon the soap you've bet on her to wash your *donnage* with, Nathan," remarked Flukes, the maintop-man, "I reckon you'll be *cramped* many a time at quarters for want of a clean frock; the life-boat's are just playing their cards as they ought, they are laying back till the other boat's crew are somewhat fagged out, take my word for it." "Your are right, Flukes," cried an old sheet-anchor-man; "look at her now, if she is'nt walking ahead every stroke, I don't know one boat from the other." The old forcastle-man was correct, the life-boat's certainly were laying their strength back, as Flukes had observed, whereas on the contrary the crew of the Relief's first-cutter gave way with all their might in a short, quick stroke, which any one at all versed in the art of rowing, knew was sufficient to exhaust in a little time the most athletic frame. As they neared our ship, the life-boat's at a preconcerted signal, struck out in a manner that done them credit; and now was the superiority of our boat observable to every one, as she passed us foaming along with the speed of a race horse, every dip of the oars in the water leaving her competitor further and further astern; our lads in the rigging and on the booms in the height of their transport hailed her approach with a loud clapping of hands, and some even so far infringed upon the etiquette of the ship, as to proclaim their delight with a hearty shout.

The challengers, at this juncture of affairs, hearing the enthusiastic manner in which the crew of the rival boat answered the applause with which their delighted shipmates greeted them, and observing at the same time they relaxed not one jot of their speed, became disheartened; they saw with grief it was no use to contend longer, therefore slackened their pace, and our life-boat reached the goal, and pocketed the stakes. As soon as the spectators on board "Old Ironsides" saw how the race had terminated, the fortunate individuals who had won on the occasion, quickly ferreted out the stake-holders, and with a smile of triumph, clutched their fists upon the amount.

"Look here, Cylinder," cried Garnet, with a malicious grin, giving a hearty slap on the back to an old quarter-gunner who stood at his elbow, and whose chop-fallen visage was alone sufficient to betoken that he had not been a winner, "what do you think of your flash boat now, eh? — if you've got another ten dollars you are anxious to stake against the life-boat, just give me a wink, I'm at your service any moment; come Binnacle," he continued, turning around to a ruddy looking quartermaster in the crowd, who held the stakes, "fork me over that 'ere trifle of chink, and if there's any *steam* to be had for love or money, in the course of the evening, you and I will smash three *pesos* at all events, in drinking success to the winning boat."

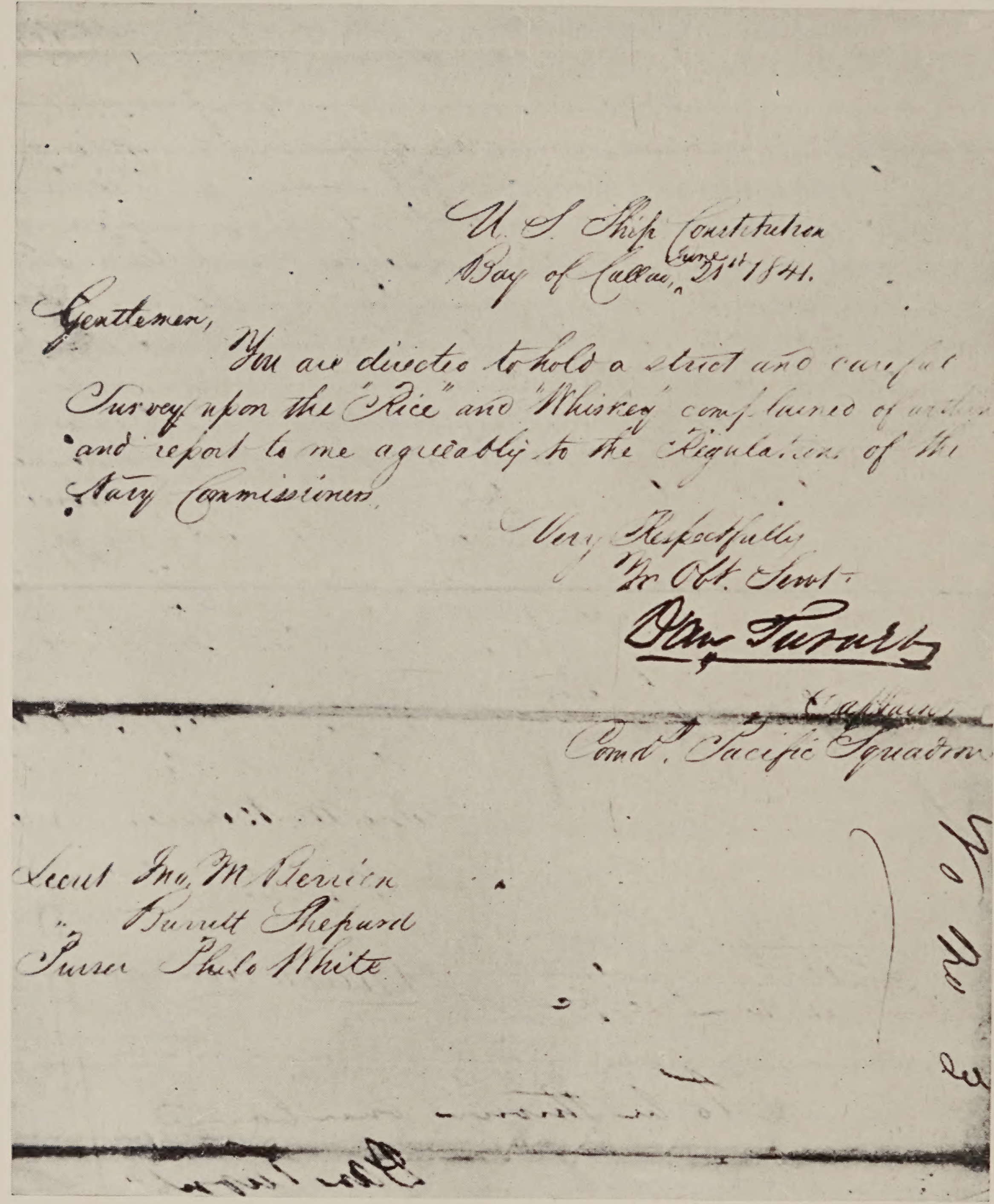
A few days after, the crew of the beaten boat had the presumption to send another challenge for double the amount, which was quickly taken up; but upon the day appointed, it was found that two of her oarsmen had met with a slight accident, which rendered them unfit to pull the race; but the launch of the United States Ship Dale, took this opportunity of trying *her* speed with the bully boat of the Constitution, (so they were pleased to term our poor *goose-rump*,) and accordingly shoved off from the ship with a corn broom stuck in her bows, the most flaunting of all emblems to the eye of a tar, indicating that she considered herself "cock of the walk." But alas! her triumph was of short duration, for our boat as on the former occasion left her in the distance, reached the goal sometime before her, amidst the acclamations of our delighted ship's company, took possession of the *broom* which they erected as conspicuously as possible — *swept* their way on board the ship, and retained until the day of our departure for home, the laurels she had thus twice won.

FOURTH OF JULY IN A YANKEE FRIGATE

"Can we forget we're branches of that stock
Which stood so nobly every fearful shock;
No! distant though far, our hearts are still the same,
Our bosoms burn with patriotic flame."

Where is the American, possessing one spark of patriotism, one ray of feeling, even though immured by towering pinnacles of ice in the frigid regions of the North, or languishing beneath the scorching influence of an African sun, whose bosom does not throb with transport, and whose imagination does not lead him back to the scenes of his childhood, upon the Anniversary day of his country's Independence! Well might the people of America be proud, doubly proud of this day; well might they devote it to festivity and rejoicing, since it is the epoch from which they may date all the incalculable blessings the Divine Ruler has so liberally showered upon their beloved country, and which causes her at present to be pointed at with the finger of envy by rival nations, seeing her towering head raised to such a proud pre-eminence. Thanks to the Great Disposer of events, we have seen our day of Independence three times return, on board the gallant "Old Ironsides;" the first we lay in Havana, the other two in the placid Bay of Callao. During the lifetime of our excellent and exemplary commodore, he made it a rule, and invariably acted up to it, of distributing amongst the ship's company an extra allowance of grog upon those days dear to the sons of freedom; but in consequence of a little *shindy* which took place in Talcahuana, at the serving out of the liquor upon one birth-day of the immortal Washington, some of our half-crazy, devil-may-care fellows, taking possession in a manner of the *grog-tub* and all, our lads thought upon the approach of the Fourth of July, that Captain T—— would take that scrape into consideration, and *veto* the *extra tot* altogether; but they were most agreeably disappointed, for with his usual patriotism and liberality in affairs touching his country's festivities, he extended to them the means of making merry in a manner perfectly to the satisfaction of the greatest *whiskey-bibber* on board.

A few evenings previous to the festal day which furnishes a topic for the present Sketch, one of our *forward* officers, (by-the-by, I beg pardon, warrant officers I imagine is the term, but I follow the fashion, and the former designation is I believe most commonly used, at least on board ship) — well then, one of our *forward* officers.— Now reader, don't misconstrue me, there are four of those personages on board a frigate, which of them was it? For your information I will inform you that it was *not* our worthy and efficient boatswain, for he is too much of the sailor, and consequently his heart teems too profusely with their characteristic feelings of off-handedness and liberality, to do anything "under the rose." It was *not* our gunner, for he crept through the hawse-holes to the station he now fills with so much credit to himself, and satisfaction to those above him, and of course has too much the principle of a man to commit himself in a manner which would give his shipmates a chance to point the finger of ridicule at him. It was *not* our sailmaker, for he possesses the fine feelings of the gentleman, aye, to a greater extent than many who frown down on him from their little elevated stations, and certainly would not degrade himself in the eyes of five hundred men, by doing on the *sly* what he never had dissimulation enough in him to cloak in *public*. Who was it then? Reader, you are perhaps a Yankee and good at conjecturing — *guess!* Well, this personage being no doubt a rank republican, was engaged some evenings previous to the glorious Fourth, on board an English vessel with one or two of his *gang*, and he thought to himself as the rules of the ship would not admit of his bringing any quantity of ardent spirits on board boldly, that he would in the present instance *smuggle* a little of that article to regale himself with upon the approaching festival, and accordingly a demijohn of good, prime Holland gin was procured, stowed away snugly and stealthily in the boat, and he wended his way for the ship. Upon arriving alongside, and very *apropos* too, the larboard side, he took his dear demijohn and shoved it through the air-port leading into his room, thinking it perfectly safe there, until he'd put



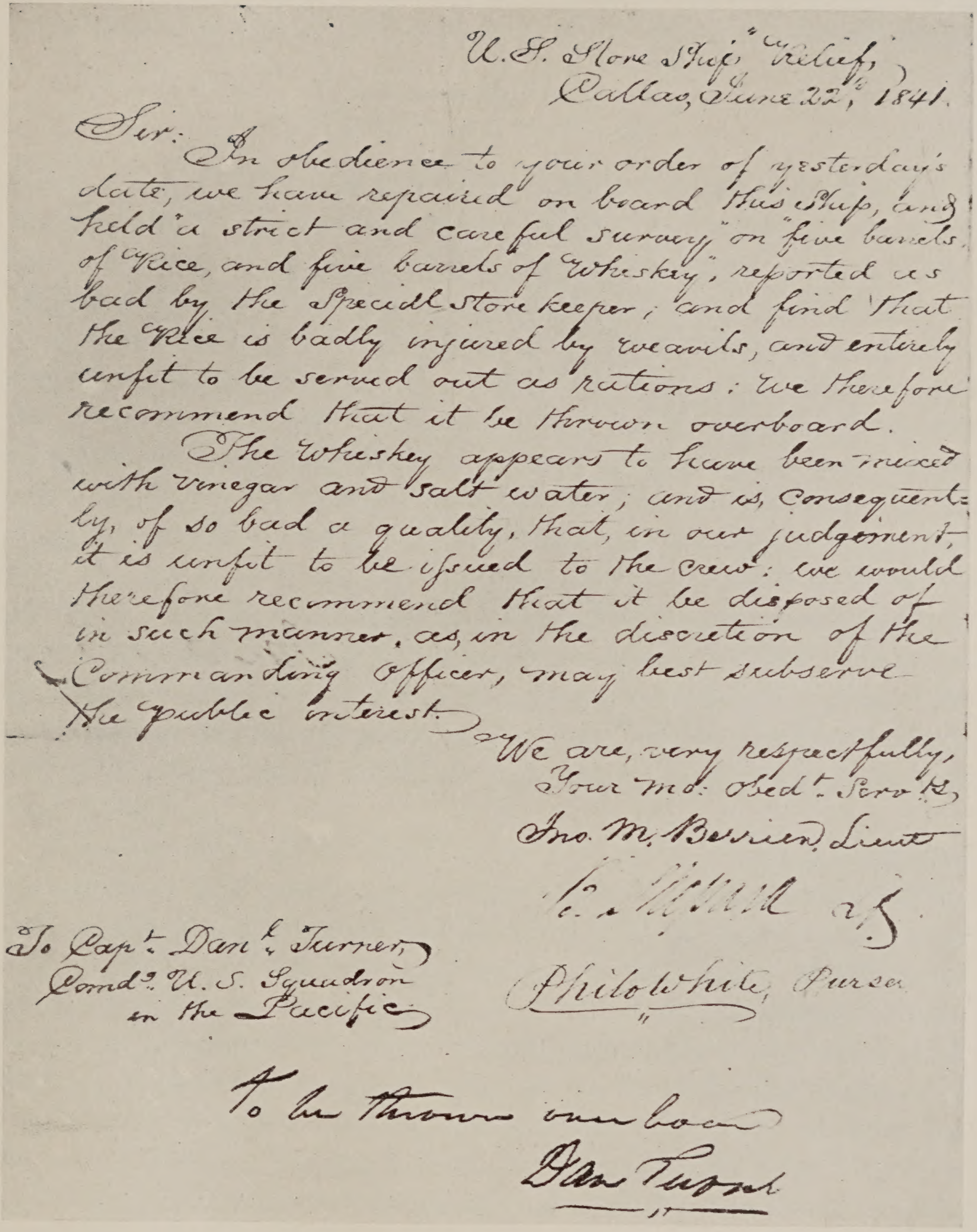
U. S. Ship Constitution
Bay of Callao, June 21st 1841.

Gentlemen,

You are directed to hold a strict and careful Survey upon the "Rice" and "Whiskey" complained of within and report to me agreeably to the Regulations of the Navy Commissioners.

Very Respectfully
Yr. Obt. Servt.
Dan. Turner
Captain
Comd. Pacific Squadron

Lieut Jno. M. Berrien
" Burrell Shepard
Purser Philo White



U. S. Store Ship "Relief,"
Callao, June 22d, 1841.

Sir:

In obedience to your order of yesterday's date, we have repaired on board this Ship, and held "a strict and careful survey" on five barrels of "Rice, and five barrels of "Whiskey", reported as bad by the Special Store keeper; and find that the Rice is badly injured by weavils, and entirely unfit to be served out as rations: we therefore recommend that it be thrown overboard.

The Whiskey appears to have been mixed with vinegar and salt water; and is, consequently, of so bad a quality, that, in our judgement, it is unfit to be issued to the crew: we would therefore recommend that it be disposed of in such manner, as, in the discretion of the Commanding Officer, may best subserve the public interest.

We are, very respectfully,
Your mo: Obedt. Servts,
Jno. M. Berrien, Lieut
[illegible] A. S.
Philo White, Purser

To Capt. Danl. Turner,
Comdg. U. S. Squadron
in the Pacific

To be thrown overboard
Dan Turner

his eager hands upon it from the interior; but alas! how fleeting the object of our hopes and expectations; truly sayeth the old adage,

> "There's many a slip
> 'Twixt the cup and the lip:"

and our *forward* officer found this verified to the letter; he sprung up the ship's side with an agility which his limbs for many a month before had been a stranger to, and the words "returned on board, sir" addressed to the officer of the deck, had scarcely passed his lips ere he was descending the ladder leading to the berth-deck; in another second the key was in the lock — the door opens — he rushes in and clasps in a loving grasp — what? alas! a shadow — empty space was all that remained where he so anxiously anticipated to find his beloved *blue-ruin.* To picture forth his astonishment or describe his chagrin, alas! is beyond my humble efforts; none but an anti-temperance customer, who has by some unforeseen occurrence been deprived of the *only* three cents he had been husbanding over night to pay for his *bitters* in the morning, can form an adequate idea of his disappointment; he knew it was lost — irrecoverably lost; for amongst five hundred sailors, the most temperate of whom would consider a gallon of prime gin a wind-fall, how could he possibly expect to recover it.

This affair with all the circumstances attending it was soon spread amongst the ship's company, and they gave the purloiner due credit for playing his part so slick and dexterously; but who was the thief? — aye! that was the query towards the elucidation of which no person would drop the slightest hint. Now we had on board a whole-souled light-hearted lad, whom we shipped on the coast, called Jack Oakum, though better known amongst the crew by the *sobriquet* of Lord John; he was a caulker, and a better one never smeared his fingers with pitch, paying a seam; now, Lord John was, generally speaking, a sober man on board ship, that is, I mean he did'nt, like many, keep half muddled a month on a stretch, incapable of attending to his duty; no! no! John was more systematic in his orgies; he'd take perhaps a spree to himself once a month, or when a ready money job on board of some merchant vessel would come in the way and furnish him with the needful; but when he did *flare up* (his own peculiar term for an amiable drunk,) all hands were quickly aware of the fact, for his vocal powers were then brought into full force; and if all three decks would not on those occasions reverberate to his transcendently sonorous music, I wonder at it. Upon the evening the demijohn was so dexterously taken, Lord John was observed to be completely elevated; but whether from the effects of pure Holland, or common *rot-gut*, was not exactly known; suffice it, he had been imbibing something stronger than water, for he was gloriously intoxicated; in the course of the night he trolled forth his favourite songs with such an alarming loudness, as to attract the attention of the officer who had charge of the deck, and he put him in "durance vile;" which irritated poor Oakum's feelings so severely that he let the murder out, by dropping a few hints which led all to suppose he had been a participator in the contents of the lost demijohn.

He was kept in confinement with two or three others who had been incarcerated for the same crime, intoxication, until the morning of the Fourth, when in accordance with a rule Captain T—— adopted the first of the cruise, and which he never broke through, they were let off, scot-free, in honour of the day; but Lord John was put down by the owner of the gin as the person who deprived him of it, being convinced he had observed him pushing it through the airport; and though the vessel that contained this precious liquid was left at the door of his room the next morning, (empty, of course, as it could possibly be,) still he never forgave him for what he termed his bare-faced assurance.

It is a general practice on board an armed ship when lying in port, upon the approach of any great festival, to endeavour to raise a purchase towards procuring a quantity of liquor; and accordingly the smugglers are on the *qui vive*, and leave no stone unturned to cheat the master-at-arms; for they well know at a time like this the dear stuff can command almost any price. On the night of the third, an enterprising *cholo*, up to the ropes, came under our bows in the midwatch with a glorious load; but the sharp and watchful eye of the officer of the deck twigged his moves, it being bright moonlight, and the reception the poor devil received was a *striking* proof of the said officer's approbation, from a missile in the shape of a thirty-two pound shot which was cast into his frail boat, and had the desired effect, viz. that of staving her so completely, that with difficulty he kept afloat till he reached the French frigate Thetis, thus in a moment spoiling his Fourth of July speculation; many a countenance this news caused to look glum the next morning, for more than one were lying back to ease him of his precious freight.

I have no doubt but what the majority of my readers have witnessed the orgies upon a Fourth of July in some of our large and populous cities; they have beheld perhaps the bacchanalian revelry, the broken-heads, the black-eyes, the bloody-noses this festival produces amongst those patriotic souls, who swallow too many draughts to the success and continuance of American Independence; but the most vivid description that ever came under the observation, through the columns of a daily paper, would fall short of the scenes that were enacted upon all three decks of the old Constitution, amongst four or five hundred true sons of Ocean, when their *extra* whiskey began to operate. A plan that had never been acted upon before was adopted on this occasion, viz. that of serving their *extra* to them in messes, pure and unadulterated as it came from the spirit-room, and ere two bells had struck, its effects were visible in every corner. Where to begin with the description I scarcely know, for galley-cooks, ship's barbers, shoemakers and tailors, quarter-gunners and quartermasters, officers, servants and loblolly-boys, young apprentices and hoary-headed salts were staggering about delightfully intoxicated, forming a scene of glorious confusion. On the lower deck just in the wake of the galley a couple of *darkies* might be seen, (the delicacies they had been previously cooking for the *young gentlemen's* dinner, in the interval looking out for themselves,) endeavouring to settle some little point of etiquette in a pugilistic encounter; but each of them receiving more kicks and cuffs from the intoxicated crowd than they at all bargained for, or in any way coveted. Further along was a fellow, Dutch as sour-crout, singing out with stentorian lungs that "he shall be a Jankey, aye! as good a one as any ting dat wore a yacket;" whilst a true son of the sod at his elbow, showered blessings upon the *still* that *manufactured* such delicious nectar, and drawled forth with an arch brogue a verse of the "Star Spangled Banner." Many who had never been known the previous part of the cruise to be under the effects of liquor, and who had in consequence thereof gained a character for sobriety and rectitude, were upon this occasion observed to be the drunkest of the drunk, and by their wild and foolish antics, cancelled the good opinion they had for so many months before been endeavouring to gain; many were the little quarrels, long sent to the "tomb of the capulets," that were this day renewed; many were the debts of long-standing which the discipline of the ship would not admit of bringing to a settlement before, that were on this particular evening paid with compound interest; many were the eyes that were blacked, the ribs that were pummelled, the faces that were scarified by the sharp knuckles of some two-fisted customer; and all the effects of this Fourth of July *extra tot.* Our intermeddling friends, Garnet and Flukes, were on the alert, as they themselves observed, "twigging the moves" at one moment on the spar-deck, urging a couple of braggadocios to the conflict, who showed their courage by waging a war of words in the true Billingsgate style; and, who thought with the portly Sir John Falstaff, that "discretion was the better part of valor;" and the next, they might be seen round the confines of the *galley*, cheering up a couple of *ebony* disciples of the *range*, who in the true Mendoza style, were squaring for each other at an awful distance apart, their countenances betokening that they would much rather not come in contact.

"Ah! Garnet," hiccoughed forth old Tubbs, the broken-down whaleman, as him and a bevy of intoxicated sons of liberty, seated on mess-chests, listening to one of the party *attempting* a song, perceived our foretop-man passing in their vicinity, "come here, and join our little party; they done the thing genteel to-day, and no mistake; — this is what I calls the riglar fruits of liberty, and the man that would'nt offer up a prayer to have this day return as often as possible, I say he's nobody; — he does'nt love his country. I'm a republican, myself, every inch, and will drink all I can catch in times like this; ain't I right, Bill?" "Aye, that you are," returned Garnet, with a smile, "you enter into the *spirit* of it, at all events." "Yes, and I'll *stand* to what I say," continued the patriotic Tubbs, rising from his seat at the moment; but his legs refused to do their office — he pitched head-foremast on the deck, and was heard from no more until the next morning. "Dis is de day dat makes de chord ob my bosom trob wid transport," broke forth Swampseed, one of the "coloured gemmen" at the galley, staggering along, a huge spoon in one hand, and the grease oozing from his ebony countenance and running down his cheeks in streams, "dis is de time," he continued, cutting sundry flourishes with the culinary instrument which he held in his hand, "dis is de time dat makes me glory in de name ob Yankee, dis is de day dat tried men's *souls!*" "Yes," chimed in Flukes, who was standing by, "and if you don't keep an eye to the steerage *grub* you have got burning up on the fire there, you'll find 'twill be a day that will try your *body* as well as the *soul;* for believe me, they'll get you a *quilting* when they find their dinner spoiled." "Never mind dat," continued our sable cook, "de wittles for de young gentlemen may be a little behind hand on dis particular occasion, but dey will find ebery ting according to Gunter; and I believe it takes dis here child to know a ting or two in the cooking wocation, from a broiled mackerel to a French fricassee;" and so saying he staggered away to attend to his sauce-pans and frying-pans again.

In such style as the above did our Fourth of July pass away; our lads pursuing their bacchanalian orgies until ten or twelve o'clock at night; and the next morning many a visit was paid to the barber's looking-glasses by some of the fighting characters, to see what quantity of black-eyes and deep-gashes they could lay claim to, gained the day previous in a cause so truly patriotic. Believe me, sore heads were plenty; and the fellow who was on the grog list chuckled with delight to think he had his little *tot* of whiskey and water to steady his nerves, which were completely disordered by the previous night's debauch; whilst on the contrary the *temperate* individual, who had his liquor stopped through *savings*' sake, as he perceived his more fortunate messmates smack their lips with true relish as they retreated from the grog-tub, after imbibing their beloved beverage, cursed inwardly the barrier that deprived them of indulging in the like luxury. As the Fourth chanced to be the Sabbath, on the next evening the "corps dramatique," with their usual promptitude and good nature, came forward and performed the beautiful tragedy of Pizarro, with the afterpiece of "Man-of-war's-men Adrift, or Old Ironsides Paid Off." As the curtain rose, to a slow and solemn measure, a hearty round of applause was elicited from the audience upon perceiving a monument in the back ground, bearing upon it the memorable date 1776, supported on each side by two of our apprentice boys, splendidly dressed in the costume of American Aboriginals, holding in their hands two small national flags; and as the loud clapping ceased, our fore-top poet (his muse failing him on no occasion) stepped to the front in a neat sailor's dress, and delivered the following lines:

"HARK! hark! what acclamations rend the skies,
Bright beams of gladness flash from beauty's eyes;
Upon the breeze the deaf'ning cannons roar
And joy extends along Columbia's shore:
The hoary-headed, antiquated sire,
His eye lit up with patriotic fire,
Smiles with delight, as he recounts aloud
The scenes of yore, of which he's doubly proud —
When, joined with some hardy, enterprising band
He drove the rash-led minions from that land
Which he had sworn with fierceness to defend
Till victory would glorious freedom send.
The young aspirant for his father's fame
Catches a spark from the undying flame —
Hears mentioned with enthusiastic zest
Those names so dear to each Columbian's breast,
And plights his faith that through both good or ill
His heart will throb but for his country still.
Aye! e'en on childhood's smiling, roseate face,
Some buds of patriotism you may trace

As they upraise their feeble, tiny voice
And prattle forth the inspiring word *rejoice;*
All, all, the young, the old, both high and low,
With thankfulness their bosoms overflow
To that Supreme One whose kind, fostering hand
Has so enriched our fruitful, happy land,
And in a rapturous strain their voices raise —
A free-born people echo loud their praise,
And hail with beating hearts, with spirits gay,
The glorious *Fourth*, our nation's festal day.
Oh! spirit of great Washington, could you
From your exalted seat look down and view
The tens of thousands on Columbia's shore
Who on this natal day their voices pour
In lauding that *boon* to each Columbian dear,
That *boon* which every freeman should revere;
You'd smile to find them freest of the free,
To find your sapling now a thriving tree;
Your face would glow to find that they had not
Fouled their escutcheon by one single blot. —
Although a waste of waters intervene
Shall *we* not join too in this festal scene?
Shall we forget, although the billows' foam
Part us awhile from our loved, happy home,
That we are branches of that parent stock
Which stood so nobly every fearful shock?
Can we forget the days that now are sped
When our forefathers for that country bled —
That country whose bright flag flits at our mast
Ready to brave the battle and the blast;
Those brilliant stars fixed in their azure field
Which 'Ironsides' was never known to yield?
No! distant though far, our hearts are still the same,
Our bosoms burn with patriotic flame;
And as Columbians, wanderers on the sea,
Sons of that land the freest of the free,
Our ponderous, deaf'ning guns proclaim aloud
That of this festal day we're truly proud.
Soon, soon our ship will leave in distant view
The beauteous scenes of Chili and Peru,
When you may hear full many a plaintive wail,
As they perceive our frigate under sail;
Some bright eyed girl may then lament in vain
The departure of her loved and loving swain;

Some true, unshrinking friend may then deplore,
Him who 'oft set the table in a roar;'
And e'en poor Jack, whilst on the giddy mast,
As he one lingering look will shoreward cast,
May see some fond embrowned one standing nigh
With heaving bosom, and with tearful eye;
To which his rugged nature will respond,
And bless her heart, he thinks and knows is fond.
Full soon our 'bonnie bark' with bellying sails,
Will onward plough to face Cape Horn's chill gales;
But not one heart will quail 'neath all its roar;
We know the ship, we've tried her worth before.
And may kind Heaven, as tow'rd our home we sweep,
Guide us in safety o'er the troubled deep;
And when the glorious sight shall glad our eyes,
To see our country from the waters rise,
May we behold her as she ought to be —
Land of the happy, prosperous, and free.

At the conclusion of the tragedy, (which went off in such style as to reflect credit upon all the performers,) a mizentop-man made his appearance and sung the following song, written on board our ship, in consequence of the late competition between our life-boat and the first-cutter and launch of the Dale and Relief, which met with no little applause; and though the greater part of the crews of those two ships were present, they took all the allusions in good part.

THE BOAT RACE

Tune. — "Bow wow wow."

"Come all you tight Columbian tars
'Board Ironsides, Dale, Relief, sirs,
Just listen to my ditty now,
I will be very brief sirs;
That is, I mean I *would* be brief,
But my song it is a long one;
And when you hear it all, you'll say
The subject is a strong one.
Chorus, &c.

We had a boat on board our ship,
A rough one for to view her;

She is so cursed clumsy built,
Folks think all boats outdo her;
And though she is infernal *green*,
She makes most other boats look *blue*,
Because she shows them her *goose-rump*,
And twice she's to us proved it too.
Chorus, &c.

The store-ship had a flashy boat,
A clipper too they thought her;
Against our life-boat for to run
With smiling face they brought her;
She beat the race in pretty style,
No lads could e'er pull better;
That is, she *would* have beat I mean,
But our life-boat would'nt let her.
Chorus, &c.

As they passed by our gallant ship,
We loudly clapped the first boat;
We then could see with half an eye,
The store-ship's was the worst boat;
And though her crew strained every nerve,
And tried to beat by every means,
They found to their confusion, that
They could'nt do old *goose-rump*, *beans*.
Chorus, &c.

Now when this race was o'er and won,
There were many rows and quarrels;
The Dale's, they did'nt wish that we
Should longer wear our laurels:
Their launches sent a challenge then,
To stake a hundred dollars flat;
That is, they *would* have staked it,
But they knew a trick worth two of that.
Chorus, &c.

At all events, her boat appeared,
Her crew were strong and gritty;
She had a broom stuck in her bows,
Now did'nt that look pretty.
Of course it meant, she thought herself
A reg'lar ringtailed roarer;

Indeed, she played the *sweeper* well,
  For she swept our boat *before her.*
          Chorus, &c.

As they did not plank down the cash,
  We run just for the notion;
The launch gave way with vig'rous stroke,
  She thought to *sweep* the ocean;
But like our sweepers 'board of ship,
  When Monday morning comes, sirs,
They all of them give up their *brooms* —
  She had to do the same, sirs.
          Chorus, &c.

But what's the use of talking thus,
  Columbian tars we all are;
And with the store-ship's or the Dale's,
  We'd spend our only dollar.
And though we row amongst ourselves,
  Whilst racing this fine weather,
Yet should a strange ship interfere,
  You'd find we'd *stick together.*
          Chorus, &c.

The evening passed away pleasantly; but this did not finish the *Fourth*, for many of our old *soakers*, for five or six days afterwards kept a high pressure of *steam* up, and though several were reported for the same, yet Captain T—— good naturedly glossed it over, until he thought they had sufficient time to recover their scattered senses; when strict discipline once more resumed its sway, and thus put a sudden stop to the orgies of the Fourth of July.

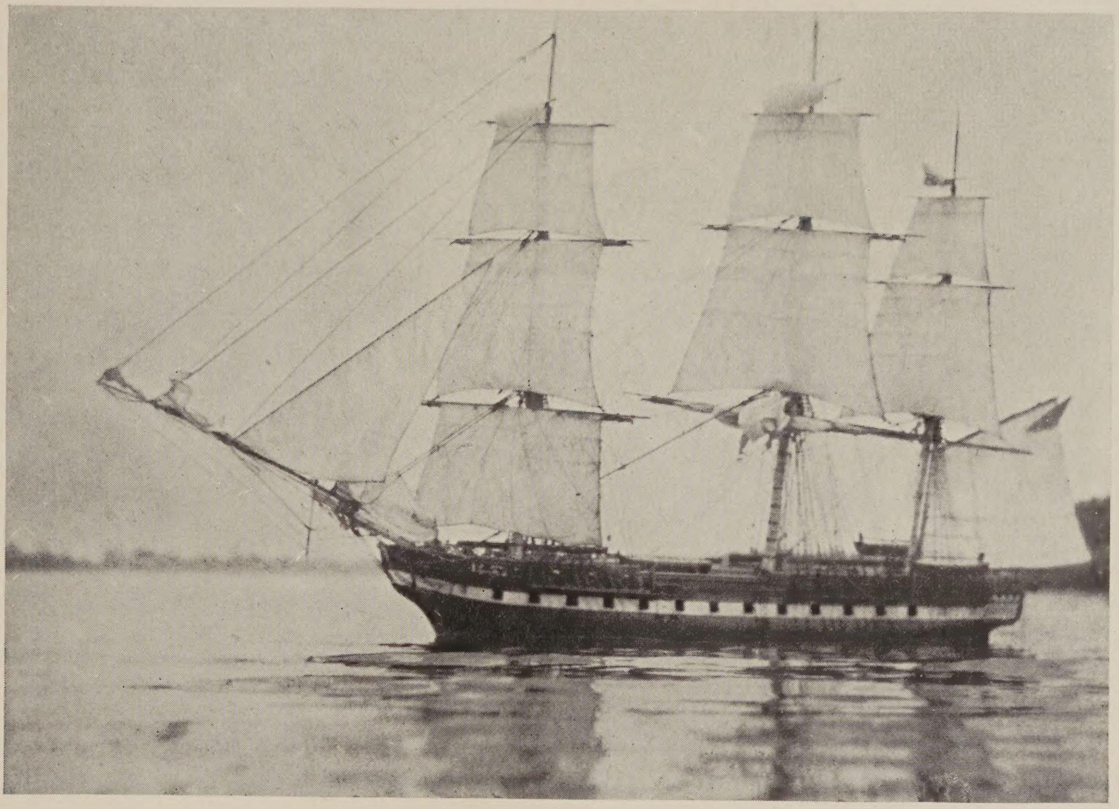
PREPARATIONS FOR HOME

"What pleasure fills the anxious breasts
Of those who on the waters roam,
When anchored in some distant port,
Far, far estranged from friends and home,
They first hear gently whispered round,
Their gallant bark is homeward-bound!"

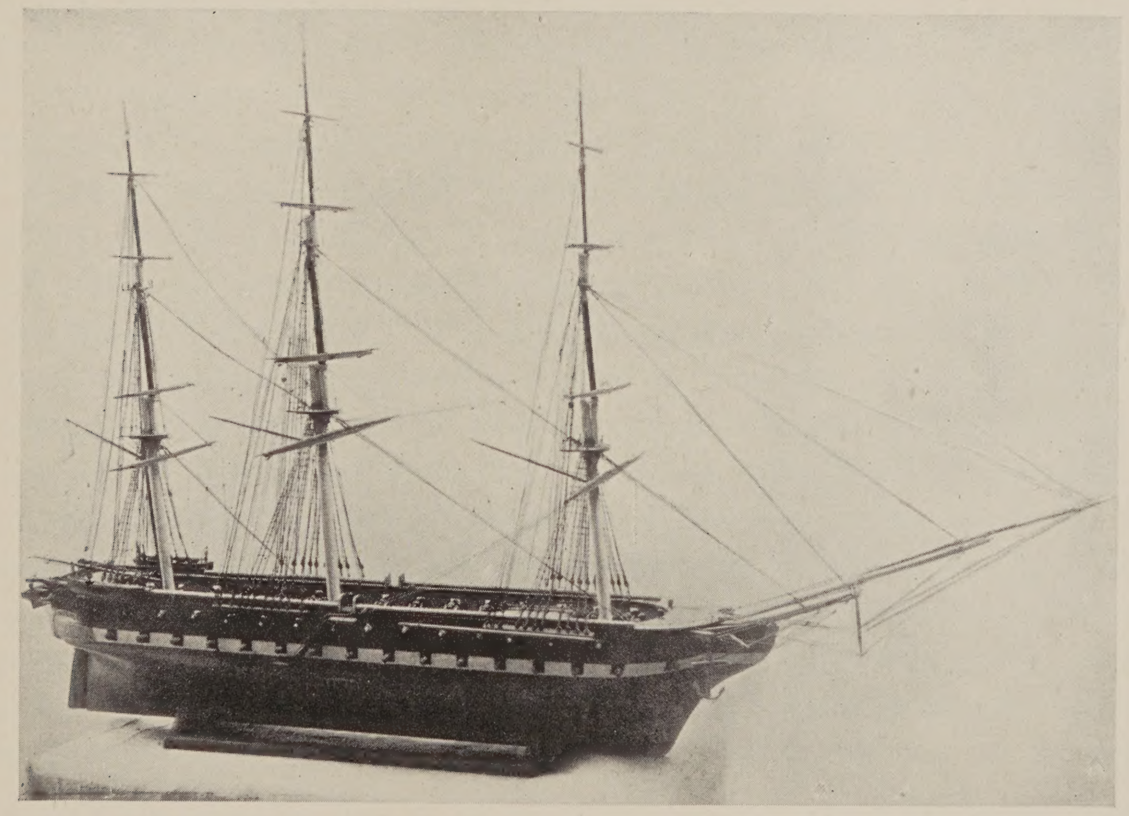
No individual, but one who has been doomed to the thraldom of a man-of-war on a far foreign station, cruising perhaps from port to port, the local beauties and gay scenes of which he has beheld in former days, and which he must now enjoy but in fancy, though lying adjacent to the same; — the precincts of the ship's decks, the extent of his footsteps; the austere rebuke of his officers, or the friendly voice of his shipmates, the only known sounds that fall on his ear, for many, many weeks; the jokes that once caused him to smile, now grown insipid, from hearing them so oft and oft repeated; from Monday till Monday, engaged in the same dull, monotonous routine of ship's duty; six, eight, or perhaps twelve months elapsing, without receiving a single line from any of the inmates of his family, or without glancing his eye over a newspaper, to obtain even the *painful* luxury of knowing which of his friends had sunk to the mouldering grave in his absence; — I say no one but him who has been so situated, can form anything like an idea of the pleasurable feelings, the transporting ecstacy that swells the bosom of the ocean wanderer, when he hears thrilled forth, his ship is homeward-bound; when he has a certainty, that in a few short days he will be cleaving the waste of waters that separates him from the scenes of his childhood; that fireside, and those endeared ones, that have never for one moment been absent from his thoughts.

Twenty-six long and tedious months had passed over our heads since the Frigate Constitution bid farewell to Sandy Hook light-house, and left in the distance the shores of happy Columbia; during that period, *twice* was the oftenest that we had received despatches, the greater part of which were for the officers. A few of the ship's company certainly were in receipt of perhaps a letter, or a straggling newspaper, but the greater part of our lads received not the shadow of a line; although month after month, *our* letter bags for the United States were swelled to an enormous magnitude. Such being the case, no wonder our hardy crew chuckled with delight, when they heard it go the rounds of the ship, from a source which could not be called in question, that we would certainly start an early day in July.

To say this news gave delight, heartfelt delight, is unnecessary, for all were in raptures at the announcement; and why, it may possibly be asked? — Had our ship become worse since the death of our beloved Commodore? had our Captain tightened the reins of discipline? had bad treatment usurped the place of our former good treatment? No! "Old Ironsides" was the same happy vessel, as when we first stepped bag and hammock over her gangway twenty-eight months before — not one jot of our former privileges had we been deprived of, for Captain T—— faithfully acted up to the dying entreaty of the inimitable Claxton, who requested him, whilst the taper of life stood flickering in its socket, "to treat his men well;" — still for all this, several little affairs took place; aye, and which often *do* take place, without a captain being, or pretending to be aware of the same; affairs, which sailors have vulgarly, though very appropriately termed "*working up;*" — but pshaw! what need of all this circumlocution; the fact is, the men felt dissatisfied with the first lieutenant; he was probably aware of the fact, and he therefore tried every *scheme* his fertile brain could invent, to make them as uncomfortable as he possibly could. Clothes, that heretofore passed inspection, were now strictly prohibited; dungaree trowsers neatly patched, showing the industry as well as the thriftiness of the owner, dared not come "between the wind and his nobility" after nine o'clock; and woe betide the poor devil that stood at his gun with his hat *ribbonless.* These and a few other frivolous movements, frivolous perhaps in the eyes of many who may chance to scan these pages, but of a nature sufficient to sour the temper and chafe the dis-



W. F. SPICER'S MODEL OF THE CONSTITUTION, AFLOAT



MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S MODEL OF "OLD IRONSIDES"

position of the hardiest tar that ever paced the forecastle, caused one and all, to hail "homeward-bound" with feelings of unalloyed joy.

Whilst preparing for our departure, news was received on board, through a letter, of the death of President Harrison, and the serious turn the case of M'Leod and the burning of the Caroline had taken in the United States; — now was the aspect of affairs changed, and "war, grim-visaged war" became the all engrossing topic throughout the ship; our Captain was on the alert in a moment, (remember he has smelled powder before,) and the first move, the entire bulkheads of the cabin and pantry were taken down, to give room to work the guns aft; shot-plugs were got up, and suspended convenient for use; battle lanterns were arranged in their proper places; a large quantity of extra cylinders were filled, and transported to the forward magazine; in a word, twenty-four hours subsequent to the receipt of the news, the far-famed Frigate Constitution, England's greatest *eye-sore* last war, the staunch old craft that encircled with unfading laurels the brows of Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart, was once more "armed for the fight;" commanded by a well-tried son of ocean, and surrounded by a crew, though young in years, yet possessing the spirit of true Yankees; who would willingly have made "Old Ironsides" their tomb, ere they would have allowed her to be wrested from them by an enemy, even of superior force.

Her British Majesty's Ship President lay at anchor near us, and many a joke was cracked, regarding perhaps the no improbable idea of her and ourselves coming in contact; she had at that time the worst of usage on board; desertions were frequent, and her crew were in a state of the greatest dissatisfaction, (to give it the easiest term,) and some of our old fire-eaters gave it as their opinion, that should we come to the *scratch*, her men would'nt fight with that ardour British tars are celebrated for. The day previous to our departure, we beat to quarters, and passed the word to fill up the shot-racks and shot-boxes with round, grape, and canister; and now was a scene rife with interest, though coupled with confusion, which could have been avoided had things been done *ship-shape.* Whilst so employed, the Frigate President and Sloop-of-War Acteon got under-way, and commenced manœuvring about the harbour, and our wags let off their sallies of wit on the occasion, although in one sense of the word things *did* look suspicious.

"Pass me up some twenty-four pound *grape*," sang out a liquor-loving tar, belonging to one of the guns in the second division. "I imagine you are more inclined just now for the *juice* of the *grape* than you are for the *fruit*," responded Garnet, the foretop-man, — "I know your coppers are hot since that *bounce-out* you had ashore at market yesterday." "Is dem dere balls *dirty-two?*" enquired a Dutchman of our friend Flukes, whom he perceived coming up from the berth-deck with a rusty looking shot in either hand, which he had secured after no little trouble for his quarter-deck carronade. "Yes, old sour-crout, and you'd be *dirty too* if you were stowed away in that infernal shot-locker as long as these fellows have been without being turned over." "I mean is dem de one's as we want for de fifth division?" "Yes, something like those," returned Flukes, "except your gun is bored *catty-cornered;* in that case you must get a requisition signed by the ship's armourer for some *three-squared ones*," and the Dutchman walked away seemingly satisfied at this information. "Bear a-hand boys," cried Pat Bradley to a crowd assembled around a large tub of water on the main-deck, in which they were washing the round shot just brought up with as much care and precision, as if at work on a *frock* for Sunday's muster. — "Bear a-hand, John Bull is just gone out to wait for us, 'twould be murder to disappoint him; don't be so damn'd particular with them shot, they'll leave as pretty a mark behind and spoil a fellow's countenance as quick full of rust, if only *hove* in the right style, as if you were *French polishing* them for a month." "Pass me up some twenty-fours;" "let us have some thirty-twos;" "give us some grape;" "shove us along two or three canister," were repeated by twenty voices at once, in as many different cadences; but asking for them was but of little use, for ere the articles would be forthcoming, the persons that required them had to jump into the shot-locker themselves, pass them up on the berth-deck, and then keep their eyes about them, or some less active shipmate, perhaps belonging to the same division, would monopolize them to himself, without having the trouble of breaking them out from their rusty bed; in consequence of things being so situated, over two hours elapsed ere a sufficient quantity were in the racks and shot-boxes. Could this delay have been obviated? Certainly, as I remarked before, had things been done *ship-shape.*

"Are none of the shot-locker men *below?*" enquired old Bowser, the forecastle-man, in a grum voice, as he stood around the combings, expecting very naturally the shot would be passed up to him. "No," answered Nathan Dobbs, "they are *above*, I reckon." "*Above* where, Dobbs," asked a witty mizentop-man, chuckling at what he termed Nathan's *long-shore* lingo. "Why, *above their business*, I expect he means," cried Garnet. "It appears so at all events, for they are too infernal lazy to attend to their duty, they ought to be here every man of them." "I'd wager a trifle, if we were actually receiving broadsides from an enemy's ship, you'd find them in the shot-locker," testily remarked an old mastman; "aye, as deep down as they could possibly get." "What a pretty kettle of fish we'd make of it, if the President and Acteon would take us on the ground hop, as the Phœbe and Cherub did the Essex last war in Valparaiso, if it takes us this length of time to get our shot up," spoke up a dry old sea-dog, with a knowing shake of the head. "Oh! we could *pipe belay* or pass the word to them to hold on till we got our racks filled again," rejoined Flukes with a laugh. "There is little danger of such a thing as that taking place, mates," chimed in old Binnacle, the quartermaster, "we are all of a match for the President, big and saucy as she looks, and the little Dale that lies yonder would give the Acteon a dose of Yankee *pills*, that would take her sometime to digest." This remark of the old quartermaster's drew forth a murmur of approbation from the assembled crowd, for however they might condemn the austere and nonsensical theories of the executive officer, which were often of such a nature as to irritate the feelings of the most passive and uncomplaining, yet the gallant time-honoured old frigate that had been our habitation for the last twenty-eight months, was endeared to every bosom as strongly as when she fluttered the pennant of our deceased, though not forgotten commodore. With such remarks as the above did they beguile the time, whilst passing and repassing from the shot-lockers to their several guns, until the drum beating the retreat proclaimed that every thing was in readiness with regard to our armament; and an enemy's ship (should one feel inclined to make the experiment) would find that "Old Ironsides," with her present commander and crew, was now the same staunch, invulnerable structure

> As she was wont to be, in days long past,
> When she withstood the battle and the blast.

HOMEWARD-BOUND

"Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue,
Let star and stripe be homeward cast,
And point where freedom's Eagle flew;
Strain home, oh! lithe and quivering spars,
Point home my country's flag of stars."

The long anticipated day of sailing at length came round, that day which our hardy tars had for months before been bringing to their vivid imaginations, and for the arrival of which many an ardent aspiration was poured forth; — that day, one of the three proud and felicitous ones a man-of-war's-man can lay claim to during a cruise, had at last arrived, and the Frigate Constitution was about to bid farewell to the placid waters of the Pacific, and the rich and luxurious shores of Chili and Peru, and urge her way onward towards that country which had so long been the constant theme of every assembled group; which had so often thrown its influence over the waking thoughts and night dreams of the Ocean wanderer, and served to relieve in some measure his thraldom, which monotony had long made irksome. Home! Oh there is a magic influence in that little word, which no one but him who has been an alien from its joys and comforts can truly appreciate; some caustic individual may perhaps curl his lip with scorn and say that a sailor finds a *home* in every port, — pshaw! some old dotard's yarn. The veriest wretch that breathes, who follows the impulse of every fickle breeze that hurries him along on the tumultuous ocean of life, has still treasured up in his bosom the remembrance of some "green spot," humble though it should be, towards which his heart will yearn, and which will arise to his imagination in spite of himself, and amidst all his recklessness a flattering hope is left, that he will possibly see the scenes of his innocent childhood again. So with the sons of Ocean; rude and uncouth, though they are represented to be, no class of mortals possess the *amor patriæ* to a greater extent than do those fearless, though much neglected individuals.

The eleventh of July was our appointed sailing day, and the morning previous, one member of each mess was permitted to go on shore in the market boat to make whatever purchases his messmates were anxious for, in the shape of sweet potatoes, sugar, tea, pepper, &c., besides having an opportunity at the same time of filling up the inward man with delicious *pisco;* bumper after bumper of which was swallowed by those caterers in rapid succession, to the safe arrival of our ship in the United States. The morning of the eleventh, was indeed one rife with interest and excitement; you could perceive no countenance but what was lit up with a ray of delight or stamped with the mark of business of some sort or other, from the grumbling quarter-gunner dragging the cat and fish gear along, chafing the shins of any and every person who chanced to stand in the way; or the bustling ward-room steward, giving his orders to *Jemmy Ducks*, concerning the accommodation of his poultry, sheep and pigs, the cackling, bleating and grunting of which chimed in musically with all the other noises attending our preparation; to the master-at-arms with serious face and hawkish eye, overhauling a bag or two of sweet potatoes, just made their appearance in the larboard gangway, to see there was no liquor there secreted; or the young apprentice hurrying to the bum-boat for the last time, to expend perhaps his only twenty-five cents in the purchase of a few cakes of something resembling our maple sugar, which the aquatic hawkers of Callao are celebrated for, to keep his gums in operation during some of his coming night-watches. On the berth-deck was the neat, prim little-body, who had the sinecure of doing all the washing for the officers and marines, surrounded by piles of shirts, trowsers, sheets, napkins, &c., which she was endeavouring in her usual smiling way to distribute to the rightful owners clear of mistakes, occasionally lisping forth the number of *pesos* or *reals* she considered the several *young gentlemen* were then indebted to her, which gentle hints some pretended not to understand perfectly, and others pocketed with all the *nonchalance* of a modern exquisite conning over the items in his tailor's bill.

By twelve o'clock every thing was in readiness; boats hoisted in, studding-sail gear rove, the messenger passed, capstan-bars in their places, ready for shipping at a moment's warning, and when dinner was piped our delighted ship's company sat down to their meal with the full assurance that it was the last they would partake of at anchor on the coast of Chili or Peru; for ere the shrill *call* of the boatswain would summon them to another, they had every reason to believe they would be urging their way towards dreaded Cape Horn, whose chilling terrors at this season of the year were enlarged on by many who had before braved its wintry tempests. The officers of the ward-room had invited a few choice friends from shore, and some from the vessels of war in port, to partake of a farewell snack, and help to discuss a few bottles of prime port or sherry, which circulated pretty freely, if one might judge from the sallies of wit, hearty peals of laughter, and a straggling verse or so of some popular song, which ever and anon arose upon the ear from the open sky-light. On the booms, between the guns, in the boats, and every other place where a comfortable *couch* could be attained, (and a sailor is not very choice in this particular,) our tars were strewed about in delightful confusion. Some "wooing the gentle goddess," and others cursing every body and every thing, for the tardiness which they thought at this particular time too protracted, for a delightful breeze was blowing from the wished for point.

At length the joyful cry of "all hands up anchor," from the voice of our worthy boatswain, bellowed forth in a style more than usually sonorous, re-echoed along the decks, and ere the sound of his mates' voices reiterating the same had died away, all were in motion; they needed no incentive, for in one moment every man was at his station. "Bring to — man the bars," cried the first lieutenant through the speaking trumpet; but the order was anticipated, for the foretopmen had already brought the riding-chain and messenger in close contact with their *nippers* and *selvagees;* and the afterguard and marines proved by the fierceness with which they clutched each capstan-bar, that they were determined to strain every sinew and muscle in raising our ponderous anchor from its oozy bed. "Heave round;"— both fifers struck up a favourite air, to which the men at the bars kept time with their feet, and made the capstan whirl round with a vengeance, keeping the foretop-men as busy as could be, applying fresh *nippers* and *selvagees.* "Come, my hearties," cried one of our favourite lieutenants as he perceived the capstan relaxing a little in its revolutions — "heave with a will my lively fellows, we're homeward-bound; heave and break *his* hold, (remember, in nautical language they apply to inanimate things all genders but the *neuter.*) "High die," sung out Jack Snugg, a wild devil-may-care member of the afterguard; this cant term being in general use throughout the ship amongst the gamblers, of which class Snugg was no inefficient compeer; and "high die" was repeated by fifty willing voices, and had the effect of urging the capstan around with its former velocity. "The anchor is apeak, sir," sung out the second lieutenant on the bowsprit. "Heave and pawl then," replied the executive officer from the horse-block; "unship the bars and send the men on deck to make sail — it was done; in a moment bar-men, nipper-men, tierers, veerers, idlers, and all who had been lending their assistance in divers ways towards heaving up, were pushing, jostling, elbowing, and scrambling their way towards the ladders; each one appearing to have for his motto "the devil take the hindmost." Full quick were our topsails, topgallant-sails and royals, let fall, sheeted home, and expanded their full extent; the yards braced opposite ways; the bars once more shipped; — one vigorous effort — we've broke ground; a few more clatters of the pawls, our anchor is at the bows, and in as short a time as I have been endeavouring to describe it, the ponderous machine was catted and fished, the yards trimmed to the inspiring and auspicious breeze, and our trim sea-boat, accompanied by the sloop-of-war Dale and schooner Shark began to gather headway, and ere the sun sank in the western horizon, the sandy hillocks of lonely San Lorenzo were fast disappearing from our gaze.

The next day, a transfer having taken place between our ship, the Dale and schooner Shark, the latter vessel crowded all possible sail and made her way to Valparaiso, with orders to take on board any despatches that might be awaiting us there, and follow us to

Talcahuana with the same. Many of her crew whose terms of service had nearly expired, were quite sanguine that when they again fell in with us, they would have a chance of exchanging the confined and cramped up space allotted to them in their tiny craft, for the large and roomy decks of the Constitution; but poor fellows, they were sadly disappointed; the two vessels never met since. The following evening the Dale prepared for her leave-taking, having accompanied us thus far as much to try the speed of the two ships as any thing else. As she trimmed her yards and stood towards Callao again, her crew mounted the rigging and gave us three deafening cheers, which our ship's company returned in proper style. I cannot possibly say how many hats were launched overboard, (a common practice in similar cases,) but when the men jumped upon the deck, and gave a glance towards the pretty little craft that was every moment lessening upon the sight, each sparkling eye, each smiling countenance spoke as plainly as possible — "*now* we're homeward bound."

Merrily the Old Constitution sped onward, as if conscious that every mile brought her nearer to that country where her bygone achievements are appreciated as they ought, and whose sons have ever heard her time-honoured name mentioned with feelings of rapturous pride. More than ordinary preparations had been made by every one on board for doubling the Cape; and sou-westers, painted trowsers, tarpawling jackets, boots, woollen shirts, &c., met the eye at every turn; many a good warm blanket was by dint of scissors, thread and needle, transformed into comfortable drawers; many a pair of old trowsers, long before condemned as unfit for further service, was now brought forth, and patch upon patch applied to keep out the dreadful inclemency of the weather, which all thought was in store for them, for that well-written work "Two Years before the Mast" had gone the rounds of the ship; and the vivid though fearful and chilling account given there of doubling Cape Horn in the month of July, brought to our mind's eye nothing but pinnacles of ice, hail, sleet, frost, snow, adverse gales, and all the other *etceteras* that serve to make the *description* of a sea-passage so peculiarly thrilling and delightfully interesting to the folks on shore; but we were most agreeably disappointed, for our ship arrived at and rounded that dreaded head-land with a fair and delightful breeze; and had we but crowded sail we would have accomplished it in as short time as has perhaps been yet recorded. As I mentioned in the foregoing Sketch, we were quite sanguine we would not reach Rio without some hostility, for it was the general opinion on board that war had been declared; and we were well aware if such was the case, plenty of English armed vessels would be cruising between the mouth of the river La Plate and the coast of Brazil; and consequently we'd have to *stand our hand* with them, which thank Heaven we were well prepared for, as far as a good staunch sea-boat, a cool, determined commander, and a crew of young, willing hearts could go in repelling the attack of any craft of the same mettle, or to stretch a point I don't think we'd turned tail to a larger one.

A few nights after we had bid farewell to our friends of the Dale, sometime between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the gun-deck was as still and noiseless as a sick chamber, the watch below to a man being sunk in profound slumber, and the watch on the spar-deck, with the exception of the looks-out and men at the wheel, &c., stretched at full length busily engaged in what sailors technically term *caulking*, which in the language of folks on shore would amount to *sound sleeping*, the drum and fife were heard to break the silence that prevailed, by beating vehemently to quarters; here was a sudden surprise, every one was in motion instantly; the occupants of the hammocks below jumped upon their feet in a moment, and "lash and carry" was every person's object, for all thought as a matter of course that a British man-of-war was about to give us a broadside; but no, Captain T—— took this method of ascertaining how quick we could get ready for action, should occasion require us to do so at night; and in this instance he had the pleasing satisfaction of seeing every hammock on deck, every man at his quarters, every gun cast loose and ready to belch forth their deadly contents, in as short a space of time as could be expected, from the choicest picked crew that ever manned a Yankee frigate. Our *reefers* were put to the greatest straits of any on this night, to endeavour to get their cots and hammocks on deck in due season, for at a time like this every one has to stand his own *hammock-boy*, the men being too engaged with their own affairs to cast a single thought towards the perplexities of the inmates of the steerage. Here might be seen one of the *young gentlemen*, puffing and blowing from more than ordinary exertion, pushing his way up one of the ladders, dragging his swinging-couch after him by one of the *clews*, which was lashed up so seaman-like, as to have as some of our wags beautifully expressed it, "half the guts hanging out," (meaning the bed-clothes,) and no doubt cursing to himself every thing connected with the Navy and General Quarters, from the Honourable Secretary himself to the *match-tub* over which he stumbled in his flurry. After him came three or four aspirants for epaulets, their sour countenances forcibly bespeaking their grief and mortification for having their anticipated comfortable night's rest so unseasonably and unceremoniously broke in upon, urging up the ladder by their united strength something, which, from the fuss created during its transportation, and the loud respirations of the persons transporting it, would lead one to believe it was of as weighty a nature as one of our main-deck guns; but which proved as it made its appearance above the combings to be but a *cot*, and one which contained no great superfluity of bedding either; the lads of the third division ranged up in front of their guns, had a hearty laugh at their expense.

After we passed the latitude of Talcahuana a stopper was put upon our evenings' tea-water, which caused no little sensation. It was not exactly the scarcity of water that brought this veto in force, for we had nearly a six months' supply of that article on board; it was our firewood we were fearful of falling short, for our captain had made up his mind if by speaking a vessel he could ascertain that England and the United States were at war, he would make no stoppage until he arrived at some American port; and we not having an over-plentiful stock of wood, it was deemed advisable to have the fire extinguished as soon as the cabin and ward-room dinners were cooked. As I have said before, it caused something of a ferment and our *sea lawyers*, as usual on such occasions, talked the affair over from the berth-deck to the gangways, from the gangways to the forecastle, and one and all put it down as "a damn'd hard case." At the instigation of the ship's company, a few of the petty officers waited on Captain T——, to be made acquainted with his ideas on the subject, who informed them that as soon as he spoke a vessel, to ascertain with more accuracy the state of affairs at home, their tea-water at night would be again restored them. This satisfied all parties, and to see a sail was now the universal wish. Day succeeded day, and week followed week, our ship staggering along with the wind dead aft, but still no vessel gladdened our sight. Often was the captain chid for not carrying more sail, but he had a capital barometer on board, in which he put implicit confidence, and which caused him to reef and furl many a time when our tars thought there was but little necessity for so doing, but ere twelve hours would elapse we'd have it "piping hot;" this taking place two or three times, brought the "tell-tale," as they termed it, into good repute.

Thus, without falling in with even a single particle of ice, did we double the Cape that we had so much dreaded to encounter, and for the fierceness of which every one had made some preparation;—passed the Falkland Islands, the mouth of the La Plate, still no vessel greeted the eyes of the men at the mast heads, and we began to think in right down earnest something more than common had occurred, for we were now in the very track of ships; but at last, on the twenty-fourth of August, about five o'clock in the evening, "Sail ho!" re-echoed loudly and emphatically. All eyes were turned in the direction pointed out by the men aloft, and a brig was just discernable a long way to the eastward. To make more sail and tack ship was but the work of a moment; and by half-past twelve o'clock that night we bore down and spoke her. She proved to be a Brazilian brig but a few days from Rio, and her captain (interrogated in the Portuguese language by a Brazilian Minister taking passage with us) gave us the joyful intelligence that things were as tranquil in the United States as when we left, and that war was *talked* of only.

During the colloquy, not only the watch on deck, but the greater part of the watch below, who left their hammocks at the first hail, crowded upon the poop; for they all felt interested, and though scarcely one of them understood a single word of the conversation, it was construed fifty different ways ere they reached the gangways; but this much they harped on, they had spoken a vessel, and "tea-water" was the cry from the break of the poop to the confines of the forecastle; — they were not deceived — the captain was as good as his word — for the next evening they had the gratification of beholding the galley pipe sending up its accustomed clouds of smoke to be dispersed by the cheering breeze.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the twenty-eighth, we discovered a large sail on our starboard bow, standing to the westward; it proved to be the Marion, one of our small class sloops-of-war, who, as soon as she made out our number, ran down for us, and corroborated the intelligence we had already received from the Brazilian brig, viz. that the aspect of affairs at home was as yet quiet. We now made sail, the Marion accompanying us some distance in shore, and at nine o'clock dropped anchor in the truly beautiful harbour of Rio de Janeiro; returning thanks to the Supreme Ruler for having brought us through our difficulties thus far on our passage homeward-bound.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN ONE OF THE TARS OF "OLD IRONSIDES" AND A WHITE MOUSE, WHICH HE FOUND IN HIS BAG ON THE HOMEWARD-BOUND PASSAGE

SAILOR

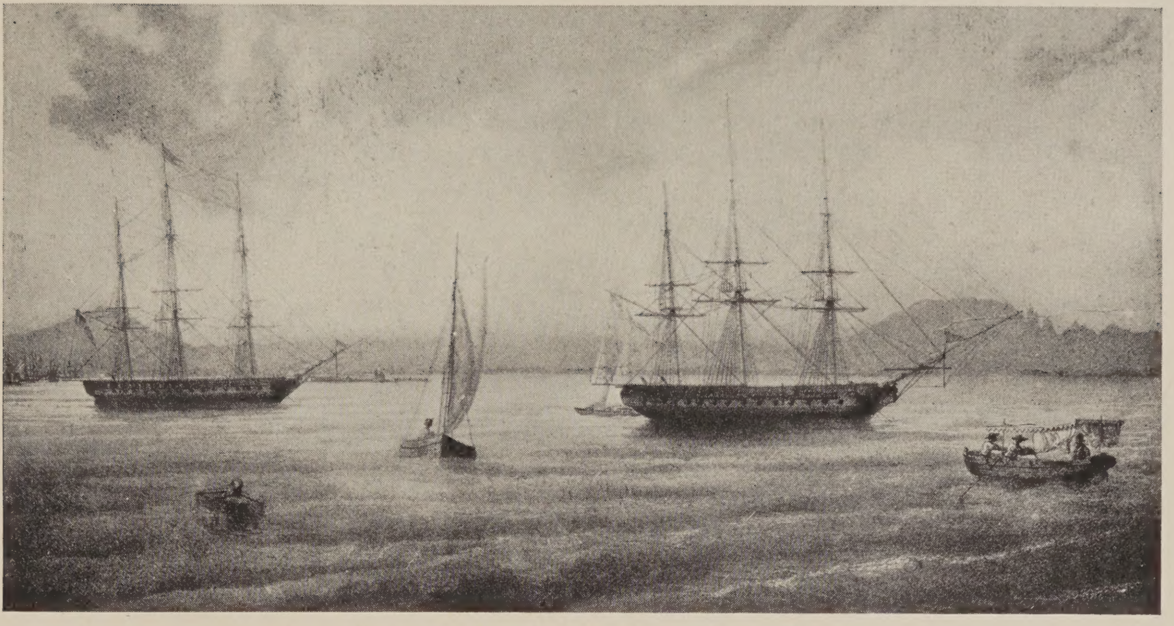
"Old long-tailed chap, what cheer! what cheer!
I'd like to know what brings you here
   Amongst my frocks and trowsers;
I've half a mind to call the cats,
The're real death on mice and rats,
   They're regular first rate mousers.

"You thought perhaps you'd raise a snack
By popping into my poor sack,
   Why mouse you must be soft; —
You might as well to hunt for cheese,
Or beef, or duff, or things like these,
   Just ramble up aloft.

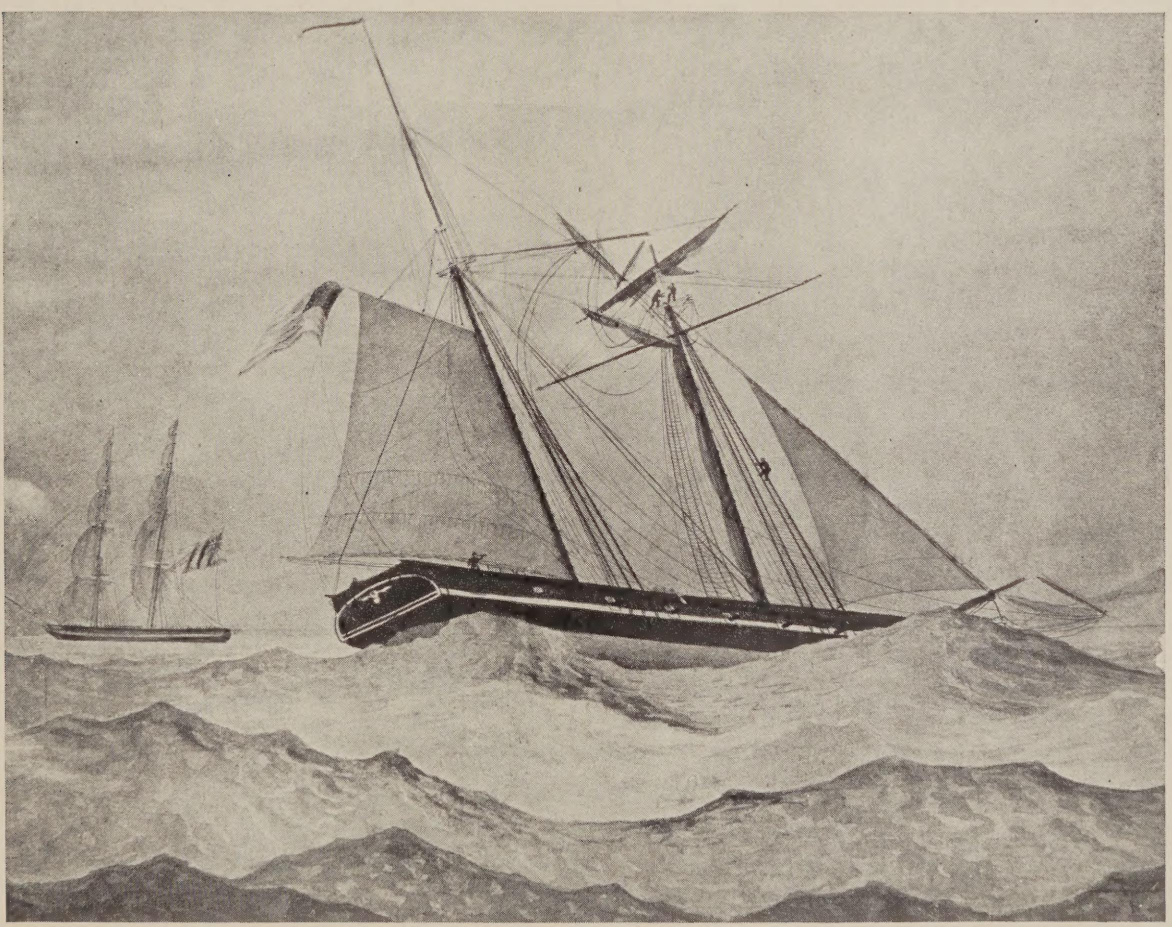
"You might as well, to raise a meal,
Into our *starboard steerage* steal
   As search amongst my clothes.
You'd find the *victual-locker* there,
Of solid food completely bare,
   That every body knows.

"Their live stock's gone these many days —
They're lucky now if they can raise
   Bread scouse, or such like trash;
Of all fresh grub they're long bereft,
Not e'en one half-starved chicken left
   To make a stew or hash.

"And now, whatever gales we stem,
Fowl stomachs it will not give them,
   Since with their stock they've parted;
And should a foe with haughty pride,
Bear down and give us one broadside,
   They won't be *chicken*-hearted.



THE CONSTITUTION (RIGHT) AND THE RARITAN OFF RIO JANEIRO
From a Brazilian lithograph by courtesy of Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson



THE U.S. SCHOONER SHARK WITH FORETOPMAST AND JIB-BOOM CARRIED AWAY AT SEA
From an old painting

"But come, before I call the cat,
Let's have a little bit of chat: —
  White mice, I know full well,
On board of ship have got the knack
Of speaking much behind one's back;
  Come, come, your story tell."

MOUSE

"Oh, sailor, hear my plaintive moans!
Lord! Lord! you're mashing up my bones —
  Just ease your hand a mite,
And I will tell you all I know
'Bout why I'm cruising here below,
  When I get o'er my fright.

"In Callao, (you know that place,)
I first in daylight showed my face —
  I love that spot of ground —
And though I tell it thus to you,
You'll find I am Peruvian true,
  As good as e'er was found.

"The first thing I can call to mind,
I in the castle was confined
  Amongst the soldiers there;
And you could tell by my *phisog*,
That they were pretty scarce of prog,
  And precious slim *my* fare.

"I could not live that half-starved fashion,
For one poor *Cholo's* whole day's ration
  Would scarcely serve a louse;
Their beef without one mite of fat,
And precious little too of that,
  It would'nt suit this mouse.

"So off I went to seek for more,
I brought up in the naval store
  'Mongst bread, beans, cheese, and rice;
I guess I then went the whole hog
In eating up you sailors' prog —
  Aye, that's the place for mice.

"One day you sent ashore for bread,
The thought then came into my head
To go on board your ship;
For I had grown so full of blood,
I thought, of course, 'twould do me good
To try the sea one trip.

"I'd scarcely formed that resolution,
Ere your purser of the Constitution,
O'erhauling of the bread
To see that it was free from weivels,
Jumped as if he'd seen twenty devils
When he perceived my head.

"I said, dear sir, do pray *keep dark*,
I've only come here for a lark —
I hope you will not '*peach*,
For I can be a friend to you,
Greater than all your whole ship's crew,
If I the Frigate reach.

"Place me but once in your *bag-racks*,
And if with me you'll but go snacks,
Let cats be thick as hops,
I promise you as true as fate
I'll put their clothes in such a state,
They'll *have* to draw more slops.

"At this he took me at my word,
And on the sly brought me on board,
'Tis true upon my soul;
Of course I quickly found the bags,
I've since been tearing clothes to rags,
And now you know the whole."

SAILOR

"Is this all the yarn you can stretch, —
You little, nibbling, long-tailed wretch!
I ought to raise a racket;
For 'tis the teeth in your damn'd jaw
That caused me the last month to draw
Another mustering jacket.

"I have a notion, for that action,
Out of your hide to've satisfaction,
   Although you are so small;
For if again at large you roam,
Before our Frigate reaches home,
   You'll eat up bags and all.

"But come, between both you and me,
I promise you I'll let you free
   If you will more unfold;
I know you've in the *cabin* been,
And in the *ward-room* you've been seen,
   At least so I've been told.

"Come, strike a light! don't be so shy, —
Have you not heard the reason why
   So hard they grind our crew,
By clapping a stopper altogether
On our *tea-water* this cold weather? —
   I'm sure 'tis known to you.

"What reason do they give for this —
Have we in aught behaved amiss,
   That they should serve us so?
I'm sure the *tanks* ain't given out,
And plenty wood lies strewed about
   Down in the hold below.

"The war, they say that has broke out,
I guess has brought all this about,
   They act just like a fool;
For swilling *cold water* each *cold* night,
If we should be drawn up to fight,
   It might our courage *cool.*"

MOUSE

"Sailor, if you will promise me
That you will let me off scot-free,
   My word I give to you
I'll open unto you my mind,
And I am sure you then will find
   I know a thing or two."

SAILOR

"Then come, old boy, let's have it all,
I am afraid for me they'll call, —
Be quick and spring your luff:
And if your yarn should chance to please,
I'll stuff your guts with first rate cheese
Until you cry enough."

MOUSE

"Well now, you see, the fact is this,
I've noticed many a thing amiss,
Although I've held my peace;
For instance, now just twig the note,
Of keeping our gun-deck afloat
In weather such as this.

"You know, of course, how that occurs,
(I do not wish to heave any slurs)
But there's one certain gent,
That long I've scratched from off my books,
However sanctified his looks,
Is still on mischief bent.

"*He* was the man with malice vile,
Though looking *heavenly* all the while,
That in the cabin run,
And in his usual *oily* style,
Though rankling with splenetic bile,
Such a damn'd twister spun.

"He said the gun-deck was much too snug,
When they had in each scupper-plug,
The tars could loaf about;
And for the *comfort* of each man,
He thought it was the only plan
To have the *ports knocked out.*

" 'Twas done — and on that self-same day
The *holy-stones* were brought in play;
Holy — oh, that's a blunder —
For as they shoved those things along,
Instead of a *prayer* or *godly* song,
All hands they *swore* like thunder."

SAILOR

"Yes, yes, I marked that morning well,
I mind, too, 'twas cold as h—ll —
Our feet he made us bare:
You talk 'bout cursing — in such weather
To have cold hands and feet together,
'Twould make a parson swear.

"Another thing, how comes it so,
We do not now to quarters go
With frocks all snowy white;
That and the *hard work* on each gun
Was a little bit of morning fun,
In which he took delight."

MOUSE

"I'll tell you, Jack, say what you will,
Our Captain is our staunch friend still,
However they may talk;
I've heard him, since I've been aboard,
By one *short* but *determined* word,
Many a foul plan baulk.

"Did'nt he *stash*, that each one knows,
Last Sunday putting on clean clothes —
Believe me, you may thank *him* —
Or else the coldest day we've had,
You'd found that your *fine kind old dad*
Would had you in Sunday's trim.

"Your captain is no purser's friend,
For he would to the devil send
Each one of that whole tribe.
He's a member of the *Claxton* school —
Works from the *heart*, and not by rule.
And scorns to take a bribe.

"Have patience, don't get in a fret,
You'll have your *hot tea* soon I'll bet —
Just whisper in your ear —
I heard a yarn the other night,
I would not for ten dollars bright
That every one should hear."

As our white mouse cocked up his snout
To let this great big secret out,
  Pincher, the dog, drew near;
And as he wagged his tail with pride
Upon poor long-tail's sleek fat hide,
  He cast a wistful eye —

He licked his chops, he made one breach,
His teeth did our poor mousy reach,
  And quick his limbs did sever.
And thus in one unlucky minute,
This secret that had so much in it
  Was lost to us forever.

THE THREE DOGS

A MAN-OF-WAR YARN

One beauteous night as our trim ship
Did over the waters homeward skip,
With stunsails, royals, and all sail,
Spread for to woo the prosperous gale;
'Twas in October or November,
Which month I can't just now remember;
But this I know, the breeze was fine,
I think too, we had crossed the line.
We crossed it, let me see, I'm right!
October third, on Sunday night;
So therefore, folks, your minds to ease,
We'll say *October*, if you please.
Well then, 'twas at that "witching hour"
When sleep had thrown its magic power
Over our hardy sons of Ocean,
Who lay stretched out devoid of motion,
The hard rough plank their only bed,
Some coil of rigging 'neath their head;
Still they slept sounder I will vouch,
Than scores who press a costly couch; —
As I strolled round quite free from care,
Snuffing the cooling midnight air —
Watching anon the orb of night
As she poured forth her silv'ry light —
And blessing the breeze so fair and strong
That now was urging us along;
As I gazed round with vacant eye,
Our *three ships' dogs* I chanced to spy,
Who, on the *trunk* together sat,
Engaged in quite a friendly chat.
First, there was "Bull," a curly pup,
Who was on Chili's coast picked up;
And might have run his mortal race
In that same "love inspiring" place,
But that a sailor of our ship,
Who took on liberty a trip,
Beheld his yellow shaggy coat
As he reeled down towards the boat;

He grapped him, as he "damn'd his eyes,"
And bore him aboard a lawful prize.
The next was long-tailed, smooth-skinned "Tip,"
But some few weeks on board our ship;
A lanky dog of haughty mien,
Who 'mongst the men was seldom seen —
He was a fancy *reefer's* cur,
(Mind you I mean to cast no slur,)
Who lived quite stylish I must own —
Had the picking of each *well-picked* bone,
The licking of the cock-pit dishes,
Until he satisfied his wishes;
And all the *meat* too, he could find
When the *young gentlemen* had dined.
"Tip" soon did this *high living* feel,
His shape was truly quite genteel;
And as for plumpness, and all that,
As any *match* he was as fat.
The third dog, he was "Tip's" own brother,
But they were nothing like each other,
Except the colour of their skins —
By that you'd judge they might be twins;
For "Pincher" was a sailor pup,
To every roguish trick was up;
And 'stead of cruising every meal
Amongst the *lockers*, for to steal
Whatever little grub was there,
Into some mess he would repair;
And his round paunch, and sturdy limb,
Proved that the folks did not starve *him.* —
Those were the three that met my eyes;
I gazed upon them with surprise,
As I perceived they were intent,
Settling some knotty argument;
And as I silently drew near,
The following *confab* reached my ear.

BULL

"Why Tip, you give yourself quite airs
Because you live with folks *down stairs;*
You think I s'pose, Pincher and me
With your damn'd nonsense will agree;
Though we were brought up 'mongst the crew,
I guess we know a thing or two; —

You talk about what you've picked up,
What a conceited foolish pup!
You think no doubt, 'cause every day
The *reefers* choose with you to play,
(Good reason! they're as *green* as you,
And can find nothing else to do,)
That you must hold your head up high,
And scarcely speak to Pinch or I;
Who's fed the best? now dont tell fibs,
Just look at your poor meagre ribs;
They speak as plain as plain can be,
That you dont *eat* as much as me."

TIP

"Now just hear this! you low-bred cur,
You cast at me your taunting slur;
I dont eat eh! no, not such stuff
As tough salt-beef, and musty duff;
I am above such *grub* I tell ye —
Delicate tit-bits fill my belly;
I live on chicken bones and pie,
On which you oft times cast an eye,
And sigh, and grieve, and curse, and swear,
And wish that you were only there;
You mentioned too, about my shape,
Would'nt I be a pretty ape,
To have like you a clumsy waist,
To mingle 'mongst the *dogs of taste?*
Why Bull, when this old ship gets home,
And you and Pincher chance to roam
Amongst the *curs* of high degree,
And they your plebeian faces see —
You'll find as sure as you were born,
That they will laugh you both to scorn."

PINCHER

"Now Mr. Tip, your anger smother,
I'm most ashamed to call you brother;
In fact, the men both great and small
Hint that we are no kin at all;
But that's a yarn, for 'tis too true
The same *slut* bore both me and you;
But Tip, I'm sorry for to say,
We should not be compared one day; —

You are what I call reg'lar *green*,
That long ago the folks have seen;
But where's the wonder! 'tis quite clear
You're like *some others* we have here —
Who've so much knowledge *theoretic*,
(Some too who scarce know *arithmetic*,)
That believe me now, and it the fact is,
To h—ll they always pitch the *practice;* —
I'll bet a dollar now, you know
(That is, as far's your lessons go,)
How for to haul an earing out,
Or put our noble ship about,
Or knot a shroud, or splice a cable,
Or stay a mast, I'm sure you're able;
But come on deck, and leave your book,
You scarce know how to *mouse a hook*."

BULL

"Give me the paw Pinch, you've said true;
He knows as much as I or you!
Where would he learn it? I remark,
I'm sure not in the schooner Shark;
But yet I must indeed give in;
He can a precious twister spin
About each *tangent*, and each *sine* —
All this of course *sounds* very fine;
But I will bet a marrow bone,
I'll leave it to himself to own,
That he cant set, the breeze being free
A stunsail as it ought to be."

TIP

"You lie, I can! why any fool
That never even went to school,
Can set that sail; now if you can
Be silent, listen to my plan,
And if you both don't say 'tis right,
I will not speak again to night."

BULL

"Now, Pincher, listen for a minute,
You'll find, or else the devil's in it,
That he will make a blunder yet,
Before he gets that stunsail set."

TIP

"To show you curs, you cannot flout,
I'll first of all my boom get out;
Then see my tack and halliards man'd;
Walk off! the sail will soon expand:
Now then, that's done — my next regard,
To get my *lizard* to the yard;
My *topping-lift*, I'll man next thing;
Then come my *guys*, the boom to swing, —
Bend on the *halliards*, *out-haul* too,
Put on the *squilgee*, that will do;
Clap on — all ready — hoist away —
And there it's set in style I say."

BULL

"Avast! avast! you fool afloat,
You think you've got it all by rote;
You see you lack a *sailor's* eye
Into each little *move* to spy;
You were in such a cursed flurry,
And walked away' in such a hurry,
That not one single glance you cast,
To see your *inner halliards* fast;
I bet I know what then befell,
Crash! there the boom is gone to h—ll."

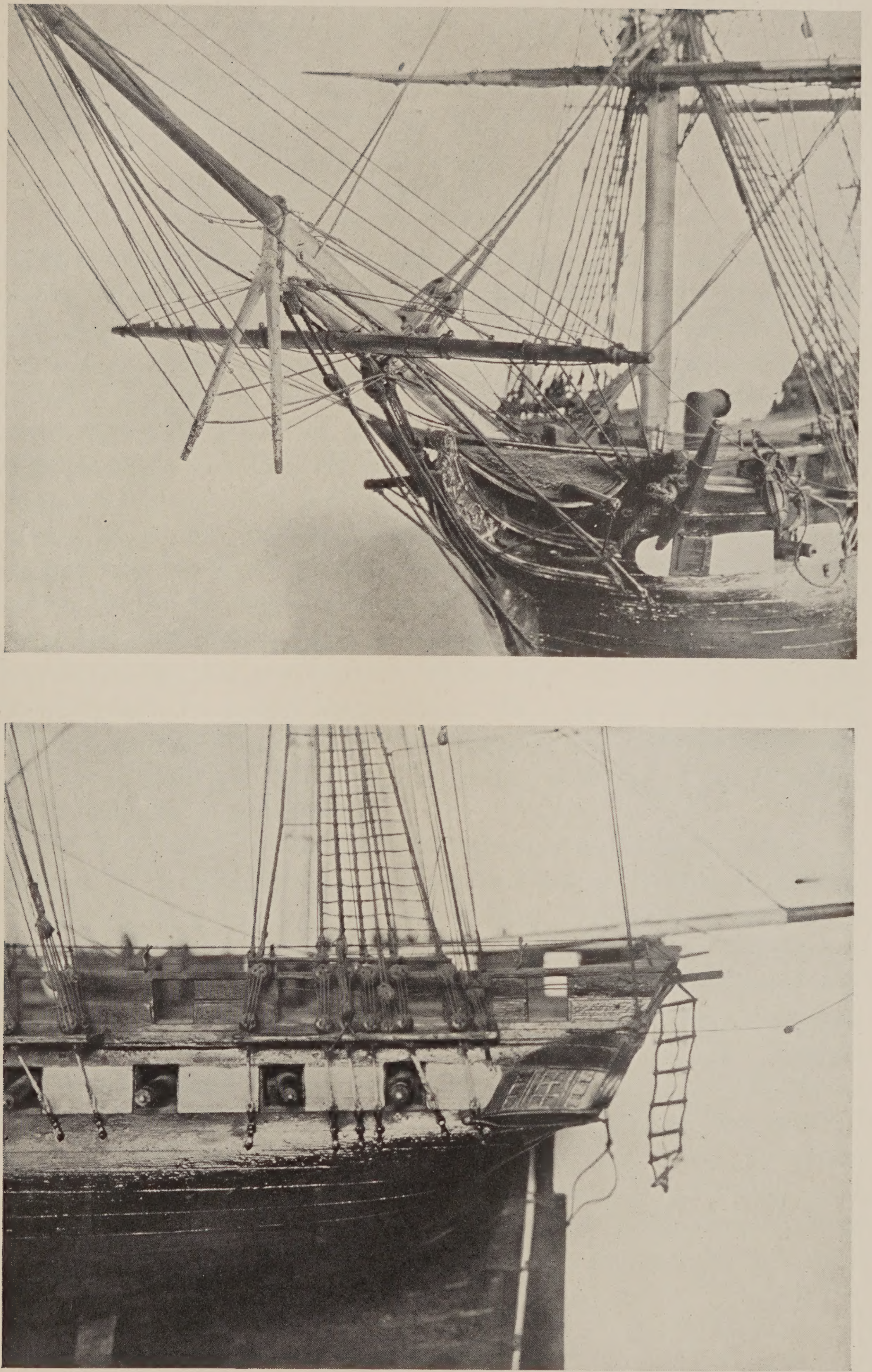
At this dog "Tip" began to yell,
Those *facts* he could not stomach well,
But rushed on "Bull" with fierce attack
And quickly laid him on his back;
But "Pincher" soon his aid did lend
To rescue his old curly friend,
And in a moment all the three
Were joined in one complete melée; —
Loud barks and yelps re-echoed round,
The sleepers roused them at the sound,
And many in their first surprise
Rushed to the scene with half-shut eyes.
How long it lasted I can't say,
Neither know I who gained the day —
For to escape the noise and din,
I left the deck and *turned in*."

PROGRESS HOMEWARD

"Away, away, before the breeze
Our gallant sea-boat swiftly flies,
Around us gleam the diamond seas,
Above us bend the sapphire skies."

Upon coming to anchor in Rio, we perceived the Frigate Potomac and Schooner Enterprise there, and the next morning saluted the flag of Commodore Ridgely with the customary thirteen guns. During our stay we crossed topgallant-yards, each morning at eight o'clock, with the "flag ship," and proved to the lads of the Potomac, from the dexterity evinced during the performance of those nautical movements, that our young crew had not tarnished the reputation "Old Ironsides" always held for precision, accuracy, and nimbleness in naval tactics. Nothing of any great moment took place during our stay, except indeed that we were greeted one forenoon with a sight of His Imperial Majesty Don Pedro Segundo, a fine, chubby-cheeked lad about seventeen years old, who passed around the harbour in a steamer, receiving a salute of twenty-one guns from each vessel of war in port, and a little *shindy* which took place one evening whilst *starting whiskey*, five or six barrels having been broached on the *sly*, and some scores of our lads becoming gloriously intoxicated; but this last affair is one of so common and every-day a nature on board a man-of-war as to be scarcely worth adverting to; for no person who is at all conversant with the character of a sailor, would for one moment imagine that four or five hundred tars, their hearts elate at the prospect of soon reaching home, would be in the vicinity of such stuff as *whiskey* at night, and the decks but dimly lit with one or two lanterns, and not try every scheme to test its quality.

After taking in a sufficient quantity of wood, water and provision, we made preparations for weighing our anchor for the *last time*, knowing that at its next descent, if no unforeseen occurrence intervened, the shores of America would glad our eyes. On the four-



DETAILS OF THE SALEM MODEL OF THE CONSTITUTION

teenth of September we received on board Commodore Charles G. Ridgely, labouring under severe indisposition,

> "High living and the gout
> Had so knocked his hull about
> As to make him most unfit for sea."

together with his Secretary, George P. Stephenson, Esq., Mr. Girard, acting Chaplain, two or three *reefers*, and eighteen or twenty *common Jacks*, some invalided, and others their terms of service having expired, all to take passage with us to the United States; and on the fifteenth, at sunrise, we hoisted Commodore Ridgely's broad pennant, which the Potomac, Marion, and Enterprise saluted, hauled it down again and resumed our *coach-whip*, hove our anchor to the bows, and commenced backing and filling out the harbour; the frigate, sloop-of-war, and schooner giving us three fervent cheers as a parting tribute. During our progress towards the harbour's mouth, we ran foul of a ketch belonging to Her British Majesty Queen Victoria; the fault however rested not with us, for we were obeying the impulse of the tide and current, which swept us, spite of ourselves, towards her; we hailed them two or three times, requesting they would pay away chain, which they did so slowly and carelessly that the loss of their jib and flying-jib booms, and one of our larboard davits was the consequence.

"There," cried Bowser the forecastleman, as he heard the crash, "damme if 'Old Ironsides' can start for home without having a *rap* at a British vessel some fashion or another; that little *hooker's* spars can't stand a heavy *chafe* as well as they imagined." "Serves her right," returned Bill Garnet, "I reckon John Bull's small craft will give our frigates elbow room the next time we ask them; a complete lubberly piece of business on their part altogether; they knew devilish well that we could'nt stop our old ship, and the tide *sweeping* her on that fashion." "I bet when they come to clear away the wreck," remarked Old Quoin, the quarter-gunner, "they'll give the Constitution many a hearty curse." "Aye," chimed in Flukes, "and when their carpenters come to make new spars, in the room of those we have spoiled so prettily for them, each *chip* and *shaving* they take off they'll wish it was off our Yankee shins." In a short time we passed the forts, cleared the mouth of the harbour, and ere we sat down to breakfast we had the pleasing satisfaction of perceiving our "skimmer of the seas" moving along under a crowd of sail, and the *sugar-loaf* becoming gradually smaller and smaller to the eye.

We were once more at sea, breasting the broad blue waters of the Atlantic, every mile shortening the distance between us and the home of our affections, and every hour shortening the period that would free us from our monotonous thraldom, and place us with palpitating bosoms in the presence of friends and kindred, whom long absence made doubly dear to us. The great and important question now was, "what port were we bound to." Norfolk was spoken of — Boston was mentioned, and New York slightly hinted at; but no one knew certain. From the quantity of water we made, requiring a good spell at the pumps every watch, together with the decayed and ragged state of our copper, we had every reason to suppose the Constitution would go into dry-dock — consequently the New York party had but a glimmering hope; and between Boston and Norfolk, lay the momentous, all-absorbing point; — but, as I said before, no one except the "fountain-head" could give their opinion with any degree of certainty. Thus, that point still unsettled, did we pursue our way northward; at one time all our *flying kites* spread to a light favourable breeze, and at another braced sharp up, our head pointed any where but in the right direction, until we struck the *trades*, then we began to lessen our south latitude to every person's satisfaction.

As we drew near the equator, all our tars who had *savey* enough to know how many miles made a degree of latitude, were on the alert, displaying their abilities in the grand science of navigation every forenoon; and many of them, with the help of a lump of chalk or piece of charcoal for a pencil, and the flat of the armourer's bellows, or the corner of a *ditty-box* for a slate, and a well-thumbed ancient epitome, worked out (how correctly I shant say) hours before the sailing-master took his observation, the exact distance twelve o'clock would place us from the shores of America. By seven bells, twenty small bets would be pending in the shape of pieces of tobacco, gin-slings, tumblers of whiskey-punch, plates of oysters, &c., on the distance run the previous twenty-four hours; and as the master mentioned his observation to the officer of the deck, fifty eager ears were open to catch the degrees and miles, and in a moment the information was spread through the ship like wildfire, and talked over and descanted on by the old Tritons of the forecastle, the light-hearted inmates of both gangways, the marines on and off post, the cooks on the berth-deck, the ebony disciples of the *range*, and the old sick-bay stationers; — in fact our latitude was the all-engrossing topic, in the messes and at the grog-tub, and the only subject harped on for hours after dinner. We carried the south-east trades chock up to the equator, which we crossed about midnight on the third of October, agreeably surprising many who were fearful of having the passage protracted by calms, which often prevail here sometimes for weeks together; and taking a north-east wind to the northward of the *line*, veering and hauling occasionally two or three points, we continued our way, increasing our north latitude at least one degree daily.

One meridian the murkiness of the atmosphere prevented the sailing-master from getting the sun, and crowds awaiting on the quarter-deck on the *qui vive* to hear the latitude notified to the officer of the watch, were sadly disappointed; and all the bets made that day were drawn. The next forenoon more than usual anxiety pervaded the breasts of our navigators, and as twelve o'clock drew near, every ear was open to catch the desired information. "I say Bill," cried Nathan Dobbs, addressing our friend Garnet, who was seated on the barber's chest, his eyes intently bent on the *grog-tub*, which old Bunting the quartermaster was fixing in its location, and his mind at that precise time appearing to be more intent on *whiskey* than on either latitude or longitude — "I say Bill, what do you think she'll be in to day, I've bet a plug of tobacco she'll overrun nine, don't you think I'll win it?" "I can't say, Dobbs," returned Garnet, "but just step over to Joe Millet, he'll tell you to a *ravelling*, I saw him working it up just now." The person Garnet referred him to, Joe Millet, was boatswain's mate of the gun-deck, a hard-weather son of Neptune, and possessed of as great a fund of dry humour as any old salt that ever faced a north-wester; and upon this day, knowing how anxious every one was with regard to the ship's run, he procured a small slip of paper with some figures on it, (a piece of old mess-bill for all Joe knew to the contrary,) and persuaded all who approached him, that on it was worked up the exact latitude twelve o'clock would find us in; to him then Dobbs hastened. "Well Joe, can you let me have a peep at that paper? I've got a bet on it." "Well now you must think I'm a damn'd old fool," replied Joe with a serious face, which he could put on at any time — "here I've been all morning working this out, almost lost my breakfast-grog through it, and you think I'm going to let you see it, eh! I've got a bet on it myself." "What did you bet she'd be in?" enquired Nathan, expecting by putting the question that fashion he'd gain the information he was so anxious for. "Why let me see," replied old Joe, glancing his eye over the paper, "she ought to be in, — this is *duff-day* ain't it?" "What difference does it make what we have for dinner?" cried Dobbs. "What's the use of my telling you the difference?" replied Millet; "you would'nt understand it — is this *duff-day?*" "Yes," answered Nathan, "it is." "And how does the grog go?" enquired our boatswain's mate. "Why backwards at dinner time." "Ah! then she ought to be in, if I ain't made a mistake in that 'ere upper figure, I'm afraid I have too, but I'll allow for it, she ought to be in — being *duff-day*, and the grog going forwards twice during the twenty-four hours — somewhere about *fourteen, eight.*" "*Fourteen, eight!*" returned Nathan; "lord, Joe, there must be a mistake, I thought as how she'd be in *nine*, or thereabouts." "Hold on, hold on a bit," cried Millet, perceiving the messenger boy coming down the ladder to strike the bell eight, and knowing as a matter of course the exact latitude was ascertained by the master. "Here you boy," he continued, calling to the youngster, in his *official* voice — "have you seen Mr. —— ?" — the boy here came close to him. "What's the latitude?" enquired Joe in a whisper, not wishing Dobbs to hear the conversation. "*Eight, fourteen,*" returned the naval apprentice, and started off to strike the bell. "Aha!" continued the old *whistler*, returning to Dobbs, and appearing with a piece of pointed stick as if he were correcting the figures on the paper, "I told you *fourteen, eight*, did'nt I? I knew I made a *small* mistake; but after all 'twas only putting the cart before the horse; the true latitude if I know any thing about logarithms, is *eight, fourteen*, and you'll find it so, or I'll never work out a day's work again." By this time fifty were descending the ladders leading to the gun-deck, and in a moment *eight, fourteen*, was in every body's mouth, from the orderly at the cabin-door, to the *bone-polishers* in the ward-room, steerage, and cockpit; and Joe Millet, gained with Nathan Dobbs at least, the character of a profound arithmetician and correct navigator.

Our ship was truly fortunate with regard to fair winds; and still retained her luck in that particular, for since we crossed the line, a favourable breeze never for six hours together ceased to fan us along. The *horse latitudes*, a great eye-sore to many a ship coming from the southern hemisphere, troubled not us with its sickening calm and perverse variables; we walked proudly past them, studding-sails alow and aloft, leaving a sheet of foam behind to tell the speed that urged us homeward. We communicated with no vessel since we left Rio, and the evening of the eighteenth of October, as we wore ship and stood towards a sail that we perceived on the starboard bow, all on board, officers and men, greenhorns and old salts, soot-begrimmed cooks at the galley and rusty looking holders, flippant officers' servants and pert apprentices, precise rigid marines, and the individuals who helped to fill up the Doctor's list, from the hard working tar, tired of his inactivity, regaining strength enough to ascend the ladders, to the shameless, work detesting sick-bay loafer, his face proclaiming any thing but disease; were all assembled on the spar deck, anxiously waiting to hear the information this strange sail would put us in possession of. "I wonder what port that 'ere fellow will be from?" enquired Spindle the steady-sweeper, addressing Bradley, Garnet, Flukes, Bowser, and a parcel more of our smartest top-men, assembled on the forward part of the *boom*. "I can tell in a moment, at the first guess," replied Flukes. "I hardly believe that," said Spindle, "I've got as good an eye as the common run, and I can't tell yet whether she's a brig or a brigantine." "Are you game to bet any thing," asked Flukes, winking at his top-mates, "that I can't tell you what port she's from, eh?" "Well I will bet you this chunk of tobacco," responded the sweeper, producing nearly the fourth of a pound from the inside of his capacious hat. "Done," cried the maintop-man, producing an equal quantity — "here Garnet, hold the stakes; now, Mr. Deckwollopper, she is from the port she *left last;*" and Flukes accordingly possessed himself of the *weed,* although the gun-deck sweeper loudly proclaimed that it was a *take-in.* We soon perceived the strange sail to be a fore-and-aft schooner, and upon sending a boat on board, ascertained she was from Wilmington, North Carolina, thirteen days out, bound to the Island of Trinidad. As soon as the boat returned and was again secured at the davits, her crew were eagerly sought for, and twenty questions at once put to them respecting the news. "Has the Ohio got home?" enquired one. "Yes, and paid off in Boston," was the response. "Then as sure as I've got two watches out to-night," broke forth Garnet, "and that's pretty certain, for I believe I had this morning's watch in my hammock, we're bound to Norfolk." "Did'nt I say so all along," cried Bowser; "you boatswains are *sucked in* most confoundedly." "Aye! and there's another yarn," remarked one of the boat's crew; "they say all that have three months to stop, have to go on board the Receiving Ship." "A damn'd hard case that," cried Binnacle the quartermaster, who at this moment joined the group — "I never heard of the like before in my life; a parcel of poor fellows just returning from a distant station such as the Pacific, to be sent to join in the drudgery of a navy-yard." "Well, I've four months to remain yet," said Flukes; "and if they send me aboard of a *guardo* to finish my time, I'll say it above board, all the work they'll get out of me wont benefit Uncle Sam much; 'twill take all the boatswain's-mates in the ship to keep me from working Tom Cox's traverse."

"Did you hear nothing about us?" timidly enquired one of our naval apprentices, addressing himself to the boatman who had mentioned the last piece of news; "do you think we'll stand any chance of getting our discharge?" "Po! po! nonsense, you're talking foolish youngster," rejoined Pat Bradley; "you get your discharge, eh? no! no! they'll serve you boys the same as they would a coil of rigging, a bundle of scrapers, or any other of Uncle Sam's property, send you out another cruise; and if your next sea-going ship is but as good as the Old Constitution with all her faults, you'll have cause to bless your good fortune." Here the order to fill away and make sail put an end to the conversation, and in a little time we were pursuing our course with topmast and topgallant studding-sails expanded to the delightful breeze.

I must not here omit to mention a circumstance that took place some few days after we crossed the equator. I believe Captain Marryatt, much as he has chronicled the wild antics of the sailor, cannot produce any thing like a parallel to it. The weather was excessively warm, and in the mornings whilst washing decks our lads were in the habit of filling the capacious main-deck tubs with water, and converting them into bathing machines, wherein they would have a glorious *duck;* thereby imparting a refreshing coolness to the body during the day. Now two wild, harum-scarum mizentop fellows, always ripe for a *lark* whatever would be the consequence, took it into their heads one forenoon to try the effect of a bathe over the side; it perhaps not entering their brain-boxes at the moment that we were moving through the water at the rate of four or five knots; but a bathe they were intent on, and a bathe they must have. In the mizen-chains they therefore jumped; procured a small sized rope, which was securely made fast under the arm-pits of one of them; and overboard he went, his companion holding on to the end of the line to veer away, or haul in, as occasion might require. The poor devil over the side, soon found what he had at first not the slightest idea of, viz. that the ship was moving much too fast; and there he was, floundering about like a harpooned porpoise, the line as taut as a harp-string. "Come, come," cried his top-mate in the chains, quite unconscious of his critical situation, and feeling anxious of trying the temperature of the briny element himself; "come, I think you've bathed long enough, you've got all the fun to yourself, let me have a chance;" at the same time trying his strength to haul in the slack of the line, but he could'nt budge it an inch. How the scrape might have terminated I cannot possibly say, but the captain from the quarter-gallery hearing an unusual noise under the counter, popped his head over the quarter and saw how matters stood; quickly called for assistance; and our mizen-topman, by the united efforts of two or three of his shipmates was hauled in, his arms and loins none the better for his nonsensical prank.

On the night of the twentieth when the watch went below at eight o'clock, our old ship was staggering along under topgallant-sails and topmast-studding-sail, at the rate of at least twelve knots; and our light-hearted ship's company as they perceived the sheet of foam she left behind her, had the most sanguine expectations that four or five days would see her at anchor; but the Fates did not ordain it so, for that night we were visited by a squall of more severity, in every sense of the word, than any we experienced since we left the United States. During the first watch, the weather looking unpromising, three reefs were put in the topsails, and one in the courses; and in the mid-watch, the weather becoming more threatening in its appearance, the mizentop-sail was furled, the foretop-sail clewed up, and the men on the yard endeavouring to hand it, when this squall struck us sudden and fierce, as if the stormy spirits of Cape Hatteras and Bermuda were in conjunction; our ship felt its terrific force, and bowed to its influence as a sapling would before the mountain breeze. "Hard up the helm," was the first order; but the united efforts of three or four could not get more than two turns of the wheel. The cry of "all hands shorten sail," brought the ship's company on deck, and the confusion became general. "If she comes to the wind, or parts the wheel-ropes," cried our boatswain, "we'll have a woful tale to tell to-morrow morning." But an all-bounteous Providence interfered, she paid off; and at that moment the foresail with the report of a loud clap of thunder, was split to shreds; which occurrence had it taken place some seconds before, ere the ship began to feel her helm and pay off, nothing could have saved her from broaching to; and the consequences, God only knows how dreadful they might have been. By the time we got the foretop-sail furled, and the fragments of the foresail secured on the yard, the fierceness of the squall relaxed; but it still blew a gale, and whilst endeavouring to get our top-sails reefed and a fore-storm staysail in readiness to set, another deafening report told but too plainly the infuriated tempest had made more ravages; and upon looking aloft there was the three-reefed maintop-sail, which up to this time had powerfully withstood the wrath of the maddened elements, literally split to pieces, the heavy canvass streaming in the air like a gossamer, and defying like an enraged tiger the most determined to dare approach it.

I must not fail to give praise where it is due; our first lieutenant remained firm at his post, giving his orders with that determined coolness, which plainly proved to even those who were not otherwise prepossessed in his favour, that he was an officer in whom implicit confidence might be placed in extreme danger; — and our boatswain, his loud, commanding voice was distinctly heard amidst the confusion that prevailed; he was everywhere, displaying that practical information and nautical knowledge which places him second to none in his capacity. All hands were kept on deck until six o'clock as busily employed as could be; by that time the spirit of the gale began to tire; our top-hamper was all on deck, our ship snugly secured under storm-sails, the watch was permitted to go below; and when again the shrill pipe aroused them from their hammocks, a few wild-looking clouds drifting along the horizon, and a heavy sea tumbling us about like a cock-boat, were the only indications that remained of the previous night's heavy blow. Two days after we fell in with and boarded the barque Sarah of Boston, bound to New York from Rio Janeiro, having left that port eleven days before us. She had felt the effects of the squall of the twenty-first severely, losing her foretop-mast and maintop-gallant-mast, and having her sails torn to atoms. At the request of her captain, we supplied her with canvass, twine, needles, and other necessary articles; bid her farewell, made sail, and stood on our course again; and as we moved smoothly and gracefully along, many a tongue in its rude, uncouth style offered thanks to Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and whose outstretched hand guides the hapless bark of the mariner, for sheltering us in his mercy from the wrath of the furious tempest, which otherwise might have consigned us to one common tomb.

THE HAPPY RETURN

"Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
With slackened sail she feels the tide;
Stand clear the cable is the cry,
The anchor's gone — we safely ride."

After we bid farewell to the Boston barque, we experienced a succession of head-winds and calms for four or five days, which caused every countenance heretofore beaming with delight to look downcast and chop-fallen. "How does she head?" was the first enquiry of the tar upon jumping from his hammock in the morning; the same was repeated and re-repeated during the day — it could be heard amongst young and old on every deck, and the direction the ship was pointed in was generally the last remark that passed their lips, as sleep threw its influence over them. Who could for a moment blame them for their impatience, three years and upwards having elapsed since the greater part of them had beheld the faces of their wives, their parents, or their brethren, and many perhaps in that time not receiving a single line, that might help to clear the doubts which will naturally force themselves upon the minds of those alienated from their homes; — who could condemn them then, if they chid the inconstant wind for not hurrying them towards the spot, wherein was centered their every hope! After we entered the *thirty-third* degree of latitude, slowly, unfortunately slowly was our progress; in fact the thoughts of a long passage haunted every mind. "What is she in to-day?" asked Bowser, the forecastle-man, addressing a member of the afterguard, who had just heard the latitude reported to the officer of the deck. "*Thirty-three, forty-nine,*" was the answer. "Good," returned the sheet-anchor-man, "we've made all of *six miles* the last twenty-four hours." The next day the old forecastle-man intercepted the messenger boy on his way to strike the bell eight; — "well Job, what news, what's the latitude?" "*Thirty-three, thirty-four.*" "Capital!" returned Bowser, "the old ship is doing wonders; if we look sharp we'll be in *thirty-two* to-morrow." The noon following, Bill Garnet met him at the grog-tub, "she's in *thirty-three, forty-three,* to-day, Frank," intimated Garnet, watching the sheet-anchorman's countenance as he conveyed the information to him; but the old sea-dog with a short laugh, not a muscle of his face proclaiming the chagrin and mortification he felt at the intelligence, exclaimed, "damme, if she ain't nine miles further to the northward than she was yesterday." But the next forenoon, when he heard the cursed *thirty-third* degree of latitude and *thirty-five* miles again ring in his ears, he could contain himself no longer, but broke forth with a hearty malediction upon himself, and (as he beautifully expressed it) upon every body and everything an inch high and a minute old. "There's a Jonah on board," he loudly and emphatically broke forth; "some confounded piratical scoundrel, who committed murder in the *same latitude,* that's the reason we can't get out of it." "I should'nt wonder," chimed in Flukes, smiling at Bowser's superstitious fears; "and believe me 'tis the same fellow that hove the dog Dick overboard, stole the carpenter's gin, and put the bucket of salt water in the coppers the other evening; he ought to be found out and pitched overboard, or we'll never see Cape Henry." How far Bowser's wrath might have carried him, there is no telling, but that evening his fears were quieted, for a bounteous Providence favoured us with a fair wind, and the next meridian he had the pleasing satisfaction of hearing the sailing-master report to the officer of the watch, as the latitude observed, *thirty-five, nine.*

Before we left Rio, we filled up with water, at least the first day out; the ship's log-book told in black and white, that there were *forty-seven thousand* gallons on board, quite a sufficiency one would imagine to make a passage from Brazil to the United States, for at our average expenditure daily of *five hundred* gallons, by a rough calculation 'twould last something like *ninety-four* days; but judge our astonishment on the twenty-sixth of October, when we *knew* we *ought* to have on hand *twenty-six thousand six hundred gallons,* it was intimated by the master's mate of the hold, that *ten thousand* was the aggregate number of gallons on board. That this news astonished every body, from the captain down, I scarcely need mention; but how came the deficiency? "Aye, there's the rub." The captain as a matter of course laid every thing at the first lieutenant's door, being the executive officer of the ship, and consequently ought to be everywhere and know every thing. The first lieutenant saddled the sailing-master with the burden; the sailing-master transferred the load to the shoulders of the master's mate; he laid all the blame upon the holders; they swore the men had stole it, and the men proclaimed them all root and branch a parcel of damn'd fools. They all however arrived at one conclusion, that *sixteen thousand* gallons of water were lacking; but whether it leaked out, or the men stole it, or the mice drank it, or the tanks were ever filled, is to this day a mystery. Captain T—— deemed it expedient to put officers and men on an allowance of five pints per diem, and at the request of the crew, who trembled for their night's tea-water (a burned child dread's the fire,) breakers were supplied all the messes, and they found that by husbanding their allowance, they had quite a sufficiency to supply every want.

On the twenty-ninth, we took a fair wind, and "Old Ironsides" was once more herself, dividing as if conscious of our anxiety, the crested billows that separated us from our happy home. She made good use of the favourable breeze, for in twenty-four hours more we got soundings; and the first particle of anything like American soil, that we had gazed on for thirty long and tedious months, now greeted our sight. Who that bent his eyes upon the reddish sand and small shells, of course a part and parcel of our beloved country, brought up by the lead, and were not delighted — aye, doubly delighted? — don't sneer, reader, 'tis a weakness I know, but certainly a pardonable one, and such as angels would not blush at. On the thirtieth of October, at nine o'clock, in the first watch, we took a pilot on board, and at five o'clock Cape Henry Light arose to view. The wind coming out from the westward, and the ebb tide making, the pilot deemed it advisable to anchor, which we did, and when the starboard watch came on deck at seven-bells, many a look was cast ere they stowed their hammocks in the netting, upon the land of their delight, that soil their hearts had so long yearned to behold. At eleven, we weighed anchor again, and stood up Chesapeake Bay, and in the Roads perceiving the Ship-of-the-Line Delaware at anchor, we saluted the Flag of Commodore Morris with thirteen guns, and at six o'clock in the evening once more came to. The next day we sent a batch of our jolly lads whose times were expired, on shore, they not having patience to wait till *pay-day;* but poor fellows, who could blame them — they were surfeited with their three years' thraldom, and glad to throw off the yoke, that perhaps some of them thought galled too severely. We lay at Hampton Roads about thirty hours, when the Steamer Poinsett took us in tow, and that evening we moored ship off the Naval Hospital, after being absent from the same spot about thirty months; and every one on board returned thanks to the Supreme One, when they called to mind this "Happy Return."

FINIS

ABSTRACT OF THE CONSTITUTION'S CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC

Ports sailed from.	*Day of Month.*	*Ports arrived at.*	*Day of Month.*	*Days at Sea.*	*Distance Sailed*	*Days in Port.*
	1839.		1839.			
Norfolk,	April 10,	New York,	April 20,	10	982	30
New York,	May 20,	Vera Cruz,	June 16,	27	2600	2½
Vera Cruz,	June 20,	Havana,	July 3,	13	1421	2
Havana,	July 5,	Rio de Janeiro,	August 27,	53	7164	12
Rio de Janeiro,	Sept'r. 9,	Valparaiso,	Nov'r. 2,	54	5739	13
Valparaiso,	Nov'r. 15,	Callao,	Nov'r. 26,	11	1342	92
	1840.		1840.			
Callao,	Feb'y. 26,	Talcahuana,	March 15,	18	2294	10
Talcahuana,	March 25,	Callao,	April 4,	10	1469	32
Callao,	May 8,	Payta,	May 10,	4	498	7
Payta,	May 17,	Callao,	June 1,	15	1860	102
Callao,	Sept'r. 11,	Payta,	Sept'r. 15,	3½	489	1
Payta,	Sept'r. 16,	Puna,	Sept'r. 19,	4	228	12
Puna,	October 2,	Payta,	October 9,	7½	308	2
Payta,	October 12,	Callao,	October 31,	19	1990	31
Callao,	Dec'r. 2,	Valparaiso,	Dec'r. 31,	29	2739	28
	1841.		1841.			
Valparaiso,	Jan'y. 28,	Talcahuana,	Feb'y. 4,	7	489	31
Talcahuana,	March 8,	Valparaiso,	March 11,	2½	270	5
Valparaiso,	March 16,	Callao,	March 26,	10	1430	106
Callao,	July 11,	Rio de Janeiro,	August 28,	48	6696	16½
Rio de Janeiro,	Sept'r. 15,	Hampton Roads,	October 31,	46½	5743	
				392	45851	535

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